Liberty

MAY 19, 1945
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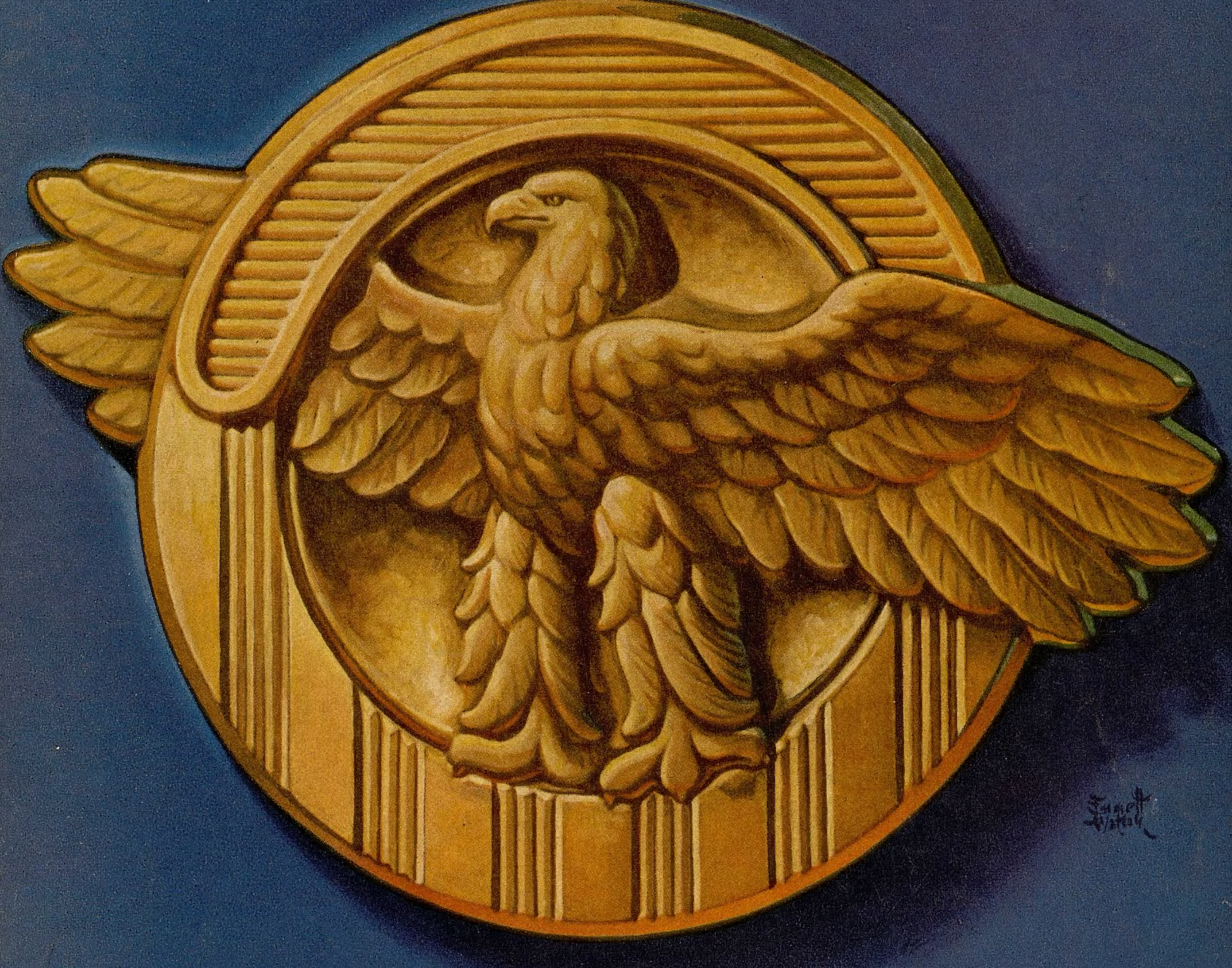
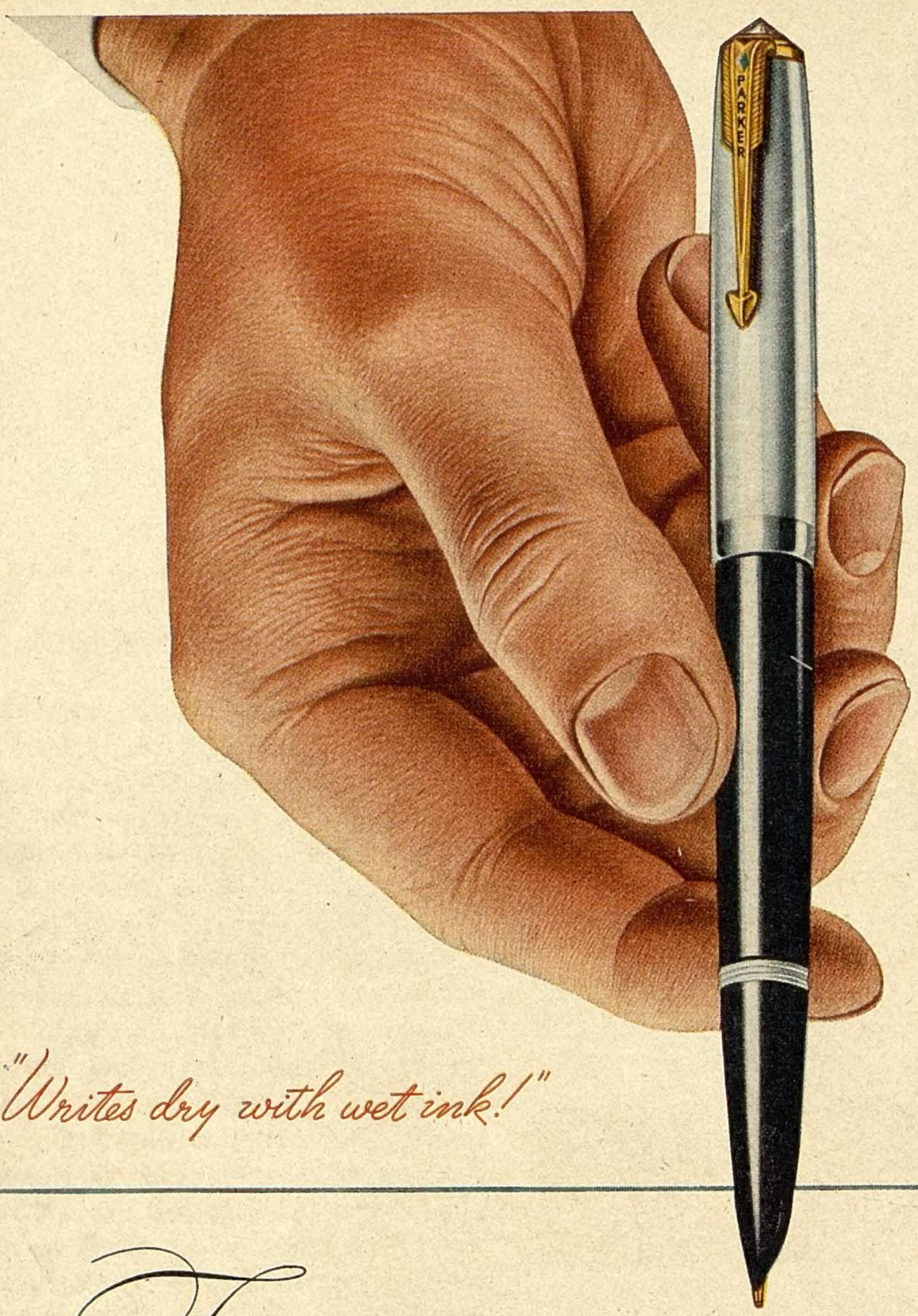


HONORABLE SERVICE BUTTON

ok: THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE WAR
by Waverley Root

WHAT PETRILLO'S VICTORY MEANS TO YOU
by Morris Markey

SHORT STORIES
by Phyllis Duganne
John Weaver *and others*



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PARKER "51"

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"I LEARNED A GOOD TRADE..."

That's what C. T. Willoughby, wartime Bethlehem steelworker, will tell you. A former chauffeur, married and father of four, he's employed in a Bethlehem plant electrical repair-shop.

A few years ago Mr. Willoughby would have been hard put to it to fix an ailing toaster. But now, thanks to his Bethlehem training and his own aptitude, he's a first-rate man at such repair-shop jobs as rebuilding lifting magnets and magnetic brakes. "I find this work very interesting," says Mr. Willoughby, "and I'm lucky to have learned a good trade while helping produce much-needed steel for our fighting forces."

★ ★ ★ ★

It's an interesting by-product of the war, this spreading of technical and mechanical knowledge among untrained Americans. Many war workers will of course return to their former occupations, when the emergency is over. But out of their experience there should come lasting results—trades or skills to fall back upon, if need be; avocations or part-time occupations carried on in basement machine shops; income-producing businesses such as neighborhood electrical or welding shops.

During the war period, Bethlehem steel plants and shipyards have expanded their basic peacetime training programs, with the result that thousands of inexperienced people have learned (and still are learning) new jobs, discovering new abilities in themselves, new zest in their work—and new pride in taking part in the big job of fighting a global war.

They've been trained, while being paid, in virtually every kind of industrial job imaginable—trained on the job by supervisors and co-workers and in supplementary classrooms; trained perhaps for only a few weeks on some simple operation like running a crane, or for as long as nine months to a year while learning to machine big guns. To these thousands of green hands, add the thousands more of seasoned Bethlehem workers trained to take on heavier responsibilities, the picked "task forces" trained to take over when a new plant operation is launched, the workers instructed in the art of teaching others.

In sum, it's an enormous industrial educational program. Bethlehem shipyards alone have trained 129,731 workers during the war period. Of the total of 300,000 Bethlehem employees (at the peak), four-fifths were newcomers who needed instruction of one kind or another. Bethlehem neophytes are still busy learning—for of course the big job is anything but finished. And their eagerness, their willingness to learn, continues to play its part in helping Bethlehem to chalk up major production achievements.

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ISSUED TO ALL MILITARY PERSONNEL WHO HAVE BEEN HONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM THE SERVICE

Painted by Emmett Watson

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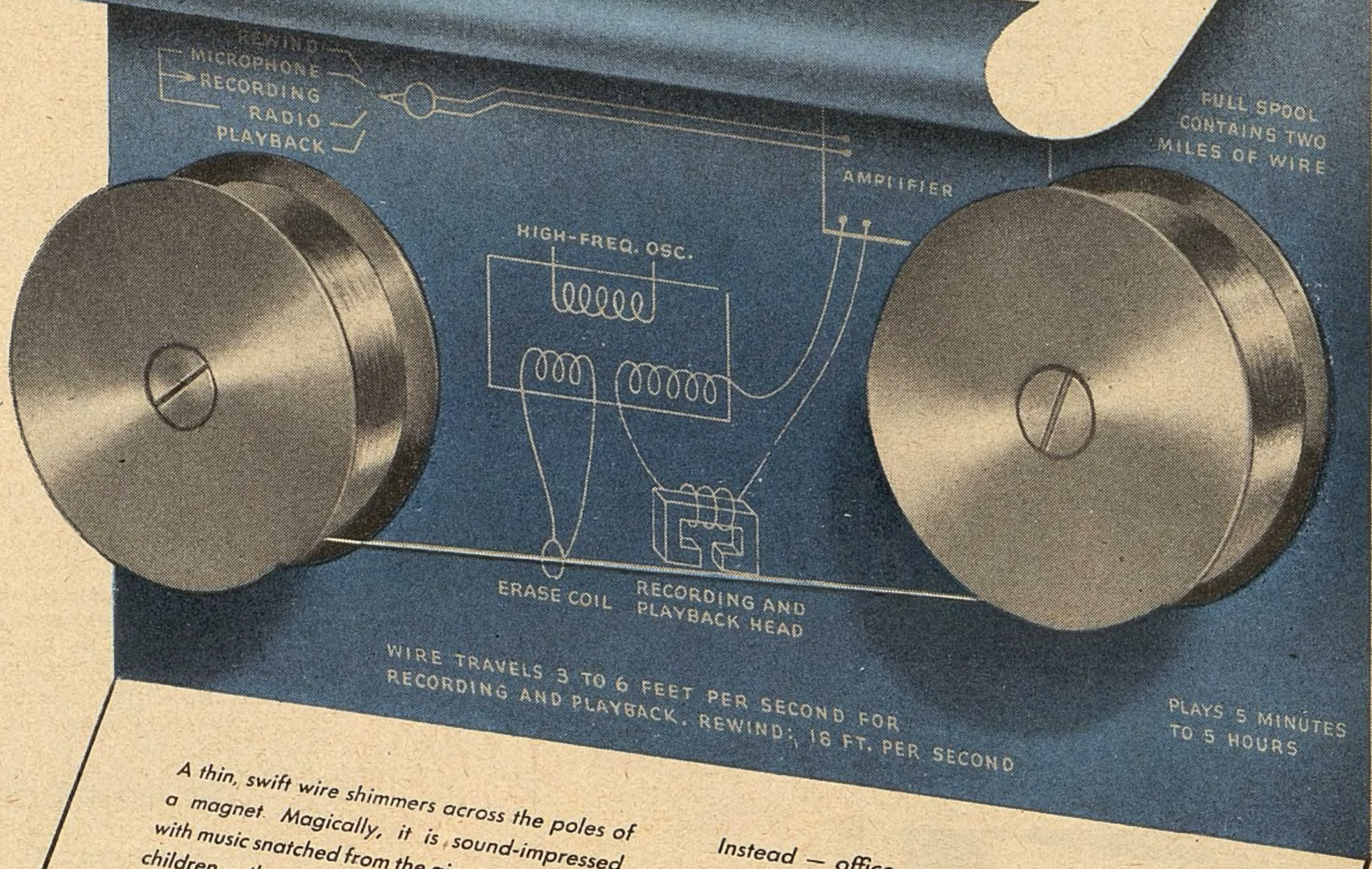
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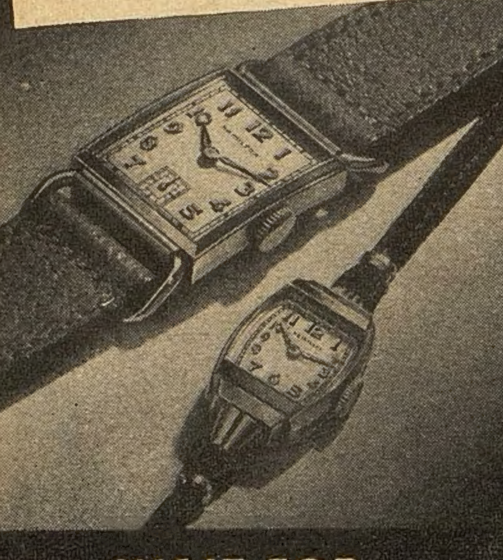

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

JANET EVANS—THE WINNER

Montreal, Can.—Although I had read one or two articles before dealing with contact lenses, I found Janet Evans' article, Can Contact Lenses Help You? (April 7), the most interesting yet.

Let's have many more articles by Miss Evans.—*Seymour Spunt.*

AN OCCASIONAL MENTAL SPASM

Decatur, Ill.—Private A. W. Jacobs, in the March 31 Vox Pop, points out that in one of your illustrations a soldier is wearing officer's bars, while his lapel shows him to be an enlisted man. Not long ago I read a magazine story which featured a very nice rural residence surrounded by elm trees. The illustration showed several maples, some oaks, and a walnut. Also, for a story about a man who made some money peddling vegetables from a green cart, there was an illustration showing his cart to be a decided red. In another story, evidently the girl had changed her clothes after the story was written and before the illustrator got a crack at it. However, most of us want stories to relieve our overwrought minds from descriptions of our boys being blown to atoms. We should be able to endure some little discrepancies between writers and illustrators, even if it costs us an occasional mental spasm. —*J. W. Montgomery.*

REMEMBER THE TROOP CARRIER COMMAND

Austin, Texas—There are several statements with which I disagree in The Last Day of Kweilin, by Staff Sergeant James H. Winchester (March 24). And in the interest of all Troop Carrier men I wish to clarify a few facts for the record. Why must Air Transport Command continue to receive all the credit whenever a transport aircraft leaves the ground? Thanks, sarge, for mentioning the fact that the Troop Carrier Command had a half dozen ships flying in and out of Kweilin that day.

First: The A. T. C. was asked to help the Fourteenth Transport Section for one or two days with the heavier equipment. This was necessary because time was the prime factor.

Second: If the sergeant took off on the fourteenth day of September, neither he nor A. T. C. saw the last of Kweilin. Yes, the destruction of Lei Cha Chin, Ehrtong, and the fighter strip at Yangtong was accomplished, but the main runway at Yangtong remained. I myself flew into Kweilin several times later, carrying ammo and bread (rice) to "Red" Wilson and the demolition crew who were holding off the Japs to the very last second. We then flew out equipment that was left in the rush of September 14. And I was only one of Colonel "Luke" Williamson's Fourteenth Transport Section (later to become the 322d Troop Carrier Squadron) to continue operations in and out of Yangtong until the Japs were breathing down the necks of the demolition crew at Kweilin.

Third: Did the sergeant know that it was the Fourteenth Transport Section who had previously evacuated Suichwan, Hengyang, Lingling, Paoching (thirty minutes north of Lingling), and Tanchuh, as the Japs drove on to Kweilin? On top of all this, they went back at night to supply besieged Chinese ground troops. Witness Hengyang!

Fourth: Every G. I. in China knows that A. T. C. delivers the goods from India over the Hump to the Chinese side, but from there to all of China it's the job of the Fourteenth Transport Section. A. T. C. has done, and is still doing, a swell job, but, please, let us give credit where credit is due.

In China, it's the Troop Carrier Command.—*Captain W.*

THE RIGHTS OF 4-Fs

Washington, D. C.—I wish some of the military personnel responsible for the sarcastic remarks addressed to male civilians would read Paul Hunter's editorial, 4-Fs Have Rights, Too! (April 7). It might knock some sense into them. Nothing disgusts me more than to walk down the street and hear a member of the armed services make some smart remark about a civilian not being in uniform. It is not always the men who are guilty of this, either. I have even heard many service women make similar remarks. In this city, especially, the civilians are far outnumbered by military personnel, but they are certainly doing every bit as much for the war effort as lots of the "armchair soldiers."—*E. Spence, an ex-G. I.*

A G. I. THINKS OF V DAY

The Philippines—Sergeant Albert B. Manski's letter (Vox Pop December 2) expresses precisely what most of us G. I.s overseas think about V Day.

We know that when the war is over we will be over here, and our greatest ambition is to set our feet on the soil of the U. S. A. once again. We do not consider that any hilarious celebration will bring us home any sooner.

Many of us have left good jobs, homes,

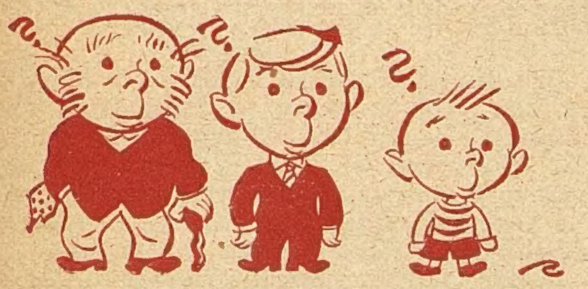
friends, and loved ones, and have been serving for many months through all kinds of conditions. We had to send our wives, families, or relatives to live with other relatives or friends, so, as a result of it all, we have no home or even a place to call home.

I suggest that instead of whooping it up on V Day, you plan to offer us returning servicemen some assurance of adequate transportation, a place to live, and a chance to get our families back with us as we were before we got into the Army. And, in the meantime, offer a word of prayer for us until we are safely home with our loved ones.—*T/5 E. C. McC.*

FIRST THINGS FIRST

JACKSBORO, TEXAS—There is an impossible definition in Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (March 31).

O'Riginal could not be the first Irishman, as the O preceding the apostrophe denotes the grandson of a man whose name follows the O and apostrophe. So one that has such a prefix could not be the first.



Just trying to keep the record straight. —*Jouette M. Bonner.*

YALTA—A MAN-SIZE MEAL

NORMAN, OKLA.—I have just read with genuine approval, for the most part, Paul Hunter's editorial, Something the Big 3 Overlooked (March 31). But I have something to point out about the following statement:

". . . it is too bad they [Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin at Yalta] did not concern themselves also with the need for a code of world-wide laws upon which all nations everywhere could agree to conduct their relations with one another."

While completely agreeing with the desirability of such a code if one could possibly be agreed upon, we wonder if Mr. Hunter has not overlooked some of the facts. Quite a lot of international law has already been built up, but there is a lack of machinery to enforce it. Furthermore, this parley at Yalta handed the world about as big a feeding as it could eat at one meal. When a code of world-wide law is finally formulated, it must grow out of a long "common law" of international growth, and these gentlemen laid the groundwork for the development of such a code some time in the future.—*John W. Hunt.*

CIVILIAN SAILORS GET BENEFITS

c/o FPO, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Mr. Kessel, in his plea for postwar benefits for civilian sailors (Vox Pop, March 24), asks that the nation do more than sing "Hats off to the merchant marine."

The nation is already doing a lot more. It is paying them such fat sums in salaries, bonuses, and overtime that the average taxpayer would be rocked back on his heels by them.

By what logic is the captain of a freighter worth more to the nation than Admiral

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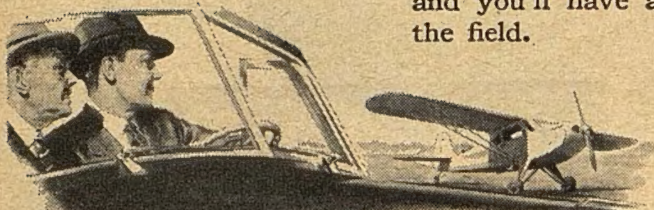
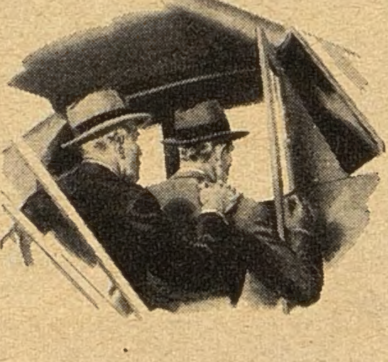
"I know a military secret..."

I know Aeronca is 100% on war contracts now for Uncle Sam. What they're making is a military secret—but there's no hush-hush about the plans they're making for civilians—and plenty!

They're learning new tricks right now. This military work means "know how." You take a company with a background like Aeronca (they started making personal planes 'way back in '28, you know) add wartime advances and engineering to that kind of knowledge and experience, and you'll have a personal plane that *is* far ahead of the field.





For instance: They're working on brand-new personal planes that you can fly with the ease of driving a car. Planes so perfectly balanced that they'll fly "hands off." Among the features of these various new models will be electric starters, tricycle landing gear, increased visibility, dual control and all-metal construction.

And the smartest dealer plan! If you're going to own a plane, you'll want it right near home for storage and service. These Aeronca people have that figured out, too. Right now they're showing thousands of men how to start small airports in their own communities. By the way—maybe you'd be interested in that, too. Why don't we find out more about it by sending for the booklets?

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Nimitz? And why should the cabin boy be paid more than the naval officer in charge of the ship's Armed Guard? And why, oh why, must the cabin boy then come around to the Armed Guard officer at the end of the trip with his hand out for a tip?

Mr. Kessel states that the men of the merchant marine belong on the same high pedestal of patriotism and heroism as the armed services. I agree. They are doing a vital job, a hazardous job, and they are doing it well. But since the people are being asked to do more for them, the people should also know the score. A tabulation showing the average over-all "take" of the merchant marine compared to that of the armed services would cast a very different light on the picture.

For my part I would be very glad to forgo my postwar benefits in exchange for an income of merchant-marine proportions. I could then provide my own "benefits" and put the rest in the bank—if I could find a big enough bank!—*G. C., U. S. N. R.*

THE PEOPLE SHOULD LEGISLATE

BREMERTON, WASH.—The letters in March 24 Vox Pop in reply to Paul Hunter's editorial, Here's One Change It Is Time For! (February 3), started me thinking. I believe that on such important matters as the approval of treaties, the final decision should come directly from the people.

In this vital question the Houses of Congress are not representative, for their personal views, prejudices, and politics take precedence over the general welfare of the nation.

In fact, in these days of rapid communication, the people could vote on desired legislation and should do so. It's a step that should be taken in order that the general intelligence level may be raised by actual participation in thinking things out, rather than having the thinking done by a few, and with questionable results.

Many telegrams and letters have had to be sent to representatives at an expense of time and cash to make said representatives jump through the hoop.

So one must conclude that the Houses of Congress are no longer a needed or useful institution, and the people could get along better without them.

Congress is forty years or more behind the times and getting further behind rapidly.—*R. A. Leitch.*

SPECTACULAR ONE-LEGGED ATHLETE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I saw a movie the other day with a one-legged athlete in it. And then I picked up a copy of Liberty (April 14), and in The Camera Eye, you printed some pictures of the same man. At least, I think it was the same man. At any rate, I think it's a wonderful idea to show pictures of physically handicapped people who are able to accomplish such feats. It certainly will be encouraging to some of our returned veterans who will have to face the same problems.—*Jean Brown.*

The movie is one of Universal's Person-Oddities series, titled Author in Babyland. And the one-legged athlete is J. A. De Villier—the same man as in Liberty's Camera Eye.—VOX POP EDITOR.

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Produced by Maurice Geraghty · Directed by Ray Enright

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Sit down, Sergeant

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When Fred Harvey opened his first Harvey House in 1876, he didn't know he was "setting the table" for his sons and grandsons to serve millions of men and women in their country's uniform sixty-nine years later. His idea was to provide early western travelers a good meal—an idea which built a system of hospitality extending thousands of miles over America's main travel routes.

But this system might have been made to order to meet today's war needs! For Fred Harvey restaurants, hotels and dining cars are serving tens of thousands of *extra* meals daily to the Armed Forces. Naturally, these meals take precedence over those for our civilian customers—which is the reason we may have been unable to serve *you* in our accustomed manner.

But Harvey employees pride themselves, not only in doing their war job well, but also in carrying out the ideals of the original Fred Harvey and his sons and grandsons. That's why, after the war, we want you again to expect of us only the gracious, friendly hospitality traditional with Fred Harvey.

Along the "3000 Miles of Hospitality"

Today the Grand Canyon and its world-famous Harvey Hotel, El Tovar, are being enjoyed mainly by Servicemen on brief stopovers. Tomorrow when you can travel again, plan to visit this grandest of America's beauty spots. Meantime, buy War Bonds!

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3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

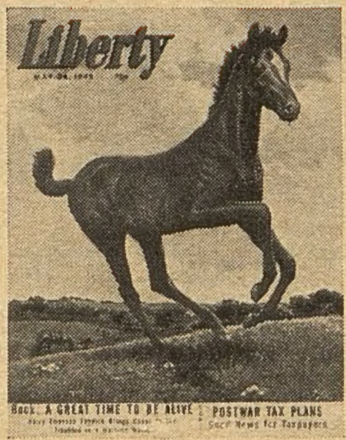
TRIPLY FAMOUS FORMAN

SINCE his graduation from the University of Wisconsin in 1929, Harrison Forman has staked out a triple claim to fame. An explorer early in his career, he became the foremost authority on Tibet. Then, branching out into camera journalism, he scooped the world with his motion pictures of the bombing of Shanghai and the blitzkrieg in Poland. A correspondent in China after Pearl Harbor, he was one of the first foreigners permitted inside the Communist-controlled area. For five months he talked with everyone, from the peasants to their leaders; went everywhere, from Yenan to the front. And he gives his firsthand report in WHO'S FIGHTING WHO IN CHINA?

RUARK REMEMBERS

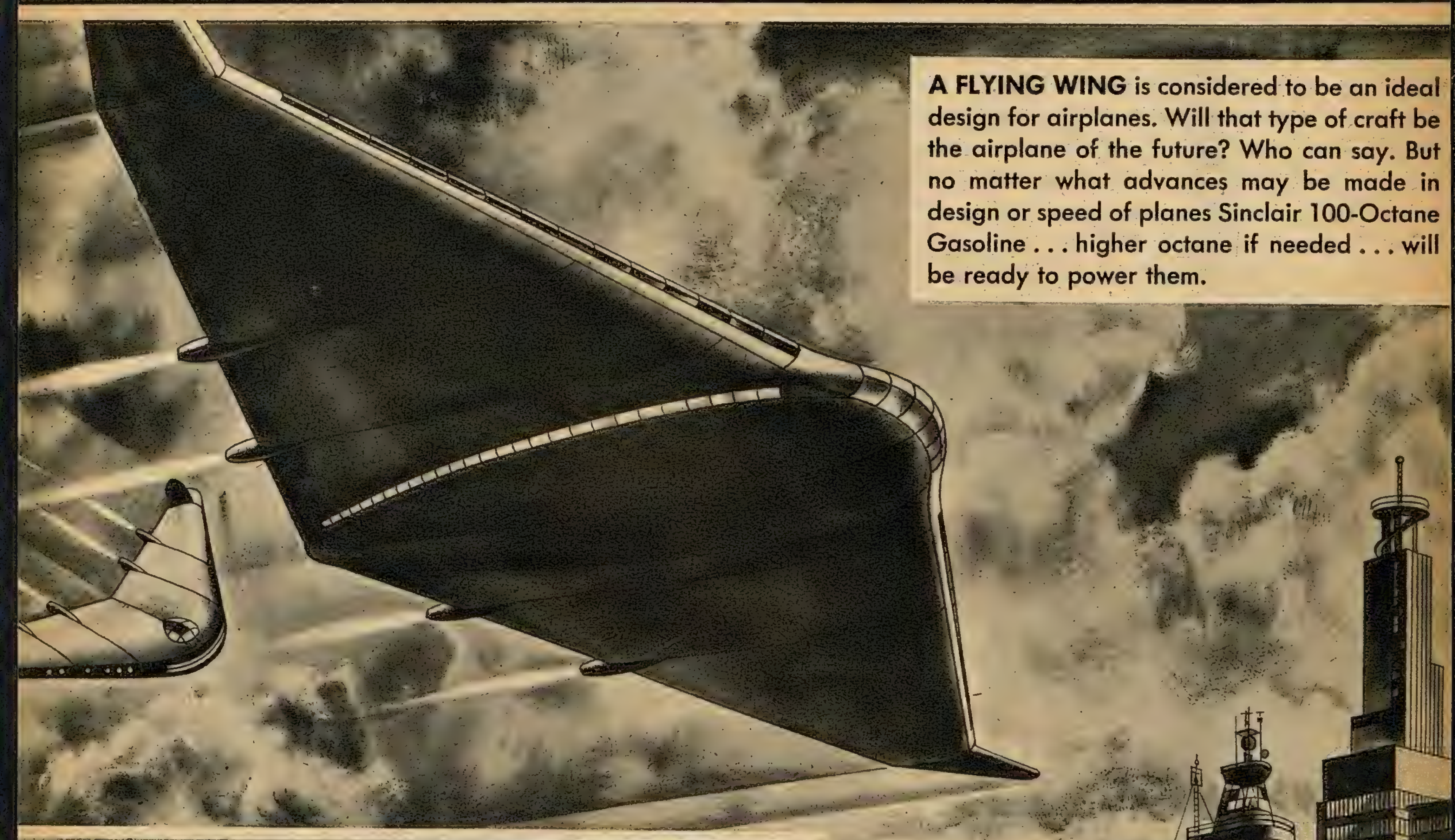
IN WE REMEMBER THIS, Lieutenant (j.g.) Robert C. Ruark spins some of the yarns he collected aboard a Liberty ship and later a troop transport. But he knows many more. On one of his trips (he's hit ports in England, Africa, Sicily, and the South Pacific) he and the chief mate of a merchant ship watched a torpedo leap through the water just in front of the bow. "Boy!" the chief mate said. "And people say this is the way to dodge the draft!" Currently in the Pacific, Lieutenant Ruark was a newspaperman before he enlisted in 1942—sports columnist for the Washington Daily News and Washington correspondent for the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

NEXT WEEK



WE'VE all heard about the Red Army and Red politics, but how do the people *live* in RUSSIA today? Are the Soviets bothered by housing shortages, marketing chaos, rationing, and reconversion? Here's a firsthand report from Alexander Kendrick, who was there to take a good look. . . . There's happy news for taxpayers in Sylvia F. Porter's lucid analysis of POSTWAR TAX PLANS. . . . A million-dollar hit like Going My Way should satisfy any director's ego, but LEO McCAREY has a secret ambition. Let Alyce Canfield tell you about it. . . . In Liberty's Book Condensation, A GREAT TIME TO BE ALIVE, Harry Emerson Fosdick brings cheer to the hearts of forward-looking Americans.

Do You Know that...



A FLYING WING is considered to be an ideal design for airplanes. Will that type of craft be the airplane of the future? Who can say. But no matter what advances may be made in design or speed of planes Sinclair 100-Octane Gasoline . . . higher octane if needed . . . will be ready to power them.

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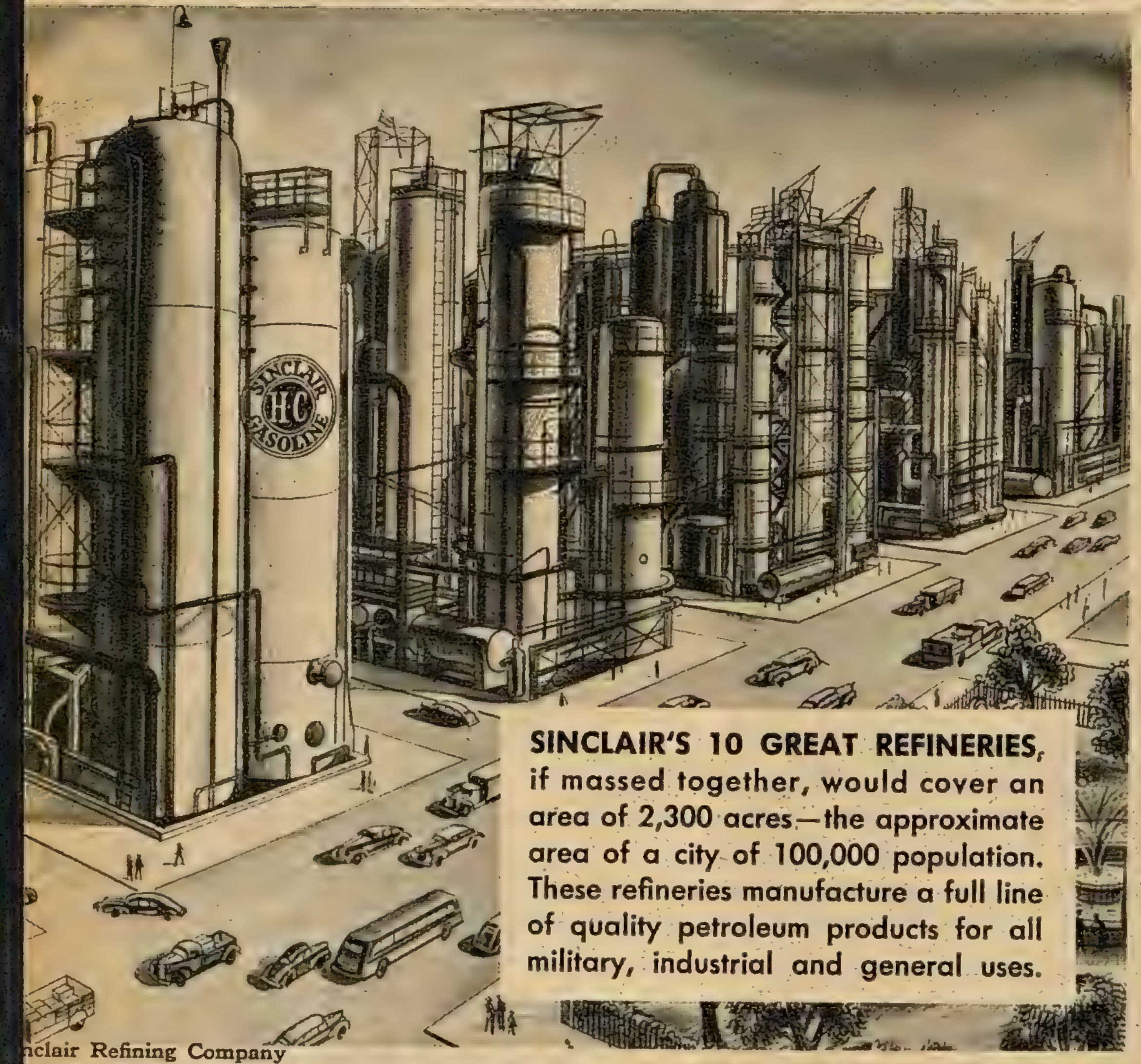

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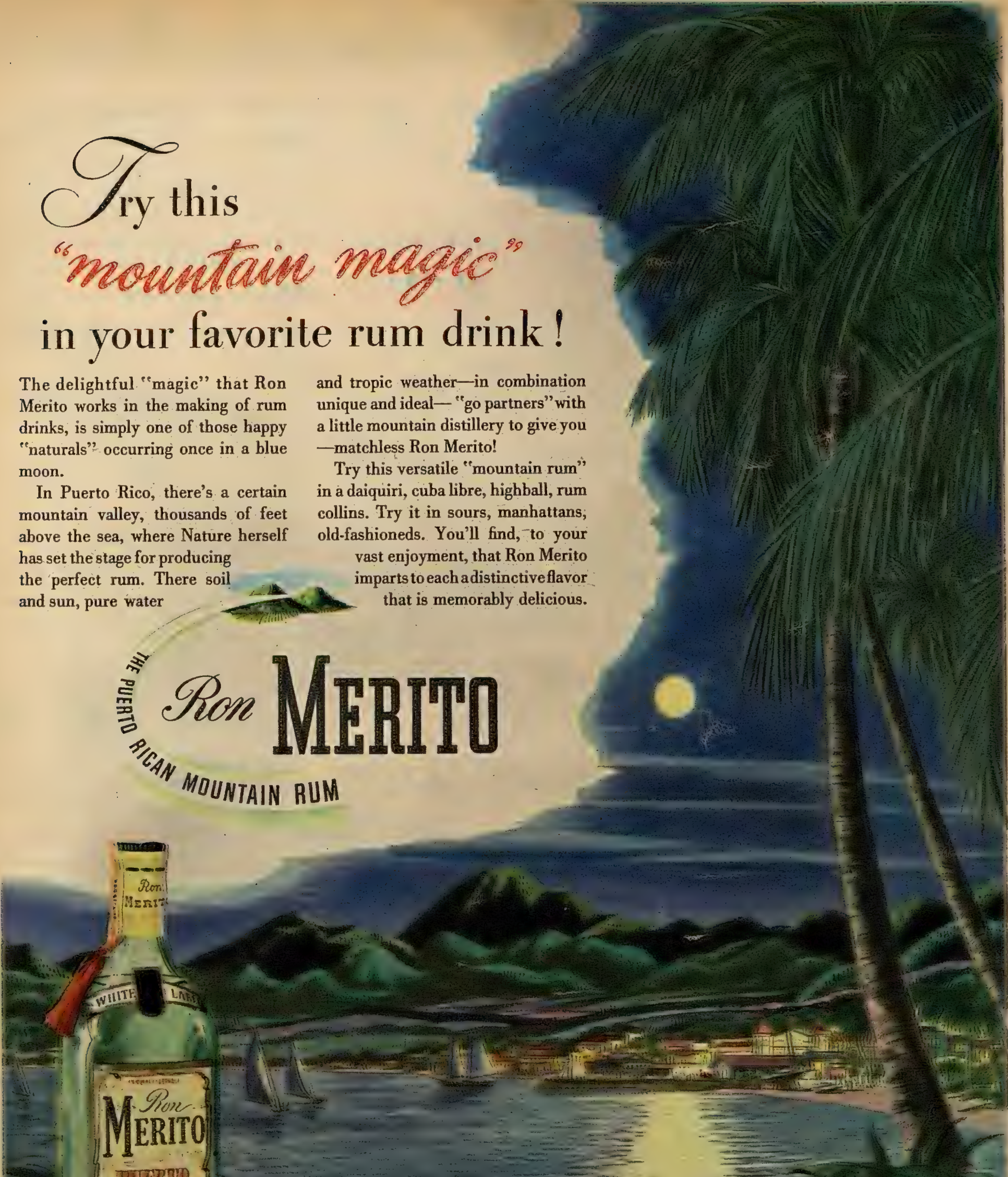

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

SHAEF PHOTO

Meet "B'Cominbac," a Republic P-47 Thunderbolt that has flown 186 straight combat missions in Europe, and 1st Lieut. Glen Noyes and Staff Sgt. Thurman.

Airways Expansion in Mexico

Few countries in the world are experiencing as much aviation expansion as is Mexico. Your On the Beam editor was down there recently, flew over the LAMSA air-line routes which are owned by United Air Lines, and reached the conclusion that Mexico has more air-line route miles per capita than any country in the world. Almost all of the aviation expansion is in air-line operations, since the volume of private flying is quite small and there is no manufacturing at all.

What makes Mexico such a large field for air expansion is the slow or almost completely lacking ground transportation in most parts of the country. There is one air-line hop in southeastern Mexico which requires only eighteen minutes to fly, but the only other means of communication is a ten-day muleback trip.

Almost all of the air-line companies are either owned outright or controlled by U. S. capital. The pioneer American operator is Pan American Airways, which, in addition to its international route from Brownsville to Mexico City and beyond to Guatemala and the Canal Zone, controls a domestic air line called Compañía Mexicana de Aviacion (CMA) and owns 40 per cent of another domestic system known as Aeronaves de Mexico.

But within the past few years other American companies have invaded the field. United Air Lines purchased the LAMSA system which operates both from Juárez and from Nogales, Arizona, to Mexico City, as well as a cross-country route from Nuevo Laredo to Mazatlán. United is launching the most costly program of building airports, buildings, and radio facilities ever undertaken in Mexico, and hopes its Mexican company will link up with its U. S. system in Los Angeles.

American Airlines is operating an international service direct from Fort Worth to Mexico City with a stop at Monterrey and is doing capacity business. It is also developing a substantial air freight business out of Mexico.

Latest U. S. entrant is Aerovias Braniff, a Mexican air line organized by smart Tom E. Braniff, president of Braniff Airways. He began his Mexican service early in April, from Nuevo Laredo to Mexico City, and he plans to expand soon to Mérida in colorful and historic Yucatán.

Transcontinental & Western Air is also represented in Mexico through its management and part ownership of the TACA air-line system, now operating from Central America to Mexico City. Western Air Lines may get a permit to fly from Los Angeles to Mexico City, and Eastern Air Lines likewise has ambitions to fly there.

In addition, there are three other Mexican companies owned or controlled by American capital.

Whether there is enough business for all of these companies remains to be seen, but Mexico will undergo an aviation boom second to none. Not only are many American business firms opening up branches there, but Mexico will be the most popular postwar year-round vacation spot for American tourists.

Hats Off to This ATS Outfit!

Thanks to a war correspondent associate of ours, Eric Bramley, we can tell you about a remarkable record being set in India and China by an Army air transport outfit that has flown 50,000 hours with the loss of only one plane. And most of the flying was over the famous Hump between India and China, which is one of the worst flying areas in the world.

This outfit, Air Transport Squadron (Mobile), has scarcely been mentioned in the news, but without its fine work the Twentieth Bombing Command wouldn't be

(*Continued on page 15*)

A SEA-GOIN' MULE SKINNER

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LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S EXTRA-MOIST LATHER STAYS MOIST...KEEPS BEARDS SOFT FOR EASIER SHAVES. TRY IT
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Mutual Network...8:30 p.m. EWT—7:30 CWT—6:30 MWT—8:30 PWT.

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(Continued from page 13)

able to fly its B-29 Superfortresses. The ATS is assigned to the Twentieth Bomber Command, Bramley writes from the command headquarters in the China-Burma-India theater, and is credited with an outstanding job of hauling gasoline, other supplies, and personnel to the forward B-29 bases in China. The one plane that was lost went down in the Assam Valley. There have been no losses over the Hump.

This squadron arrived in India in April, 1944, and began operations over the Hump almost in one motion. The outfit moved into a field that had one runway and no buildings. The pilots, whose average age was about twenty-two and who had less than 100 hours on the Curtiss C-46 Commandos they were to fly, slept in tents, as did the ground crews.

A small advanced detachment had arrived about a month before, and was already operating when the main squadron arrived with its airplanes. The "veterans" of the advanced detachment (they had already made one or two Hump trips) had procured their own maps and manuals. They passed these on to the newcomers, gave them a route check and some advice. Soon all pilots were "qualified"—qualified to do some of the world's roughest, toughest flying.

Over and Over the Hump

From the Indian base to China and return is 3,000 miles. There are the monsoons, low ceilings, ice, terrific weather turbulence. Despite this, during one month of 1944 departures from the Indian base averaged fifteen daily, with a high of thirty-two. In nine months, ATS flew 4,000 net tons over the Hump, making some 1,400 round trips.

Special missions were flown in China, advanced fighter outfits were supplied, and other tasks carried out. The overloaded planes often took off from and landed on muddy, slippery runways, often circled in the overcast while enemy planes bombed their destination.

The cause of ATS's one fatal accident is not known. There have been numerous instances where pilots have been forced to dump their loads after losing an engine or having other trouble, but they always managed to get their planes back safely. The squadron's one minor accident occurred when Lieutenant Thomas H. Gebhart belly-landed his Douglas C-47 in a field with twenty-three passengers and their baggage and 3,000 pounds of cargo aboard. No one was injured and the plane was only slightly damaged.

Responsible for the squadron's remarkable safety record have been the maintenance crews, who work against almost insurmountable odds—heat, rain, lack of equipment. Never was a plane dispatched that was not as mechanically perfect as they could make it; never was a plane lost due to mechanical or structural failure. Although the cause of the fatal accident is not known, it is believed that a severe thunderstorm was mainly responsible.

Ironically, a March thunderstorm with hurricane winds caused more damage than the squadron had suffered in eleven months. Some of its men were killed, others injured, and some planes damaged. Mr. Bramley was at Twentieth Bomber Command headquarters and witnessed the destruction. One C-46 was picked up and thrown against a building. This plane, which weighs fifteen tons empty, was actually tossed through the air—there were no wheel tracks from where it had been parked to where it was found.

The Air Transport Squadron (Mobile) has certainly done its share in making the Superfortress raids of Twentieth Bomber Command successful.

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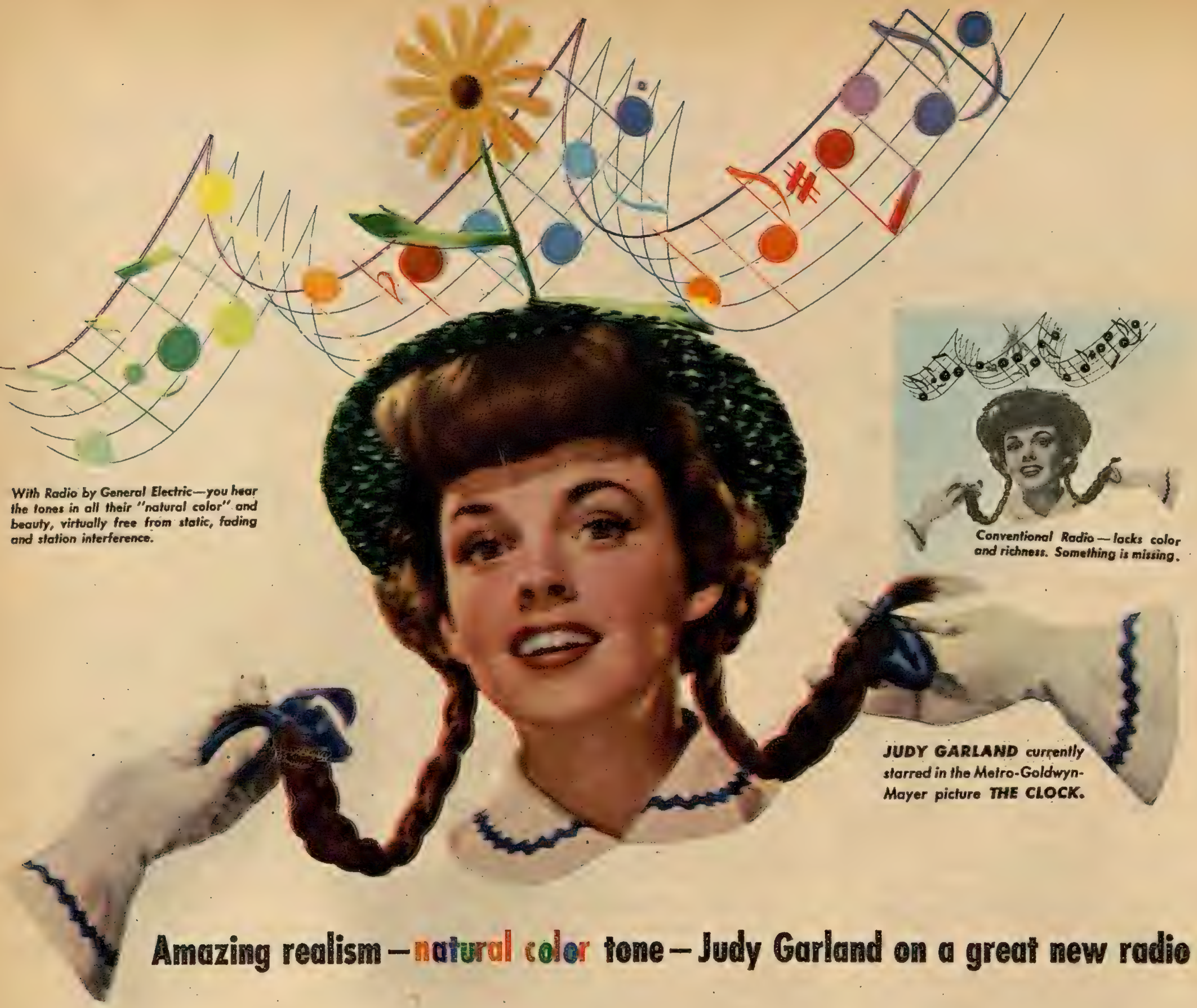

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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Who's Fighting Who in China?

By Harrison Forman

AMERICANS today are not much in the mood to quibble over an ally's political sentiments. We have a terrific war to fight in Asia, and most of us feel, or should feel, about the Chinese Communists much as we feel about the Russians. We don't care if they're Communists or what not. Russians help us kill Germans, so we're all for them. So, too, if Chinese—be they "Communist" or Kuomintang Chinese—will kill Japs, we should be for them, too. The more Japs they kill, the fewer we'll have to kill and the fewer American boys will have to be sacrificed.

The exigencies of war in Asia may force us to dispense with the niceties of diplomacy. Admiral Nimitz and the generals commanding the troops landing on the China coast are not going to worry about whose political toes they may step on if direct contact with the Chinese Communist-led troops is established on the China mainland.

"You say you want to kill Japs? Good. Here are guns to help you do a better job of it."

That's what they'll say, and that's what they'll do. There'll be no questions asked about whether these Chinese troops take orders from Chungking or from Yenan.

If we land on the China coast anywhere north of Shanghai, American forces will be in contact with Chinese regulars taking orders not from Chungking but from Yenan—that news-blacked-out capital of the Chinese Communists.

Our military and diplomatic people know this, of course; but they don't want to talk about it. It's too involved with politics—deep-seated Chinese politics. Knowing that the Kuomintang authorities in Chungking and the Chinese Communists in Yenan have been in an undeclared state of civil war for the past six years or more, Washington has been trying to get the two factions to resolve their differences and join their forces in the war against the common enemy, Japan.

To shoot this trouble, General Pat Hurley was sent to China some months ago as the President's personal representative. It wasn't long, however, before Hurley found the problem a tougher nut to crack than Washington and he had anticipated. The Kuomintang and the Communists were so far apart in the demands they made upon each other that there seemed to be no hope of ever finding a basis for mutual understanding.

THE lines of American fighting men are of far more importance to the American people than the political or economic differences which have kept the Chinese Communists and the Chungking government in a state of near civil war for many years.

When our forces land in China, we will be faced with the job of annihilating the large Japanese land army there. If it will save American lives to enlist the support of the Communist forces, there can be no doubt what the decision of the American people will be, even though Chiang Kai-shek may not like it.

In this sizzling firsthand report from a correspondent who spent five months with the Communist armies you'll find some surprising answers to the great Chinese puzzle.

—THE EDITORS.

When our ambassador, Clarence Gauss, who for some time had been trying to solve this and other worrisome problems in China, decided suddenly to resign, Pat Hurley was promptly appointed to his post. In Chungking it was an open secret that this was done to give General Hurley the necessary face to remain in China, to continue his efforts to bring about political peace between the Kuomintang—the political rulers of China—and the challenging democratic elements which form the Chinese Communist Party. (Incidentally, they are not "Communist" in the Soviet Russian definition of the term. No collectivism, no state ownership. In fact, they encourage private enterprise, acknowledge landlordism, and welcome foreign investments in trade and commerce. Nor do they have any physical or ideological contact with Russia.)

With what urgency Washington regards this problem is indicated by the fact that since his appointment as ambassador last November, General Hurley has given almost his exclusive attention to the Kuomintang-Communist feud. He has been flying back and forth between Chungking and Yenan, and on at least two occasions he has brought emissaries from Yenan to confer with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in Chungking. He's worked hard; but he's achieved absolutely nothing. And

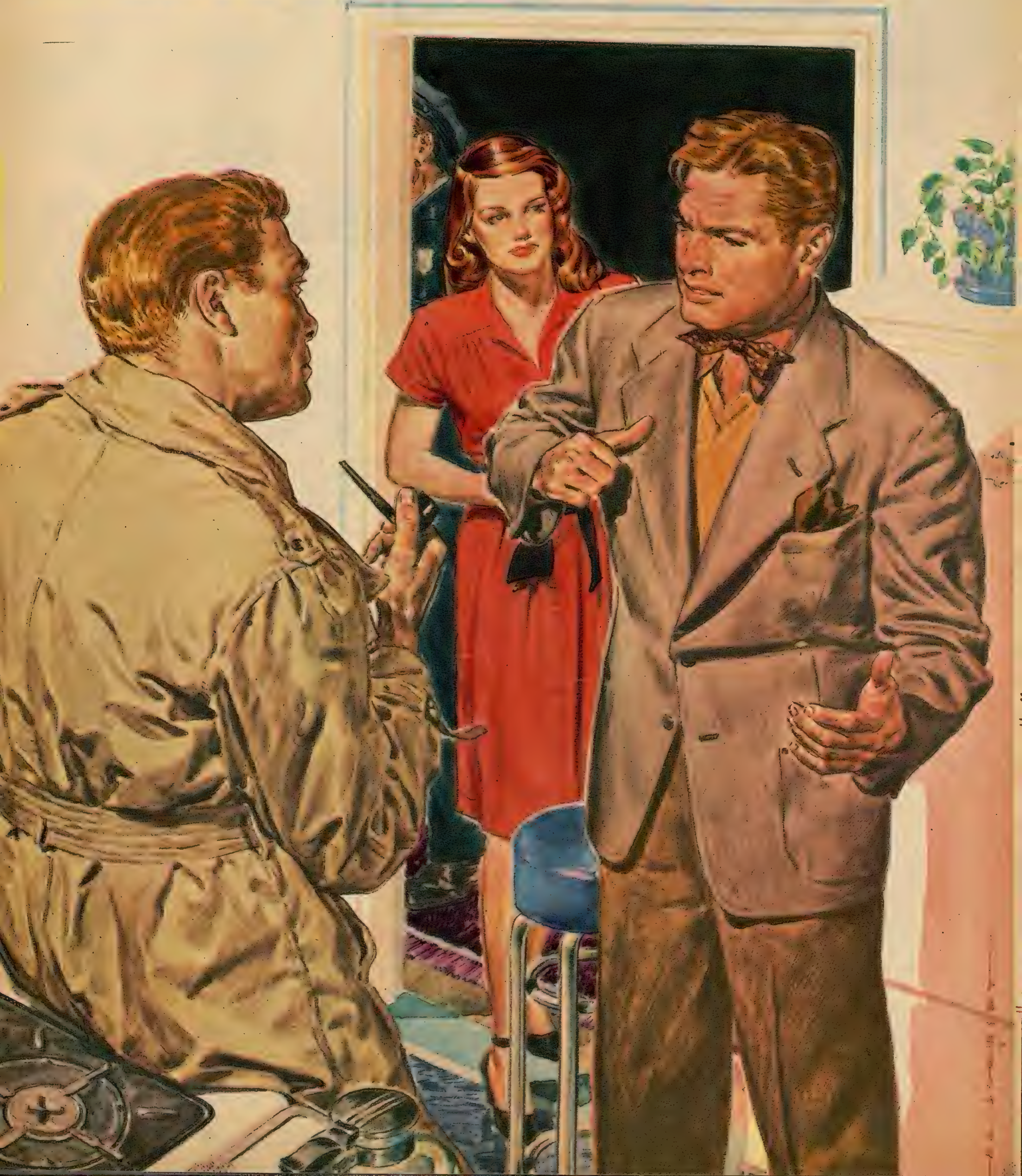
(*Continued on page 56*)

Anne Potter came home, to find a strange woman dead in her living room. Who was she? How did she get there? Who killed her? A thrilling story of murder in Manhattan. In two parts

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

BY HUGH PENTECOST

"You've got to believe me!" Bill cried. "I haven't seen Rose since last Friday. I didn't ask her here. Why should I want her dead?"



IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

MODEL MURDER

ANNE POTTER tried afterward to remember if she had felt any premonition of disaster. It seemed impossible that the day could have been so ordinary. She had gotten up at the usual time and started Bill's breakfast. He had been just as difficult as ever to wake and start moving. He had whistled in his shower in the same off-key fashion he always did. Over breakfast he had griped about the job he had to do that day—a magazine cover. Whenever there was a deadline hanging over his head, he griped about the job, and talked about that day when they would live in the country and he would paint to please himself.

Bill had gone to his studio to work, as he always did. He had said he might be late getting home, because this particular job had to be finished come hell or high water. That wasn't unusual.

Anne had gone leisurely about the business of her housework. After that, there was shopping for the night's dinner; and after that, time to kill. Four days a week she did work at the Red Cross blood bank, but this one happened to be an off day.

She decided, unspectacularly, to go to the movies. She got out of the theater about four thirty, stopped to do her shopping, and started to climb the three flights to their apartment a little after five. It was all so usual, all so normal. She couldn't recall one moment of anxiety. It was incredible that all the time she sat in the movie and, later, selected the ingredients for a mixed salad, her own private world was being smashed into a thousand pieces.

She had two paper bags filled with provisions, and her purse, bulging with an assortment of objects which always persisted in hiding her keys. She tried to find them without putting down the paper bags. Then she remembered guiltily that the apartment door was probably on the latch. She had taken out the garbage after breakfast and put it down the incinerator at the end of the hall. She always fixed the door catch so she could get back in without her keys, and just about as frequently forgot to readjust the catch. Bill kidded her about it, but she knew it worried him.

Well, she'd done it again and she didn't need the keys. The kitchenette was just to the right of the entrance and she deposited her bags there. Then she walked through the small foyer to the living room.

The sight which confronted her was so horrible that for a moment she thought she had gone mad—that a gruesome nightmare had projected itself into the light of day.

The room was a shambles. The furniture was overturned, the lamps broken, a painting of Bill's that hung over the fireplace had been wrenched loose from its moorings and lay, face down, on the hearth.

These things Anne saw without being conscious at first of seeing them. Her eyes were riveted on the body which lay half on and half off the couch. It was the body of a woman whom Anne Potter had never seen before in her life.

Some quirk in the law of gravity left the woman's nylon-sheathed legs up on the couch while her shoulders and golden-blonde head had slipped down on to the floor. Her clothes were torn. The front of the green dress was stained with irregular splotches of red. Worst of all, her face, which must have been beautiful, had been mutilated by something sharp and jagged. At the moment Anne didn't see the broken whisky bottle on the floor beside the girl. She was subconsciously aware of the smell of spilled liquor and of a strange perfume, but she couldn't see details. Not yet.

Anne's first impulse was to run, screaming, out of the place. Waves of nausea swept up over her and were fought back.

The woman on the floor was dead. Anne needed no doctor to tell her that. She didn't need to feel for a pulse which had ceased beating.

Bill! Bill would know what to do.

Thank God the telephone was in the hall. She dialed Bill's number at the studio and waited. She could feel the blood pounding at her temples as she waited. Bill didn't answer. Maybe he'd gotten through with the job sooner than he'd expected! Maybe he was on his way home. She wanted Bill more than she had ever wanted anything in her life.

She hung up the receiver. Should she wait for him? He might have delivered his drawing to the magazine. That could mean he'd be having a couple of drinks with the art editor. It might be another hour or so.

She lifted the receiver again and dialed the operator. "I want a policeman," she said. She remembered Bill's saying this procedure was "the answer to a lonely lady's dilemma."

"Fifteenth Precinct, Patrolman Sullivan."

"I want to report a murder," Anne said. It sounded crazy, like a game.

"Hold everything. Name? Address? You alone there? Don't go away and don't touch anything. We'll have someone there at once."

Anne went into the kitchenette and sat down on the stool by the sink. She couldn't go into the living room again. It seemed like a long time and was actually less than five minutes when two radio-car patrolmen rang her buzzer. Anne opened the door.

"In there," she said, indicating the living room. She waited in the kitchenette.

Then they were back with her in the kitchenette. They had little black notebooks and pencils. Bill! Where is Bill?

"Your name?" Here it was again.

"Mrs. William Potter."

"Who's the dead woman?"

"I don't know."

They looked at her out of pale unbelieving eyes.

"How did it happen?"

"I don't know. I was out all afternoon. When I came back I—I found her like that."

"How did she get in?"

"I carelessly left the door on the latch. I—"

"Where's your husband?"

"At work."

"You telephone him?"

"Yes. But—well, he wasn't there."

"Then he *isn't* at work?"

She couldn't explain. She was suddenly too exhausted to explain.

"The woman a friend of your husband's?"

"No."

"How do you know that?"

"I know who his friends are."

The pale eyes registered doubt once more.

"When did you find her?"

"A few minutes ago. A little after five."

"Where had you been?"

"To the movies and shopping." She pointed at the paper bags.

"What time did you go to the movies?"

"About half past one."

"Did you go with someone?"

"No."

Pale eyes looked significantly into pale eyes.

"What theater?"

"The Luxor, just around the corner."

"What pictures are showing?"

Anne had to struggle to remember. It seemed so long ago.

"So you've been away from here from one thirty till after five?"

"Yes."

"There's no doorman or attendant here in this building?"

"No. Unless the superintendent just happened to be around—"

"What's the superintendent's name?"

"Charlie. . . . I don't know his last name."

"Where is your husband likely to be if he isn't at work?"

SHE tried to explain about the cover and the art editor and drinks.

"But you expect him home?"

"Of course. For supper."

"Does he often leave his office without saying where he's going?"

"It isn't really an office. It's a studio. There's no one there but him."

"You don't know the woman?"

"No. No!"

She had the horrible feeling that they were about to start over again from the beginning, but they didn't.

"You got a carving knife?" they asked.

"Yes."

"Let's see it."

She rummaged in the drawer of the kitchen table. The carving knife wasn't there.

"Your husband a heavy drinker?"

"No."

"But you keep liquor in the house?"

"Yes. There's usually a bottle of something."

"Let's see."

Anne opened the cupboard. There was no liquor there. She remembered distinctly that there'd been a bottle of bourbon about three quarters full.

The two policemen scribbled in their notebooks. They said that was all until the inspector arrived. If she wanted to go into the bedroom and rest, it was O. K. One of the men went to the phone in the hall.

Anne went to the bedroom. She sat down in front of her dressing table. Her face was the color of chalk. She tried to get straightened out in her mind. The thing didn't make sense. A strange woman, clearly murdered, and murdered in their apartment. The two policemen suspected her and they suspected Bill. She knew about herself and she knew about Bill.

(*Continued on page 76*)

The Sock-and-Bustin' Boy

Up-and-at-'em Cagney is a mild guy at home, given to midnight snacks of cookies and milk, and earnest practice on the guitar. Even after ten years, though, he can't play the thing for more than fifteen minutes. Gets muscle-bound.

His fans think he's the roughest, toughest, fightingest little guy in pictures. But here's the sad news—in real life, Jimmy Cagney has yet to sock his first lady

By Elizabeth Wilson

ALL PHOTOS BY JACK ALBIN

JIMMY CAGNEY'S favorite fan is a man who hasn't missed a Cagney picture in fourteen years. Every time a new one comes to New York the fellow's always first in line at the box office on opening day.

"You're sure crazy about Cagney, aren't you?" someone once said to him.

The man shook his head. "I hate his guts," he replied succinctly.

Then why did he spend so much time and money seeing Cagney's pictures?

The man's explanation was short and lucid.

"One of these days," he said, "that cocky little bastard is going to have the hell beat out of him. And I want to be there to see it."

At forty-four, Jimmy Cagney is still one of the most popular motion-picture actors in the United States. This is not particularly remarkable. Americans have always liked their heroes to be tough two-fisted guys who live and fight with gusto. And to millions of moviegoers Jimmy is the toughest, fightingest guy in the world. The irony of it all is that Jimmy isn't tough—except where the Warner Brothers are concerned—and doesn't like to fight. "I only want peace and quiet," says Jimmy, while the Warner Brothers make a great big raspberry. But Jimmy's stuck with those haymakers and one-two-to-the-buttons to the end of his movie career, just as surely as Boris Karloff is stuck with the bolts and screws of Frankenstein's monster.

It all started back in the 1930s when Jimmy busted a grapefruit on Mae Clarke's pretty kisser in a picture called Public Enemy. You may recall the scene: Jimmy and Mae were having breakfast together and Mae was bawling Jimmy out for something he hadn't done. Jimmy, realizing that words could not quiet the little woman, picked up a grapefruit and squashed it in her loquacious face. The men of America rose in a body and cheered. Wish fulfillment, no doubt.

This socking a lady was not Jimmy's idea. No Cagney had ever struck a woman before. He didn't like it. This extremely novel touch, which made millions for Warner Brothers and was swiped by all the other studios in town, was Darryl Zanuck's first important contribution to the screen. A far cry from Wilson.

When Jimmy cocked a snoot at Warner Brothers in 1943, after twelve years, thirty-nine pictures, four suspensions, a black-listing, and a lawsuit, and walked out of the gate a free man, he planned to form his own producing company. Bill, his younger brother and the Brains of the Cagney clan, became president of William Cagney Productions, with Jimmy as vice-president and head actor.

With his own company Jimmy had a chance, at long last, of selecting his own stories—which is the ambition of every living actor. After reading 400 scripts, he chose Johnny Come Lately for his first independent production.

When the picture was released in 1943, the critics said maybe, and maybe not. Commercially it was a great success. Made at a cost of $750,000, it has already grossed $2,500,000. But immediately after the release of the picture the fan mail started pouring in. "Jimmy, please sock somebody in your next picture," wrote a lady in Vermont. "You haven't fought a really good fight in four years," another fan reminded him. "You're at your best when you are slugging it out in cops and robbers," wrote a high-school critic.

The Brains read the fan mail and went into production with Blood on the Sun. With the action taking place in Japan just prior to Pearl Harbor, it's just about the roughest, toughest picture Jimmy ever made. After several warm-ups there's a fight sequence toward the end with crashing furniture and hurtling bodies reminiscent of the historic fight in the original version of The Spoilers. *Never underestimate the power of a fan.*

"By the way, Jim," said Brother Bill much too casually one morning early in production of Blood on the Sun, "you know that scene where Sylvia Sidney double-crosses you? Why don't you sock her?" Jimmy gave him an icy stare. "That's where I came in," he said. "And, brother, where I came in is out."

The vice-president of Cagney Productions was born on the lower East Side of New York City on a hot July day in 1901, the second son of Carrie and James Francis Cagney. There were four Cagney boys, Harry, Jimmy, Ed, and baby Willie—at least, Willie was the baby until Jeanne was born in 1918—and they were Dead End kids long before Sidney Kingsley wrote his famous play.

When genial Irish James Cagney, Sr., a bartender "with more friends than a Tammany district leader," managed to save enough money to buy his own saloon, he moved his family uptown to the East Seventies, known as the Yorkville district. At the age of fourteen, redheaded, hard-fisted Jimmy Cagney was accepted as the champion street fighter of his neighborhood. His hands, which were later described as "looking as if they were constantly in search of a towel," flattened many a Yorkville profile in those days.

But at home, behind closed doors, the family called him Cookie Cagney. Jimmy had a sweet tooth. When his mother would send him to the corner bakery for a cake for Sunday dessert, Jimmy would have it reduced to crumbs before he brought it home. "Mom would let fly her right hand and smack me," says Jimmy, "but she soon learned that sending me for cake was like sending a rabbit for lettuce.

"Mom's technique in rearing her sons was most unorthodox," says Jimmy with a grin. "She was never asked to write for any of the parents' magazines. She believed she was teaching us sportsmanship when she taught us to fight fair and square with our fists. And when we were disobedient and impudent, she didn't send for a hairbrush or slipper—she just flattened us with one punch."

JIMMY'S favorite story about his mother concerns the time that Willie Kenny, the leader of the East Seventy-seventh Street gang, descended upon brother Ed, batted his head on the pavement, and took his ball. When Ed came home with his head bleeding, Mom just looked at Jimmy and said, "Well?"

"Tomorrow night at eight," said Jimmy casually, "corner Seventy-seventh and Avenue A."

Word got around that the boys were battling it out, and when Jimmy arrived a couple of hundred people were there. The boys started punching. Blood ran from their noses, but they kept going. Mom was in the crowd watching every movement. One woman turned to her and said, "Isn't this horrible? It ought to be stopped before they kill each other." "Uh-huh," said Mom.

The kids fought for four nights. Every night it was a draw. At dinner on the fifth night Mrs. Cagney said, "How do you like Willie Kenny, Jim?"

"I like him," said Jimmy.

"I like him too," said Mrs. Cagney. "He has courage and he fights clean. Why don't you call the fight off and we'll have him to dinner tomorrow?"

Jimmy graduated from Stuyvesant High School and had his heart set on going to Cornell to take a course in agriculture. "I was country-crazy then," he says, "and I still am." But when his father died in 1918, six months before Jeanne was born, all the boys knew they'd have to pitch in and help Mom. No college courses.

While he was in high school Jimmy'd had various part-time and summer jobs—bellhop at the Friars Club, switchboard operator in an apartment house, waiter in a tea shoppe, racker in a poolroom, office boy on the New York Sun, and book carrier at the New York Public Library. When his father died. he took the first steady job he could get—bundle wrapper at Wanamaker's for twenty dollars a week. A fellow employee soon tipped him off that he might get twenty-five dollars a week as a chorus boy in a vaudeville act that was being cast up on Forty-second Street—might, if he could dance. "For twenty-five bucks," said Jimmy, grabbing the slip of paper with the address, "I can do anything."

Somehow or other he bluffed his way through the audition and got the job. Then he discovered to his dismay that he was supposed to dress up in girl's clothes along with five other boys, and do a risqué dance in front of a sailor. His only consolation was that no one in his family would ever see him. The act played only the cheapest vaudeville houses in Pennsylvania.

HIS next job was as a chorus boy in a Broadway musical called Pitter Patter. There was a chorus girl in the show named Frances Vernon, who Jimmy thought was pretty cute. One day, after the matinee, Frances was waiting for a date who didn't show up. As Jimmy started to leave the theater, the doorman called to him, "Hey, Jim, why don't you take this nice little girl to dinner?" Jimmy managed to stammer that he'd like nothing better, but he didn't even have enough money to take himself to dinner. "I'll take you," she said. "And you can pay me back when you get some money."

They went to dinner, fell in love, and got engaged. "But I didn't really cinch it," says Billie (she'd rather be called Billie than Frances), "until I sent him a pecan cake when he was on tour. As soon as he finished the cake he asked me to marry him."

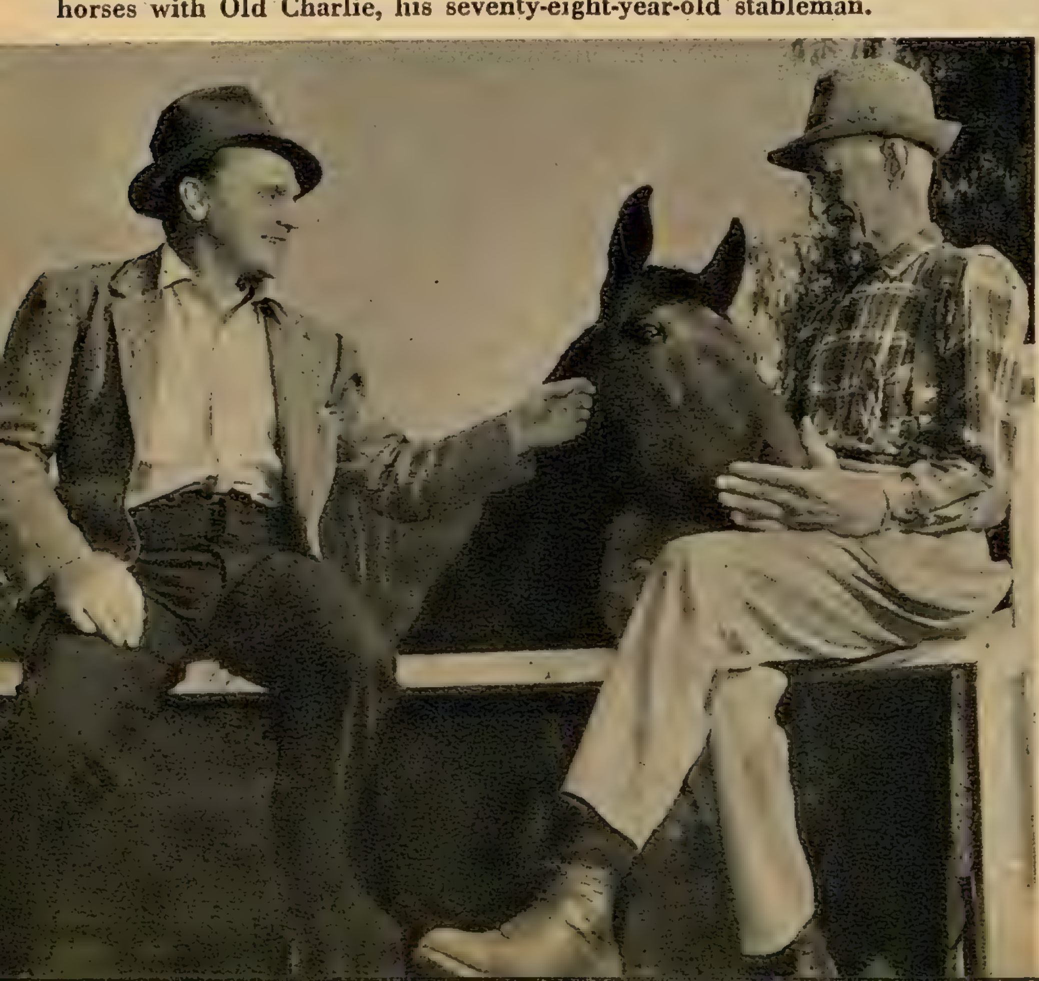
Jimmy and Billie made a go of it, though not much of a go, in a song-and-dance act in vaudeville for several years. But Jimmy's first big break came in the late '20s when an ambitious producer decided to dramatize Jim Tully's Outside Looking In at the Greenwich Village Theater in New York. They needed a tough little guy with red hair, and Jimmy was a natural for the part. Uptown came downtown to applaud him.

In 1930, Jimmy and a pert pretty girl, name of Joan Blondell, were taking nightly bows on Broadway in a play called Penny Arcade. The Warner Brothers were on a talent prowl at the time, and soon both Jimmy and Joan were tapped for Hollywood.

Jimmy, who was taking his acting seriously, would have liked to do something "with a message" on the screen, but he was immediately shoved into gangster films. After a year in Hollywood he was one of the top box-office stars.

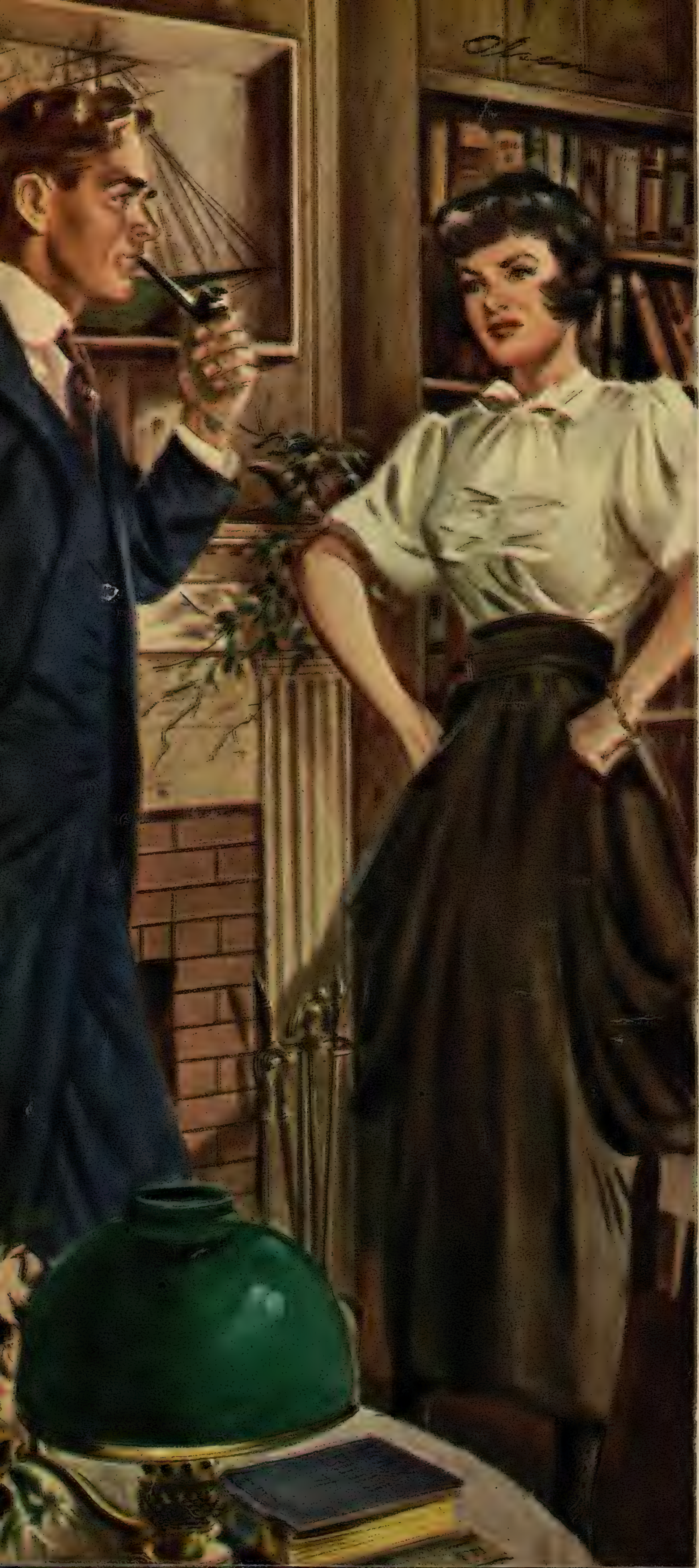
With his bosses making millions out of his pictures, he figured he should be in on the gravy too. He (*Continued on page 85*)

Jimmy spends all his free time around the stables, talking horses with Old Charlie, his seventy-eight-year-old stableman.



A frustrated farmer, Jimmy now has a 28-acre estate, fiv horses. This sulky was his Christmas present from Mrs. Cagney

100-



Even then Yvonne's anger had been contained, icily cold. "Perhaps it is better that I go back where I belong. I can go any time," she said.

THE clock in the spire of the Unitarian church struck five, and the seven employees of the Standish Lumber Company made their preparations to go home. Amelia Wing, Tom Standish's secretary, covered her typewriter, locked her desk, and said primly, "Good night, Mr. Standish." Roy Higgins stuck his tousled head around the corner of the door and called, "Hey, Tom, d'you think it's safe to leave those storm windows out all night?"

"Sure," said Tom. "It won't rain and they're too heavy for anyone to swipe."

Barbara Hoyt and Lois Gaffney, who clerked in the hardware department, finished with their powder and lipstick and called good night to him. He waved to them and then made the rounds of the store to be sure that the doors were locked. The trucks were in the garage behind the main building and Ollie Webster was padlocking the double doors of the long red shed where the lumber was piled. Jim Gaffney and Harry Nickerson, the drivers, were already headed up Front Street, toward Pete Connell's saloon.

Tom Standish drew in a long breath of the sharp October air and looked out beyond the shed to the little harbor. It was a pretty harbor, round like a bowl and deep, and Tom never tired of looking at it. More often, now that he was approaching fifty, he was grateful to Yvonne for so successfully opposing his desire to leave this small New England town and make a career in Boston. That had been twenty-five years ago, when he had brought his French war bride here to meet his family.

"You coming, Tom?" Ollie Webster asked, and they fell into step. "Time for a quick one?"

Tom looked up at the green curtain which concealed the patrons of Pete Connell's saloon from the street. "Not tonight," he said, and then glanced quickly at Ollie.

"See you in the morning," said Ollie, pushing the swinging door.

Tom continued to the end of Front Street, to the four corners where the round iron drinking fountain still trickled water for the thirsty ghosts of old horses. Up Elm Street, past the Methodist church. Marge Ives was raking the bright maple leaves into a pile against their picket fence. She called out to him and he stopped.

"Heard from Tommy lately?"

"Not for about a week. He was still in France, last letter."

"I'm making him a sweater," she said.

"He'll appreciate that," Tom replied, smiling at her. Marge had never been Tommy's girl, but they had always been friends. Looking now at her blue eyes, her shining taffy-colored hair, her pink cheeks, he hoped that when Tommy came home he'd marry Marge. "Shall I give him your love when I write?" he asked.

Her pink cheeks went pinker. She nodded. Tom went on to his own house.

Even after twenty years it still occasionally astonished him that he lived here. In his boyhood the three-story north-of-

per-cent Yanqui

Boston-type house had been the home of the Everetts. He had never been able to figure out how or why the Everetts had managed to create such an aura of exclusiveness, of unapproachable aristocracy.

When the house had come up for sale and Yvonne proclaimed it a bargain, Tom Standish was flabbergasted. They had been married five years then; Tommy was four, and there would be no more children.

"PERHAPS Tommy's wife will do better than I," Yvonne said. "Perhaps she will fill the nursery. One must think to the future."

"Tommy's wife!" he had echoed.

"But naturally," she murmured. "You think he will not marry?"

Yvonne was always confusing issues like that, bewildering him. They had bought the house. Today it was worth five times what they had paid for it, mortgage-free and in excellent condition.

He opened the door and instantly the odor of Yvonne's cooking tingled in his nostrils. This would be the *gigot*, the leg of lamb which for three days had been soaking in a pan of red wine with garlic and herbs. Yvonne's cooking was superb; his hundred and eighty-five pounds attested to his appetite for it. He enjoyed her food, yet for a quarter of a century he had resented it. It was so darned un-American, he thought now. Yvonne could not cook an egg or bake an apple without doing some frog trick to it.

She called, "Tom?" and appeared in the wide paneled hall, a vivid figure in a red-and-white-checked apron, her black hair sleek as always, her rather thin expressive mouth bright with lipstick.

"Hello," he said, and bent to kiss her.

"There are two letters from Tommy," she told him. "On your desk." She spoke English perfectly, yet anyone would know that she was French. When she said their son's name it was never quite as an American would say it. It was slower, lingering as though over extra unspelled letters. "He has news!" she said, and then put her finger against her husband's lips to check the eager question she had anticipated. "No—he is not coming home yet," she said gently. "It is news of another nature. Read for yourself."

She returned to the kitchen, and Tom took the letter from the green baize leaf of the mahogany secretary. As always, there were two letters, and he discarded the one which began, *Chère Maman,* and read his own:

Dear Dad: They won't give me the Purple Heart for this, but it's fatal. Her name is Louise Soubicasseaux and, so help me, it was love at first sight for us both. Not that she gave me any encouragement for weeks. You know these Frenchwomen!

The letter drooped in Tom Standish's hand. No, he thought dully. He shook his head and straightened the paper.

I met her the first day we entered Paris. She's been working with the French underground for three years—she's only nineteen. I'd feel like a cradle robber except that she's so much older and wiser and smarter than I am in every department. She's pretty, too—a towhead, with eyes like moonstones and lashes that she'd trip over it they didn't curl up. You and mother will both be crazy about her, and for different reasons.

The letter sagged again in his fingers. Tom Standish did not want his son to follow his own footsteps, to bring home an alien wife, another war bride, a woman who would always remain a stranger.

Yvonne came into the room. "He has it bad, *hein?*"

Tom nodded.

"You are displeased," she murmured.

"I'd always kind of hoped he'd marry Marge," said Tom. "She's knitting him a sweater."

"That, in itself, is not binding," Yvonne said dryly. "Moonstone eyes and long lashes are more practical."

"Maybe," Tom agreed. "Marge is—"

"She is," his wife pronounced crisply, as he hesitated, "without charm."

"For you, perhaps," he said.

"And for Tommy," she added. "Marge Ives is a nice sensible girl of good character. She is also like a dish without seasoning. She is oat-fed."

"Corn-fed," he corrected automatically. He glared at Yvonne as though she had made him criticize the girl. Damn it, Marge Ives was a sweet kid, and an American!

"DINNER is ready," said Yvonne.

He carved the *gigot* sulkily. He had intended not to eat, to peck at his food as a punishment. It was unkind of Yvonne to say such things about Marge. There were thinly sliced green beans to go with the lamb, and spinach. There were no potatoes because she said he was becoming too fat. A green salad, fresh fruit and cheese, and the strong chicory-flavored coffee which he still made jokes about but admitted to himself he had come to prefer.

As always, there was wine. He had never been able to comprehend Yvonne's attitude toward liquor. She used it, lavishly, it seemed to him, in cooking, but she despised Pete Connell's saloon. When they were first married, Tom often had just a little too much there with the other young men, and she had always made him pay for it, by coldness or swift mordant gibes, or any one of the almost intangible ways she had of showing disapproval. He had never been a drunk, but he used, habitually, to take on more than he did now.

"Whisky in your *estomac* makes a hole in your pocket, Tom," she told him once.

Yvonne kept the holes in his pockets pretty well sewed up. She kept the bulk of the money, too. In their early years she had held out a small firm hand for his pay envelope every Saturday night. He grinned now, recalling the almost forgotten gesture of her hands on her hips, her chin high, as she would say, "Six dollars short! What did you do with it, Tom?"

Her feeling about money still shocked him. It was so frank, so unashamed. Money seemed to him a little vulgar. Not so Yvonne. It was that frog reverence for a sou which he remembered from his old A. E. F. days. It shocked him, but he was willing to admit that without it he would never have attained his present bank balance.

"I WONDER if Louise Soubicasseaux has any *dot?*" she said. "I suppose today in France that is too much to expect."

"In the U. S. A. it's always been too much, thank God!" Tom retorted.

Yvonne's thin eyebrows lifted. She did not remind him that the francs she had brought amounted to nine thousand American dollars.

"If Tommy loves this girl—" he began, and then was furious. Yvonne had practically tricked him into defending the marriage. "I think I'll go down and shoot a little pool," he said.

She put her fingers lightly on his hair. "Don't stay too late," she said. "Don't worry, Tom. Everything is O. K."

He scowled. That was what she thought! She was probably pleased that Tommy wanted to marry a French girl. She wasn't going to cajole him into being pleased about it. If he could stop it, he would.

He was more aware than usual of his relation to the town as he walked down Elm Street. Standishes had been among its first settlers. He wanted Tommy to come home from war and settle down here. He could not find a better wife than Marge Ives.

Reluctantly he found himself remembering that it had been Yvonne who made him remain here. He remembered with what misgivings he had brought her to this small town and to his parents' house. He would never forget his astonishment when his father kissed Yvonne's hand. He had not dared hope for his mother's approval. It had not surprised him that his mother kissed her, too, soundly on the cheek, and then asked, "Does she talk any English?" Yvonne had answered for him,

(*Continued on page 69*)

What chance for happiness has a boy who brings a French bride home to a New England town? No one knew better than the boy's father. He'd done the same thing himself

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB OLSEN

What Petrillo's Victory Means

WHEN James Caesar Petrillo, boss of the American Federation of Musicians, won his smashing victory over the big companies that manufacture phonograph records, certain men said, "Look out! He has sown the wind!"

Had he? Must the American people set themselves, now, to reap the whirlwind?

The first of the dust devils certainly has sprung up. John L. Lewis is already hard at work trying to apply the Petrillo system to the vital business of mining coal. And surely he is not the only union leader to smell the ripening of the plum upon the tree.

Even while the Petrillo fight was at its peak—when the President of the United States, no less, was asking him in a curiously plaintive sort of message to moderate his hard terms—the whole affair seemed a little less than breath-taking to most of us. For more than two years Petrillo had prevented his members of the American Federation of Musicians from making any phonograph records at all. So what? We were unable to buy a name-band waxing of Mairzy Doats. But we could bear up under that.

Then Decca capitulated. RCA-Victor and Columbia followed suit. They met Petrillo's demands in full. Still, so what? Mairzy Doats was a dead pigeon now. We could, indeed, take our pick of the name bands if we wanted to buy a platter of the Trolley Song. But that really made little difference.

It is perfectly true that the Petrillo victory did not, *in itself*, have any considerable effect upon the public at large. The amounts of money involved were by no means spectacular. The union victory did not add even one penny to the retail cost of a phonograph record. The manufacturers themselves are not visibly distressed, and confess that the new dispensation will not cut seriously into their profits. But a very important question remains: Has organized labor, all organized labor, gained through Petrillo's victory a tremendously powerful new weapon—a weapon which could be dangerous to all of us if placed in the hands of ambitious and unscrupulous labor leaders?

To understand the possibilities of the situation, the first necessity is to understand the Petrillo case itself.

One thing should be clearly borne in mind from the start: The establishment of the "Petrillo principle" in labor-management relations was the result of an accident.

In the mid-'30s, certain leaders of name bands in the East got together to face a problem. All of them made popular recordings. Their records were played on hundreds of radio stations and on a newfangled affair called the juke box. The bands got no money at all from these "public performances." And their records actually competed with their own labors as musicians-in-person. They needed a man to look into this state of affairs and if possible to do something about it. One man was the obvious choice: Jimmy Petrillo, boss of the Chicago local of the A. F. M. Petrillo had started life as an altogether undistinguished musician, but he emerged as a shrewd, bold, and resourceful labor organizer. Also as an impeccably honest one. The name-band leaders invited him to come East and they put their proposition before him. He countered with one of his own. Why confine this business to a handful of famous dance bands? Why not bring the whole Federation in on it?

He did.

By the time he got elected president of the national Federation, and organized himself for the fight, there were about 950 radio stations in the country, of which nearly 500 were using no "live" musicians except for occasional amateur talent. They depended solely upon recordings for their musical programs. Also, there were about 300,000 juke boxes grinding away in the forty-eight states. (There are now more than 400,000.) Radio-station proprietors and juke-box owners alike could pay half a dollar for a Tommy Dorsey or an Artie Shaw and give the customers music that was hardly distinguishable from the real article.

Their profits from the use of this canned music were running into millions of dollars every year. But the men who made the music received not a penny of those millions.

Petrillo stated his case: "The labor problem involved here is unique. If you want a room painted, you have to call in a painter. If you want electrical repairs made or automobiles manufactured, a human being has got to be on the job, at union rates. But here we have millions of people dancing and enjoying themselves every night to the music of bands that may be clear across the continent at the time. Recorded music is the only form of labor which can be projected into distance and into the future.

"There are two results: (1) The musicians who made the records get no share at all of the profits their records make in public performances for gain; and (2) the exploitation of canned music has practically wiped out live music in hundreds of towns and small cities. Thus technological advances have harmed both the musicians of the country and the culture of the country. We cannot stop canned music. We don't want to. But we want the musicians of America to share in the profits it makes for other people."

Mr PETRILLO
YOU LIVE IN
Luxury
WHILE
MUSICIANS
ARE THROWN
OFF THE AIR
UNITED YOUTH
DEMANDS
FREEDOM
AIRWAVES
46000
A YEA
DOWN!
PETRILLO!
FOR VICT

When Petrillo kept the Music Camp of Interlochen, Mich., off the air, these kids picketed in protest.

On the phonograph records issued for sale during this period, and even before it, the label bore a printed notice: "Only for non-commercial use on phonographs in homes. Mfr. & original purchaser have agreed this record shall not be resold or used for any other purpose."

Petrillo opened his campaign on the basis of that implied agreement. He brought test suits in several states, seeking to prevent the use of records by radio stations and juke boxes. He lost every suit. Invariably the courts ruled that the printed, unsigned statement was not binding; that a man could do as he pleased with the records he bought.

Yet these suits served to open to public view some very interesting facts. A comparatively small radio station like WNEW in New York City, for example, was grossing more than a million dollars a year by selling advertising spiels on programs that consisted almost entirely of recorded music. WINX, a similar station in Washington, built in 1940 at the cost of $50,000, made so much money the same way that it sold in 1944 for ten times the original investment.

It was quite impossible to reach any trustworthy figures on the profits of the juke boxes. But a fifty-cent disk of a popular dance tune will certainly last for fifty playings, with a nickel in the slot for each playing.

Only a determined labor baiter could consider it ideal that musicians whose skill and talent made the recordings possible got no share in the immense profits the records were producing for somebody else, *in direct competition with the employment of live bands.*

The loss of all his test cases in the courts had Petrillo stumped for a while. Bear in mind, now, that he and his union had no serious quarrel with the record *manufacturers,* who paid high fees to the men whose music made their business possible. A single individual in a dance band might make as much as $100 for a half day's work.

The musicians' quarrel was with the commercial purveyors of recorded music who were making fortunes at their expense. And there was no way to gain a share of those fortunes. The courts, the laws of the land, had made such a thing impossible.

It became apparent to Petrillo that he would have to proceed against the record manufacturers, about 100 in number, but with RCA-Victor, Columbia, and Decca as the dominant trio. But any attempt to collect from them brought up another problem. Since their inception, the phonograph companies had paid their more celebrated solo performers, as well as the composers of copyrighted music, on a royalty basis: so much for each record sold. This was simple enough. But a royalty system for a popular band, or even for the big symphony orchestras, is a different thing altogether. Personnel in such organizations is shifting constantly. If each individual musician were to receive his proper share of the

to You

The "Petrillo Principle" is a new idea in big-time labor relations—an idea of startling possibilities. You'd best know what it is and how it's apt to affect your country

By
MORRIS MARKEY

royalty on every recording he helped to make, the chief business of the phonograph companies would be bookkeeping.

Petrillo suddenly announced his own solution of this problem. The manufacturers would pay royalties. But not to the men who made the recordings. The royalties would go into the general treasury of the A. F. M., and the Federation would use these funds for the benefit of its members. Presumably, the manufacturers would pass the extra cost, if any, along to the record buyer.

THE royalties Petrillo asked were quite modest. He wanted the manufacturers to pay from one quarter of a cent for each of the popular ten-inch dance records they sold, up to two cents a record for the expensive symphonic and operatic disks. These sums, moreover, were not considerable enough to pass on to the ultimate purchaser. They would not bite appreciably into the manufacturers' profits. But they would bring in about a million dollars a year for Petrillo's union.

"What will you do with the money?" they asked him.

"Protect our members from unemployment," he answered, "and promote live music all over the country."

"It will give you control of our business."

"That's something I wouldn't have if you gave it to me outright. We don't want to control your business."

The manufacturers thought differently. They declined to accept the proposition—but not until the daily press of the country had turned its fury upon the musicians' union and its boss. To the press, the suggestion was outrageous. Here, many newspapers said, was union labor in its final, sinister arrogance.

The A. F. M. is well disciplined. Petrillo ordered its members to stop making phonograph recordings. They stopped.

For the next twenty-nine months no new recordings were engraved, save by a very small handful of nonunion musicians. And during these twenty-nine months the battle of music was a constant whipping boy for the American press. The War Labor Board demanded, with its customary severity, that Petrillo withdraw his demands. He said no. The President wrote his pleading letter. Petrillo remained adamant.

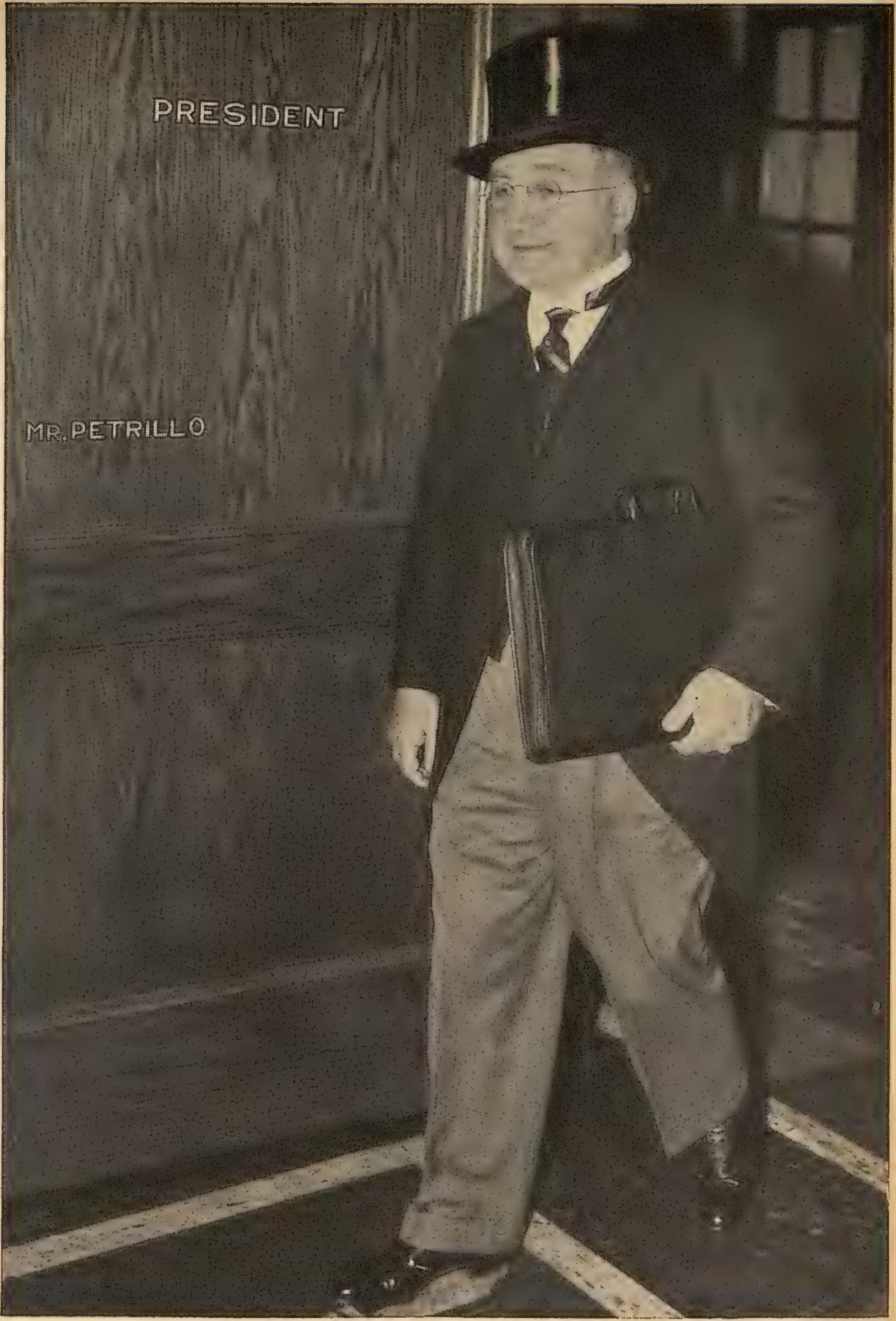
Meanwhile the record companies were selling all the records they could make, anyway. WPB had shut down on many essential materials used by the disk makers. Even if bands had been recording the new popular hits as usual, it would have been impossible to manufacture their output in any quantity. In short, the manufacturers' sales were not affected in the least by the walkout of the musicians.

Even in view of the walkout, Petrillo could not claim that unemployment existed among members of his union. The union has rather an odd character. It requires no apprenticeships. Admission to membership lies solely with local chapters, and individuals joining them do not have to take tests to prove their musical abilities. There are approximately 138,000 members of the Federation, but not all of these 138,000 are regular musicians. In fact, probably about 30,000 of them are professional musicians who earn their livelihood from the production of music. The rest are people from all walks of life who may occasionally wish to play some instrument for money, who simply desire for one reason or another to be associated with the professional organization.

On the other hand, Petrillo asserts that 36,000 of his union members are in the armed forces. Proportionately, this would mean about 9,000 professional musicians in uniform. Most of them had no regular, permanent jobs before entering the service, and therefore will be unable to benefit from the laws that oblige employers to re-employ discharged servicemen. Petrillo said that he intended to use the prospective record fund to organize bands for these men and for any other musicians thrown out of work; said he would require these bands to make music in towns long dependent on canned music, and thus expand the musical culture of the country.

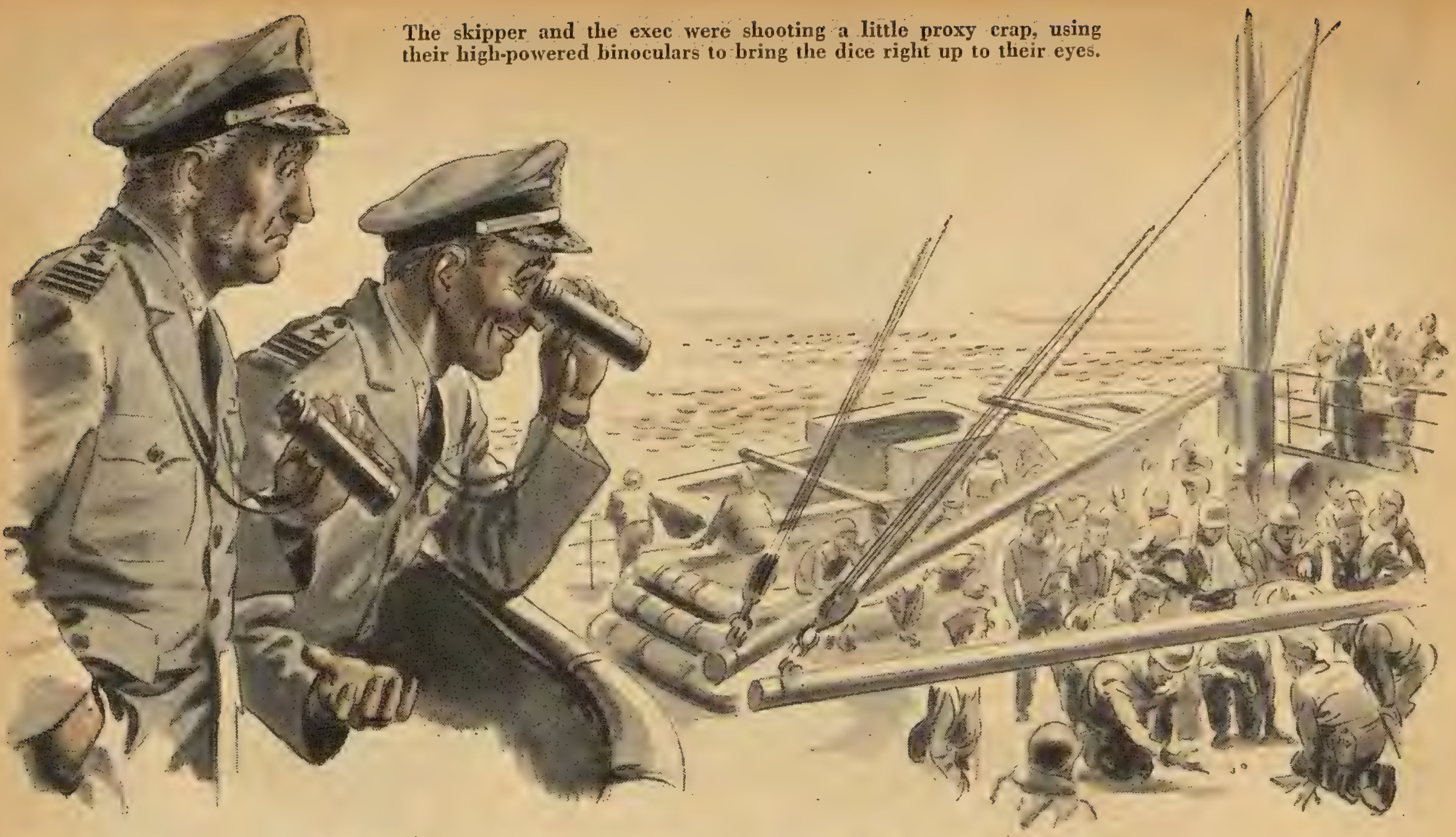
Time and again the press pointed a

(*Continued on page 68*)



PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL

James Caesar Petrillo, boss of the A. F. M., who calls the tune wherever music is played.



The skipper and the exec were shooting a little proxy crap, using their high-powered binoculars to bring the dice right up to their eyes.

WE REMEMBER THIS

By Lt. (j. g.) Robert C. Ruark, U. S. N. R.

These are the kind of stories you'll hear when your fighting man comes home. Not stories of violent combat, but the funny things, the touching things, the incongruous things, the little things that go to make up a war

YOU sit on the window ledge of a London hotel, swing your feet, and watch the antiaircraft guns, listen to the clap of the bombs as they splatter the docks. You are swimming in the Mediterranean off Bizerte, and a dead Italian soldier washes almost into your lap. Your transport brings a four-striper skipper back from Guadalcanal, and you find out, months later, that he lives right under you in an apartment house in Washington, D. C. You sit down in the Officers' Club at Espiritu Santo, and there is a man you used to drink beer with in Casablanca. You say good-by to a guy in New Orleans, and you both turn up months later in a hospital in Oakland, California—he by way of Saipan, you via a jeep accident in the Solomons.

After getting around for a couple of years in this war, nothing seems real any more. Experiences resolve into a jumble of faces and places. The things that stand out sharply in a much-traveled serviceman's mind are little isolated events and sensations. And these are what millions of men will be talking about when they have forgotten the paralyzing feel of fear and the hot, confused unreality of combat. They will recall running into an old schoolmate on a Normandy beach when they have long forgotten that they ever shoved a bayonet into a German.

The following is, I believe, typical of what wives and children will hear until the next world war sweeps away the vet's right to remember aloud:

The big transport, outbound, shivered and plunged in a heavy swell. Her ports were tightly closed to maintain blackout, and it was hotter than blazes there below decks. The air of the casual officers' chow hall was thick with greasy cigar smoke, and into the midst of the murk plunged the chef, bearing a pink-and-blue birthday cake in each fat hairy hand.

This was the most poignant party I ever attended—a birthday party for two babies who, for all their fathers knew, were not even born. The fathers, Marine second lieutenants bound for some undefined island in the Southwest Pacific, had shoved off a couple of weeks before the kids were due. Estimating that both babies were scheduled for the same day, the two harried papas—smooth-faced kids hardly out of their teens—had paced the decks all day, fretting themselves sick. To divert them their fellow passengers had tossed a party for the two new babies, some 6,000 miles away in the United States.

One section of the mess had been laid out lavishly, with a white tablecloth on the splintery plank tables and much cutlery and glassware. There were big bowls of green salad (we had stopped off in Panama), cold cuts, olives, celery, and apples. The steward had broken out two boxes of powder-dry cigars, and there were a couple of big jugs of lemonade. Most of the ship's company was there, in addition to a dozen or so transient officers.

The chef, hardened by too many months of frying and boiling, still had managed a very creditable pair of cakes. Instead of candles, each cake bore a paste zero in the center—one pink, one blue. Each carried the pastry messages: "Don't worry, Pop.—JUNIOR," and "All my love," signed with the name of each man's wife.

It was very corny, of course. It was very corny when the lieutenants got up and stammered "Unaccustomed as I am to public fatherhood" speeches, and fumblingly opened the silly presents their buddies had brought. It was corny until the chaplain got up, took the cigar out of his kisser, and offered a short prayer.

Very simply, the Holy Joe asked for protection and consolation for the two scared young mothers back home. He asked that the new babies be granted a chance to see their fathers some day in the future. And then he said he hoped the babies never would have to repeat their parents' experience—of being separated by war at the one time when men and women most need to be together.

Maybe that was corny, too. But it didn't seem so then, and it doesn't seem so now, when, for all I know, both fathers may be dead on Guam or Saipan. Maybe the babies weren't even born at the time. It was not the kind of party I would like to make a habit of.

THE man with the caul was third assistant engineer on the Liberty ship on which I made my first run as a gunnery officer. He was a big loud-mouthed fellow with an irritating knowing glint in his eye, always able to top any story with gems from his own personal background. And he had this caul thing.

According to his interpretation, a man who was born with a caul was gifted with second sight. This supernatural power made our third assistant an authority on anything and everything, but he specialized on the possibility of our ship being blown out from under us.

He claimed to have been torpedoed six times—three in World War I and three in the current unpleasantness. He said he had been in a daylong fight with two German raiders, and once had been machine-gunned by Nazi submariners while he was floating among the wreckage of his ship. He had a lot of other gruesome stories.

This first trip of ours was a very rugged deal. The weather was colder than a banshee's breath, and you could practically walk on the periscopes. We lost several ships. Once a tanker was tagged and blew up at high noon, right in the middle of the convoy. Depth charges rattled and thumped all day and all night. The third assistant was as nervous as a fox in a forest fire. But he stoutly maintained that, through the good offices of his caul, we would all get back all right.

And we did get back, after a couple of near squeaks. As we came into the Narrows, the Third launched an orgy of self-congratulation. It ran like this:

"I been going to sea ever since the war started, and I can always tell when a ship is going to get it. Once in Jacksonville I got off a tanker I'd made three trips on, just because I had a hunch she was going to get bumped. I signed on another ship and we hadn't hardly passed the sea buoy before the ship I just left caught a fish and blew up. Nobody got off her, either.

"The last time I had that feeling I decided I'd just test it out, and stay on the ship anyhow. We were running along off Cuba when a sub let us have two fish and blew me over the side. Only three of us lived through that one, because the submarine captain machine-gunned us in the water. That's where I got this here scar." And the Third ripped open his shirt to expose a long, dirty-white slash from collarbone to shoulder blade.

"So, lieutenant, you want to mind what I say. As long as I feel good about this ship, nothing is going to happen to her. But if you see me getting off you better get sick or something and get off too."

In New York I got a few days' leave and went home. I got back the day before we were supposed to sail, and there was the third assistant, still feeling mystic.

"Everything's all right, lieutenant," he said. "I don't like the looks of all this high explosive we're carrying, but I still feel good about the ship."

That was fine. I went ashore to the convoy conference and deduced that, with the Tunisian campaign just terminated, we would shortly be in business in Sicily. I had one last shore-going steak and returned to the ship, which was still taking high explosive. As I went to my cabin on the boat deck, I looked across at the third assistant's quarters, and there was a dark stranger unpacking his gear. My stomach bumped a little bit.

"I'm the new Third," he said. "Just came aboard. I understand your old Third got off this afternoon."

"What was the matter?" I asked. "He was O. K. this morning."

"I dunno," the new boy said. "Somebody said he got sick."

"So am I," I said, and went to my sack. That night I dreamed about a caul.

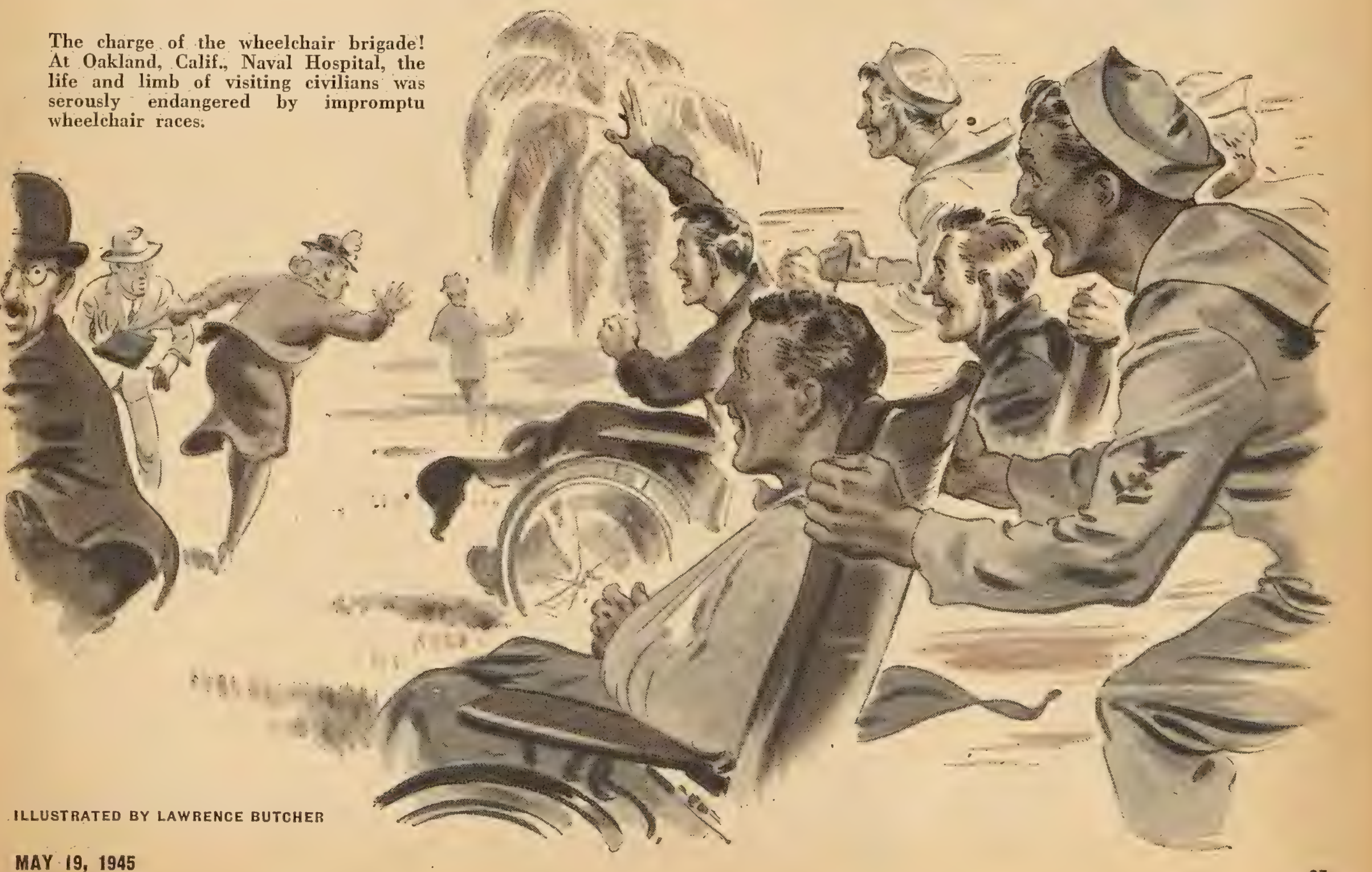
I almost wish I could report that they blew the ship out from under us, but I can't. All I can tell the old Third is that we were shunted accidentally into Casablanca, and that a few hours later subs knocked off most of the ships in our outboard column. I can report that we got to Bizerte the day after a big German air raid, and left the day before another one. Whoever handled the Third's destiny must have thought he was still aboard.

It was only on the next trip, into Italy, that the news seeped through to the Luftwaffe that our man with the caul was no longer with us. The Luftwaffe made the most of it.

ONE day in the late fall of 1943 a battered transport steamed away from the Italian beach, her shrapnel-spattered decks crammed with weary troops, mostly casualties. The ship's captain and executive officer stood wearily on the bridge, their whiskered faces drawn and smudged. Each man held a pair of binoculars, which he focused straight down at a cluster of soldiers on the deck. Suddenly the captain lowered his glasses and his lips moved profanely. He reached into his pocket, dragged out a wad of dirty bills, and passed them to his exec. Both men again stared fixedly at the deck.

In a minute or so the exec laughed and extended his hand. The skipper dug more deeply into his pants and came up with some more limp bills, which he passed over. Both kept looking through their glasses. Then the executive officer dipped into *his* pocket and paid some money to the captain. This mystifying interchange of currency kept up for the better part of an hour, until general quarters sent all hands to their stations.

(Continued on page 87)



The charge of the wheelchair brigade! At Oakland, Calif., Naval Hospital, the life and limb of visiting civilians was serously endangered by impromptu wheelchair races.

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

East of the Border

For thirty years the game wardens had been trying to put Old Man Simpson in jail, and Percy Maiden came pretty close to doing it—though he had a little trouble keeping out himself

BY JIM KJELGAARD

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

SINCE he'd been big enough to tote a gun or swing a rod, Old Man Simpson had been on the rampage, doin' as he saw darn fit without any regard for the fish and game laws. For thirty years half the wardens on the Conservation Department's force had had a crack at puttin' him in jail, but none had succeeded. When Johnny Bing and Butch Cassidy went up to Kaumas County and came back without Old Man Simpson's scalp, it became a point of honor to land him behind bars. So the chief warden sent for Percy Maiden.

"Bring that old vi'lator in," the chief says. "I don't care how you do it. Just bring him in. Not only the whole northern section of this state's laughin' at us because we can't, but Michigan too. We have to put a stop to it."

"Yes, indeed," says Percy.

This Percy Maiden, he looked and talked about like his name sounded. But he was as hard as a railroad spike and could think faster than a trap-pinched coyote. He went down to his boardinghouse, put on his dude clothes, and packed his thirty-thirty carbine. He already had an idea. Deer season opened in two days, and Percy knew how at least a part of deer season was worked in Kaumas County. The natives would shoot a buck or two and sell 'em to rich hunters who went deer hunting so they could play poker and drink whisky, but who always wanted to bring a buck home to show their wives what rugged outdoorsmen they were; and they'd pay from twenty-five to a hundred dollars for one. Old Man Simpson would sure be mixed up in that gold mine.

Well, Percy Maiden got on the train and rode her north to Hank Duffield's store, which is also the station. He got off, and a couple of cars with bucks on their running boards come out of Michigan, which was just across the way. Percy stood, looking helpless-like, in front of the store until Duffield felt sorry for him and opened the door to holler:

"Is there somethin' you want, stranger?"

"Oh, dear, yes," says Percy Maiden. "I wish to engage a guide. Can you direct me to one?"

"Old Man Simpson's settin' inside now," says Duffield. "He might take you on."

Percy Maiden went into the store, and there, on the counter, sat Old Man Simpson.

Percy says, "How do you do, sir."

"Hi," says Old Man Simpson. "What's on your mind, bub?"

"The gentleman over there," says Percy, "informed me that you might care to engage as a guide for deer hunting."

"I might."

Old Man Simpson squinted at Percy, and Percy didn't even flinch, because he knew that he looked about as much like a game warden as a beaver looks like a rainbow trout. Old Man Simpson bit a chunk off a plug of tobacco.

"I'll guide ye, bub," he says. "Eight dollars a day."

"Oh, thank you!" Percy gushes. "I've come all the way from Chicago to shoot a buck, and it would mean a great deal to me to take one back!" He lowered his voice. "It would be worth a great deal, too."

"Hm'm," says Simpson. "Come on out to the shack, bub! I got an extra bunk."

So Percy and Old Man Simpson walked out to the old vi'lator's shack, and Percy's sissy face never twitched a muscle. He had set his bait and was pretty sure the fish had swallowed it. If he could get Old Man Simpson to sell him a deer, he could take him in. Of course it was a little dirty, but he didn't know any other way to trap the old tamarack wolf.

WELL, the first day of deer season Old Man Simpson woke Percy at three in the mornin' and stuffed him full of vittles. The old vi'lator hung an ax on his belt, took his rifle from its rack, and they started off down a trail through a swamp. A cold north wind was blowin', and there was a heavy frost crunchin' underfoot. When daylight lifted they were far back in the swamp, with little evergreens all around. Old Man Simpson held up his hand.

"There's a good runway right here," he says. "Stand still. I'll go down an' see if I can chouse one out."

Old Man Simpson disappeared in the swamp, and Percy stood perfectly still. He could see that there wasn't a good runway, or any kind of runway, where he stood, and he felt pretty high about it. Old Man Simpson, he thought, knew where there was a buck in the swamp, and instead of chasin' it out so a dude could shoot it for eight dollars, he was goin' to shoot it himself. Then he could sell it to the dude for fifty dollars and get his eight bucks guidin' fee anyway. He had been gone about ten minutes when Percy heard him shoot.

Crack! His rifle shot echoed through the swamp. Old Man Simpson hollered, "Come on down!" and Percy ran into the swamp toward the sound of his voice. He found the old vi'lator standin' in a little clump of evergreens right over a big ten-pointer. Percy looked a hundred feet to the right, and there, hangin' in a tree, was another buck, a six-pointer, all dressed out.

"Did you get one?" he asked.

"Two," says the old ridge prowler.

Percy's chest swelled up so that the buttons was like to pop right off his shirt. For all the wardens who'd chased Old Man Simpson, Percy Maiden was the ace who was goin' to bring him in. He had the old swamp racer dead to rights. Shootin' one deer was legal, but whoever shot two laid theirself open to anything from fifty bucks fine and ninety days in jail to whatever the arrestin' warden was able to pile on. Besides, the deer in the tree was stiff; had been shot before the season opened, and that was good for plenty. Percy smiled, a smile cold as the frost that still clung to the little evergreens, and let his coat swing open so his badge would show.

"How interesting!" he says.

Old Man Simpson's mustaches drooped and his mouth hung open. "Are you a warden?" he squawked.

"Certainly," Percy says, hopin' Old Man Simpson would take a swing at him so he could get him for resistin' a warden too. "Come on. We have to move these two deer out of here."

Old Man Simpson went to the first buck, took the ax from its sheath, and blazed a tree beside it. He walked to the six-pointer and blazed the tree in which it was hangin'. He turned to Percy.

"I'll be damned if I do," he says. "If you want them bucks out of the swamp, bring 'em yourself." And he walked away.

WELL, Percy Maiden knew he was stuck. There wasn't a way in the world he could make Old Man Simpson carry even one of them bucks out of the swamp, and if it should come to a court trial, he'd need both of 'em, or anyway testimony that they had both been shot by Old Man Simpson, as evidence. So there didn't seem to be a darn thing to do except take them out himself. He dressed the ten-pointer, slung it on his shoulders, and started toward Old Man Simpson's cabin—that bein' the nearest place he knew where he could load both deer on a car.

It was hot, but not too hard, the first half mile. After that, that darn buck seemed to develop more curves than one of these here pin-up gals, and kept slippin'. But Percy struggled on, and even though he rested every hundred feet instead of every thousand on the tail end of the pack, he got it to Old Man Simpson's shack and threw it down on the ground. The old vi'lator was settin' inside, a pipe in his mouth and a jug of hard cider beside him. Percy's eyes seemed to catch fire, and he started right back for the second buck.

But, even though it was smaller, that one was frozen and seemed heavier. Percy hoisted it to his achin' shoulders, and sweat streamed down his face before he had gone hardly five hundred feet. He let the buck drop, and thought of all the ways he might boost Old Man Simpson's fine. Then there come before him a mental picture of the old wolf, settin' in his cabin and drinkin'; and Percy picked the buck up again. He'd get it out if it took a week.

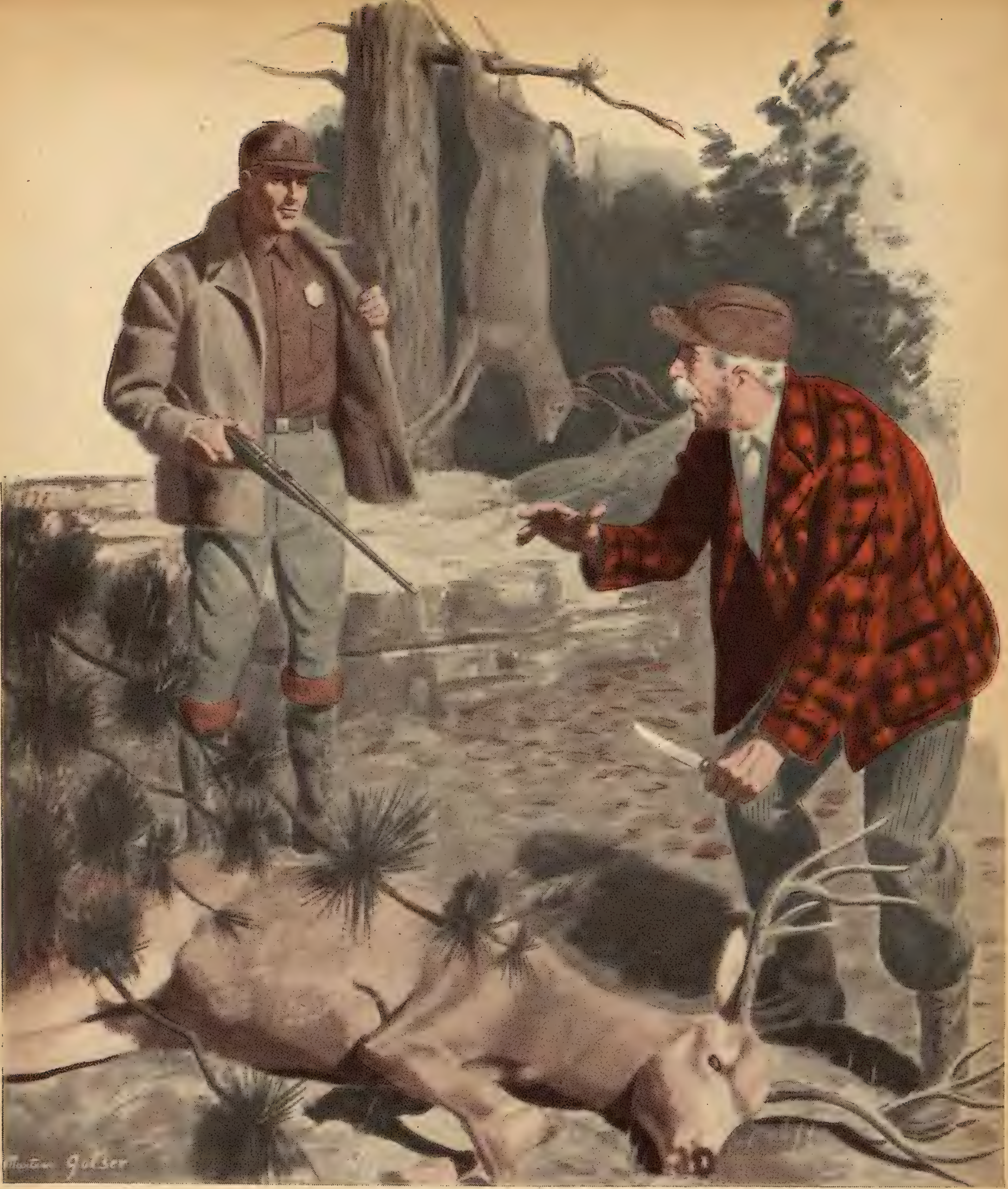
He was still a mile away from the cabin when he throwed the buck on the ground and slipped his belt around its horns so it could be dragged instead of carried, and it was long after dark when he finally drug it up to the shack and stood pantin'. Old Man Simpson heard him, and came out.

"Well, well, well," he says, "you got 'em here."

"Yes!" snaps Percy. "Are you ready to go?"

"Go where?"

"In to see a justice," says Percy. "And



Percy smiled and let his coat swing open so his badge would show. Old Man Simpson's mouth hung open. "Are you a warden?" he squawked.

you'd better lock your cabin when you go, because you're going to spend at least the next six months in jail!"

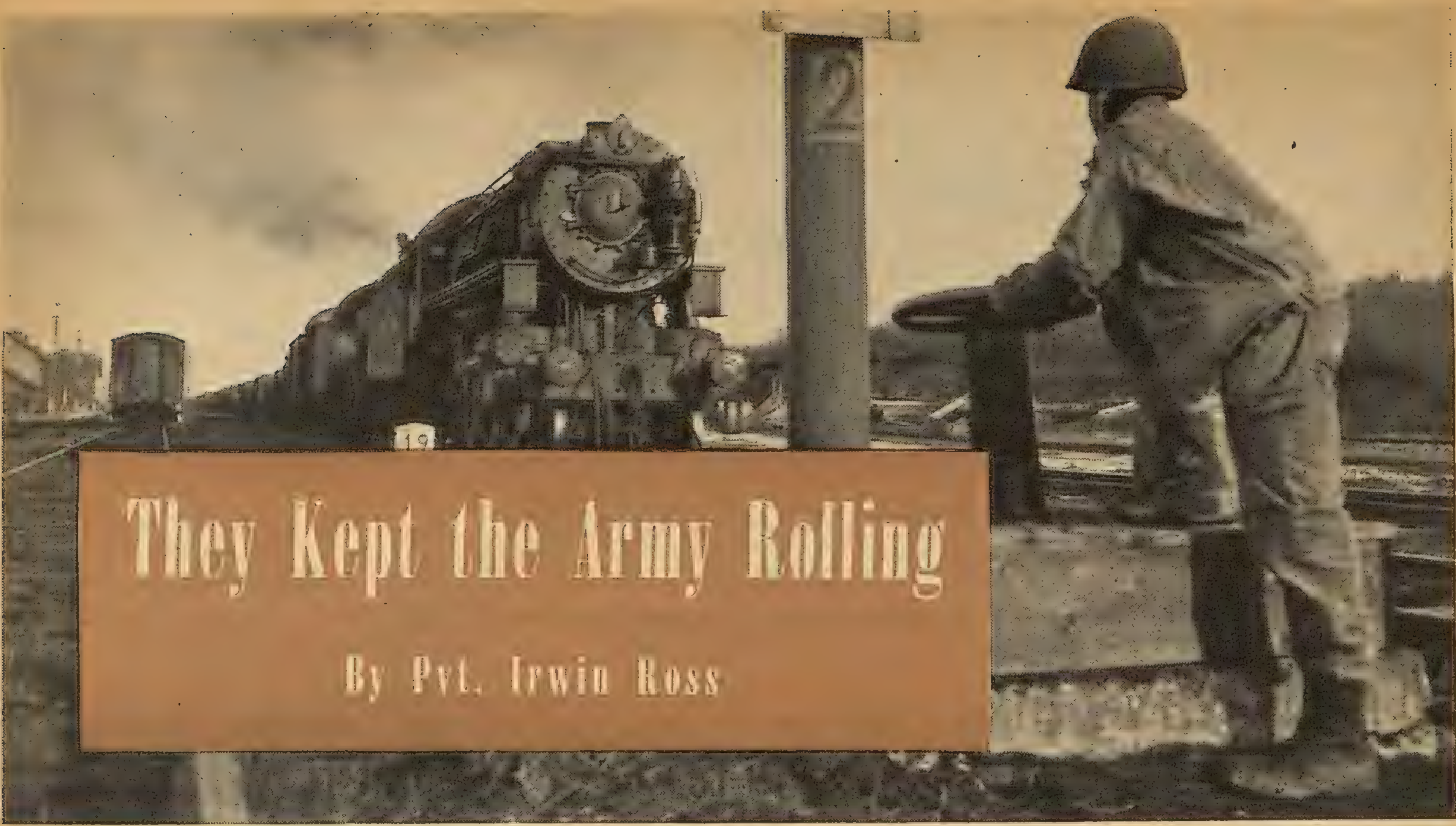
"What for?"

"For shooting two bucks!" Percy says. "One out of season. And if I can arrange it, you'll spend the next six years in jail!"

"Oh," Old Man Simpson wagged his head. "It just goes to show what can happen when a man jumps to conclusions thataway." He fumbled in his pocket, withdrew an old leather wallet, and took a paper out of it. "Look here, warden. I do quite a bit of guidin' over in Michigan too, an' every year I get me a nonresident license. You know their season opens before ours, and ends when ours does. I killed that six-pointer day before yesterday, and if you'll go back to them two trees I blazed, you'll find that the state line runs right between 'em. Of course you ain't s'posed to bring a buck out of Michigan without havin' it checked by a Michigan warden.

"Just pay me the eight-dollar guidin' fee you promised, an' I won't tell nobody you done it."

THE END



They Kept the Army Rolling

By Pvt. Irwin Ross

They fought Nazis with one hand and laid track with the other. The amazing story of the G. I. railroaders who delivered the men and supplies that made possible the smashing Allied advance into Germany

THE G. I. locomotive engineer had a good excuse: The night was dark, and he didn't hear any small-arms fire. He heard Nazi 88-mm. guns exploding in the distance; but he had heard those for the last ten miles. So he pulled his troop train, loaded with infantry reinforcements, into the railroad yard on the outskirts of the French city. When he got within sight of the station buildings, enemy machine guns suddenly opened up. Foot soldiers and train crew piled out of the cars and took up the fight. They held their positions until advance patrols, a half mile down the line, caught up with them. Only then did they learn that they had penetrated the defenses of "impregnable" Metz, still to be captured by the combat troops.

A short while later, the bridge-maintenance platoon of the 733d Railway Operating Battalion came upon a tidy bundle of danger at a half-wrecked bridge east of Metz. Amid the debris they found 1,500 pounds of TNT connected by primer cord to eighteen 100-pound aerial bombs. This cache had somehow failed to go off when the retreating Germans blew up the two center abutments of the bridge. The explosives remained in good shape; a sudden jarring might touch them off at any moment. For hours the G. I. bridge builders, in constant danger of being blown sky-high, worked in the freezing waters to remove the charges. Then they cleared away the wreckage, repaired the span so that it could support rail lines. In twelve days the job was done.

These encounters typified the operations of Army railways on the Continent. Behind the fronts, where a maze of railheads supplied the U. S. First, Third, Seventh, and Ninth armies, the G. I. crews continually met shellfire, bombing, strafing. Despite these hazards, rail tonnages kept mounting. In northern Europe alone, the figure jumped from 2,000 tons a day in last July and August to 10,000 tons a day in September and more than 43,000 tons a day in January.

The First and Second Military Railway Services, the divisions of the Transportation Corps charged with operating railroads in the European theater, are set up pretty much as civilian lines are. The commander of each railway service has the duties of a general manager of a civilian road. Under his headquarters are Grand Divisions, each of which operates up to 500 miles of track. The Grand Divisions control Railway Operating Battalions, which run the trains, and Railway Shop Battalions, which keep them in repair. But the MRS continually coped with problems that could hardly be called civilian. Here are snatches of one night's activities as they appeared in telephone reports:

"0030: Bomb hit tracks 23 and 24 and demolished two cars of Hospital Train. Train had just been unloaded and all personnel accounted for as far as known. 0045: Report X has been bombed and two ammo trains blown up. Trying to contact X. Holding ammo trains until getting definite information. 0050: Advises twelve kilo west of Y westbound train strafed. French engineer and fireman wounded. Have sent engines out for train."

At Conflans the rail yard was under continual shellfire from three o'clock in the afternoon until two in the morning. The service crews sweated out their tours of duty in shelters near the tracks. Whenever a train pulled in, the RTO (Railway Transportation Officer) would shout at the men. They'd rush out and, while the shells dropped around them, would service the engine, check the cars, wheels, and brakes, then make a run for the shelter. Six trains were tended in the yard that day. Miraculously, no one was injured.

From July 11 on, when the first scheduled train run began in France between Cherbourg and Carentan, freight and troop carriers operated within sight of the front lines. The Second Military Railway Service, which carried supplies to the First, Third, and Ninth armies, was responsible for the bulk of rail operations in Europe. The First MRS came up from southern France and serviced the Seventh Army. In the early days a host of problems bedeviled Army railroad men. The first job was to repair track lines and rail yards blasted by Allied bombs, German demolitions, and French sabotage. At the same time, captured locomotives and rolling stock had to be slapped into shape, for at the outset we had little other equipment to operate. Then, as the rail lines extended, it was necessary to speed up the ferrying of rolling stock from England. Meanwhile fuel facilities, water lines, and communication networks required repairs. Each operation had to be closely co-ordinated with the others if a smooth-running railway system was to be built.

That was the plan. However, after the break-through at St. Lô on July 25, Allied armies advanced across France so rapidly that the MRS had to use anything available. In this period trucks carried more tonnage than rails, but train supplies were frequently of crucial importance. The trains had to move as soon as there was a stretch of track to run on. Everything else—communications, fuel, and water points—had to wait.

Fuel was a constant problem. One night a captain and four enlisted men, lacking tank trucks and pumps, had to pour 2,100 gallons of oil by hand from five-gallon cans into the tanks of three Diesel locomotives. Coal was always scarce. The tender of every damaged enemy locomotive was cleaned out to keep the trains running. They would start off with just enough coal to get them to the next refueling point. The men would find the coaling stations all right, but frequently would find them destroyed by the Germans. When this happened, the G. I. railroaders chopped up smashed cross-ties, salvaged the debris of bombed-out houses. They even stuffed the fireboxes with straw. Water was also a problem. The crews dipped water out of ponds, shell craters, ditches along the side of the track. On occasion they organized bucket brigades of civilians or borrowed the local fire engine.

Dispatchers frequently had to send off trains without knowing their precise destination. "Just keep going until you're stopped," said one dispatcher in Normandy. The crew stocked a case of K rations in the cab and set off. Seventy hours later someone finally stopped them. They had been strafed three times, bombed while they were helplessly halted behind a stalled train. They crept up steep grades, lurched dangerously over newly filled-in shell craters, were sent on endless detours when main lines had been bombed out. The only sleep the men got was a few short winks at their posts when the trains were halted. Snipers shot at them, and they shot back. But in newly liberated towns the people pelted them with flowers and fruit.

WHILE the forward trains pushed on behind engineer gangs repairing tracks, rapid progress was made in the rear areas. From D Day to the end of January, the engineers repaired more than 5,000 miles of double and 2,000 miles of single track, as well as 172 major railway bridges.

Railway maintenance-of-way companies helped the engineers repair the yards. They worked in constant danger from land mines buried under ties and shoulders. At Lessay, more than 400 mines were found in the station track area alone. Conditions at Folligny were typical of the general devastation. Allied planes, in an effort to hamper German supply movements, had bombed the town regularly for two years. By the time the Americans arrived, few buildings were standing and the railroad yard was a mass of wreckage. The 744th Railway Operating Battalion, which was to operate the run from Folligny to Le Mans, established headquarters in two hollow hulks of buildings and set to work helping the engineers rebuild the yard. The engineers had their hands full. As they turned over the earth, they kept tossing up the corpses of German soldiers. Townspeople told them that the Germans killed in raids had been indiscriminately dumped into bomb craters, and the holes had been filled and the track relaid over them. The G. I. railroaders had to rebury all the corpses before they could resume work on the yard.

While tracks and yards were being put in shape, increasing quantities of captured engines and rolling stock were also restored to operation. More than 30,000 boxcars, flatcars, gondolas were taken over by the Second Military Railway Service. Captured railway cars came from all over Europe. Many were badly damaged. But strenuous efforts were made to use anything that rolled.

Some of our finds were surprising. Fifteen locomotives in Cherbourg had come to France from the United States in World War I. We captured engines as old as Austrian small-switch 0-6-0s, vintage 1865, and as new as 1944 German models. A special prize was a train of streamlined cars from the speedy Cherbourg-Paris run.

Repairs were handled by the Railway Shop Battalions. Most of the roundhouses and car shops had been severely damaged by both Allied bombings and enemy demolitions. One battalion was assigned a shop which had been thoroughly gutted by fire. The men had little light and no power to work with; they had to do everything by hand—coal the engines, carry water, turn the huge locomotive turntable. And yet during the first week they repaired thirteen locomotives a day; double that number the following week.

The ferrying program that began in 1942 involved the prefabrication and mass shipment of railway stock on an unprecedented scale. More than 1,300 Diesel and steam engines were sent from the United States to Great Britain and stored there for the invasion. At the same time more than 20,000 railway cars, prefabricated in the States, were transported to England in knocked-down sections. They had been designed solely for Continental operation—most of them with four instead of eight wheels and a hook and turnbuckle type of coupling mechanism, which allowed them to be used with European models. They were put together in England by the railroaders who later ran them in France. Once the invasion started, they crossed the Channel on converted LSTs, barges, coasters, and "sea trains," two large freighters built to transport rolling stock.

An LST usually carried twenty twenty-ton boxcars. Coal tenders and gondolas crossed the Channel filled with coal. The two sea trains—Lakehurst and Texas—accommodated not only the physical equipment of a railroad, but also troops to run the trains. Each sea train had three decks, each deck lined with three rows of track. The ships carried large winches, capable of unloading all equipment on board, and special slings for the engines and cars.

COMMUNICATION repairs were difficult. The Germans had cut the telephone lines, sometimes at every pole along the road. They had ripped out switchboards, chopped them to bits. So much territory was liberated so quickly that it was at first impossible to undertake reconstruction of the whole maze of telephone and teletype network. Only a few lines were strung; for the rest, reliance was placed on jeep couriers and on ten mobile high-powered radio sets which were set up at key points between Cherbourg and Belgium.

Despite the hazards and complications of combat, the trains kept running, with the lines manned by veteran railroaders from practically every major road in the States. The procedure was normally for a civilian line to sponsor a shop or operating battalion, which meant that it furnished the key officer and enlisted personnel. Brigadier General Clarence L. Burpee, general manager of the Second MRS, came from the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. Brigadier General Carl R. Gray, Jr., commander of the First MRS, was formerly vice-president of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha Railway. Among the other parent roads were the Santa Fe, Pennsylvania, Southern, Baltimore and Ohio, Reading, Chicago and Northwestern, Union Pacific, Louisville and Nashville, New York, New Haven and Hartford, Norfolk and Western, Illinois Central.

Major General Frank S. Ross chief of Transportation in the European theater, has said: "Our achievement has been made

(Continued on page 84)

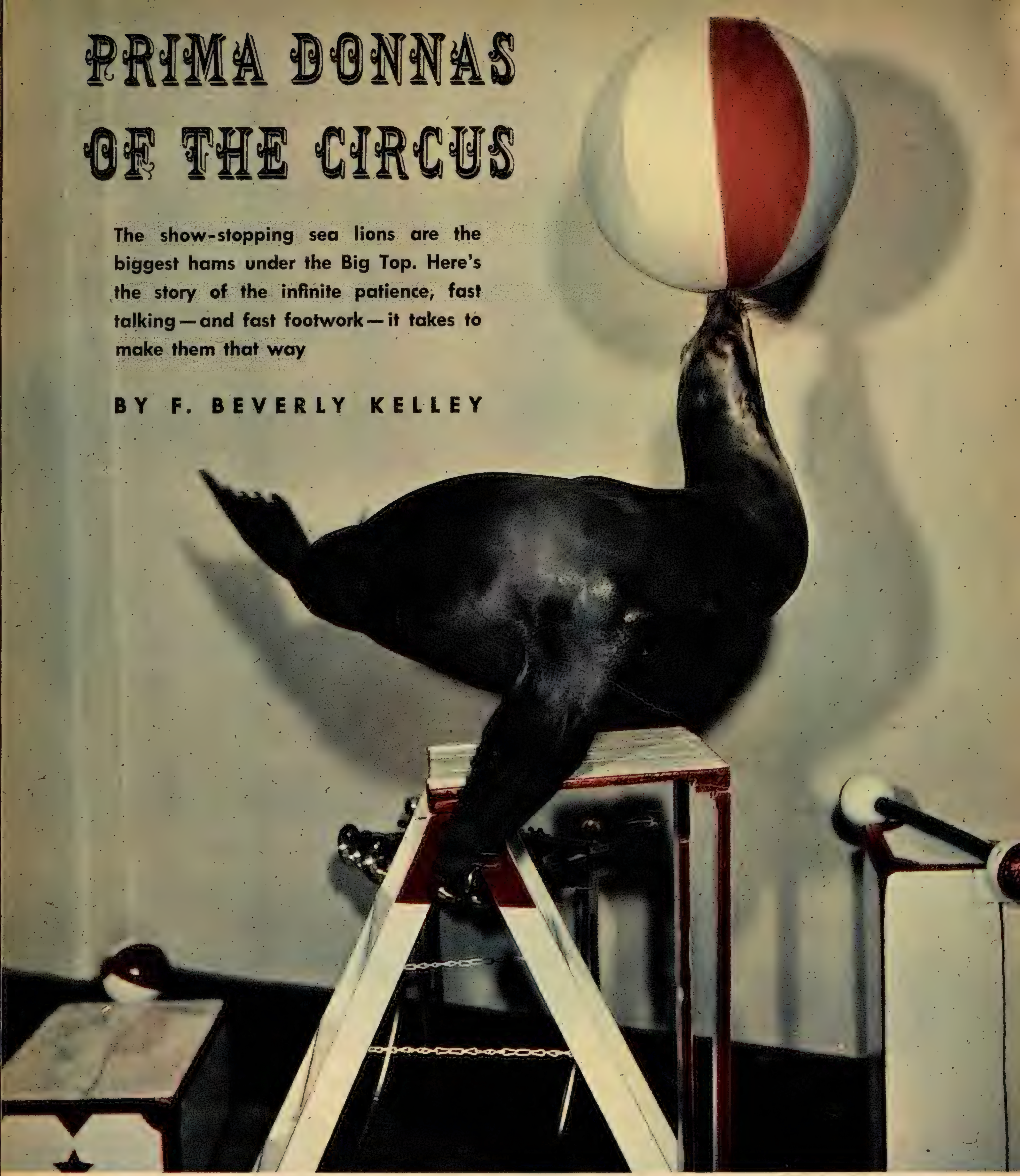
One not in the book! To get 20,000 railway cars to Europe, the G. I. Casey Joneses ferried them by LST.

A cat couldn't run across this bridge after the Germans wrecked it, but Army railroaders repaired 172 like it in six months in France.

PRIMA DONNAS OF THE CIRCUS

The show-stopping sea lions are the biggest hams under the Big Top. Here's the story of the infinite patience, fast talking—and fast footwork—it takes to make them that way

BY F. BEVERLY KELLEY



KODACHROME BY INTERNATIONAL

SEA lions are the real prima donnas of the circus.

No circus animal is harder to train or more temperamental in the ring. And none pays off more richly in delighted audiences.

This breed of "lion" doesn't roar; it roarks. The customers do the roaring when Roland Tiebor's sleek whiskered actors go into their routine for Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey audiences. And not even such famous clowns as Emmett Kelly, Felix Adler, or Lou Jacobs get the belly laughs that roll out for Frisco, the sea-lion comedy queen.

Frisco is a CLAMOR girl, the Betty Hutton among sea lions. Roguishly she tries to gum up every trick that her colleagues, Dolly and Johnny and Dewey, attempt. She rushes in greedily every time one of her playmates is rewarded with a piece of fish. When she succeeds in spoiling a trick, she applauds herself by slapping her flippers frantically. She behaves herself while Johnny does the sensational "muscle grind," but as soon as Dolly has played an orthodox America on the horns, Frisco gallops in and does it in swing time.

Sea lions look like natural jugglers and equilibrists. Nearly everything they do looks as though they are doing it for fun. And when they applaud themselves at the end, you'd swear they were born balancing on one flipper while tossing a colored ball around on their snoots.

But, for the sake of the record, it isn't so simple as that—quite. Back of the act's easy perfection lie months of tedious work, spiced always by the chance that the trainer will get his hide punctured by a swift savage bite. Roland Tiebor, his brother, and their dad, who died recently, have trained about 120 of these sensitive, intelligent creatures, and the brothers swear that each of their charges just about had its whiskers scared off the first time it saw a colored ball.

"The very first thing you have to do is *talk* to them," Tiebor explains. "They really get so they understand words. Here, I'll show you," he volunteers while his shiny actors lie stretched out for a siesta. "I'll just talk along with you like this and then say, 'Everybody can go in the water except Dewey' and—"

Splash! The troupe makes a rush for the tank and in the twinkling of a flipper everybody is frolicking in the water. Everybody, that is, except Dewey, who sits looking hopefully at his master. After a little more conversation, Tiebor injects the remark that "Dewey can go in, too," whereupon the fourth member of the troupe flops joyfully into the tank.

Sea lions are so timid and nervous that even a shadow passing the window at training quarters will frighten them and for days thereafter they'll keep looking for it. "We get terribly discouraged," Tiebor admits, "because they learn so slowly and so many little things distract them. But then one day we'll be working with them and suddenly there is a show of improvement. Occasionally a sea lion will decide it knows enough, and any attempt to give it a little 'higher education' gets you a bite or two on the hand or leg. Gosh, they're tough! It takes three weeks at the beginning just to teach them not to bite you!"

Recently Johnny, the biggest animal in the circus group, slashed Tiebor's leg, but escaped punishment because he did it for Dolly's sake. Dolly, a luscious brunette, had an infected flipper and Tiebor had to lance it. The pain made her bite her trainer's hand and her scream brought Johnny to her assistance.

Though affectionate, sea lions often turn and nip their trainer.

"Funny thing about that Johnny," says the patient Tiebor. "He always teased Dolly so much I never thought he had any affection for her. When he thought she was being harmed, he showed he cared."

Twenty minutes twice a day is rehearsal limit. After that, sea lions begin to tire and often lose their tempers. Tiebor and his assistant, Francis Hogan, have been bitten often. If a sea lion is to be punished, it must be done at once or the animal won't know why.

You don't dare protect yourself with anything but fast talk and fast footwork when sea lions attack. If you slap them around, they'll fear you, and all the tedious training will be undone.

In the first stage of training, Tiebor partitions off a new pupil and day after day tries to coax him out of the cage to join his fellows in the training arena—sometimes a two-week job. The next thing is to get the animal to climb up on his box. Then a small ball is held against the sea lion's nose (otherwise he'll rip it to pieces) until he learns not to fear it. Finally, mister sea lion learns to balance it a bit and to accept it when it is tossed to him. By this time months have passed, the pupil is ready for the big ball and the trainer is ready for the nut house. Gradually the sea lion learns to handle the baton and then to applaud himself.

This last, which looks so spontaneous, requires the final ounce of patience. The trainer uses a small rattan stick with which he gently lifts one flipper and then lets it fall against one side of the box on which the pupil is lying. Then the other flipper is handled in the same fashion. Finally the animal will lift his flippers as soon as the stick is pointed at him; later, a finger signal will do it. This starts him slapping the sides of the box. Then (Tiebor says he figured this one out in a dream) the stick is pointed halfway between the flippers. The sea lion swings them forward and they slap together. At last he has learned to clap his "hands."

MOST spectators believe that the horn playing, most spectacular of tricks, is by all odds the hardest. Tougher, according to Tiebor, are the hand stand on one flipper, which requires three years of training, and the "muscle grind," in which Johnny poises on a horizontal bar, locks his flippers together, and revolves like a man on a trapeze.

In playing the horns, the sea lions blow with their noses, not with their mouths. They must learn the routine just as a child learns to pick out a piece on the piano with one finger. Frisco's syncopated performance of America is no accident. Tiebor taught Frisco to do it that way. This comedian applauds herself and steals the show. She doesn't need her spotted ruffled collar to prove that she is a clown.

Interestingly, some sea lions, so timid when they start training, finally graduate so full of ham that they won't work well without plenty of laughter and applause. At circus dress rehearsal, Dolly was apathetic and missed tricks. Next night Dolly made a smash hit. Sixteen thousand people in Madison Square Garden laughed and shouted and applauded her. Her performance was no surprise to Ringling, who had spent twenty years as a baritone in grand opera. He'd seen prima donnas by the dozen and recognized Dolly as another one. She wouldn't try hard unless the house was packed.

The Tiebor family got its circus start nearly half a century ago, when Roland's father, an engineer at the city water plant, spent his holidays at the Buffalo Zoo and made friends with a sea lion. Soon he owned one and then another. Before long his life was bounded by red wagons, the strident rhythm of circus bands, and the roark-roark of his animals.

When Roland was sixteen he was on his own with the Sparks Circus and billed as the "world's youngest trainer of sea lions." "It never occurred to me that I ought to be thinking about becoming the *best*. I was satisfied to be the youngest," he recalls. Of his three children, only the youngest, a ten-year-old boy, shows any special interest in sea lions.

Once the Tiebors trained seals, which are larger, less graceful, and have valuable hides (which sea lions have not). Seals have little handlike flippers just right for playing the prop banjos and other instruments in a seal band, but they have to be lugged bodily to their boxes.

Sea lions amble along on their own broad flippers.

In the present Tiebor group, Dewey, aged three, is the youngest. He was born in the San Diego Zoo, one of the few of his breed born in captivity. The circus gets its brood from southern California waters. Frisco, Johnny, and Dolly are about eight years of age, and may live to be as old as seventeen. They weigh about 180 pounds and thrive on fish.

Herring and mackerel seem to be the best diet.

Water in the circus tank is kept at sixty-five degrees, and salt water is added twice a week. Sea lions prefer salt water, but an occasional dip in fresh water won't harm them. One day the Tiebor troupe was allowed in a swimming pool near the show grounds. The animals went promptly to the bottom of the deep end and stayed there, showing only an occasional black snout when one of them surfaced. After half an hour it was time to go back, but no amount of calling would bring the swimmers out. At last Tiebor, in desperation, started walking away. Then he heard an excited roarking, and wheeled around to discover that his charges were bouncing behind him for all the world like children at a toy counter whose exasperated mother has threatened to start home without them.

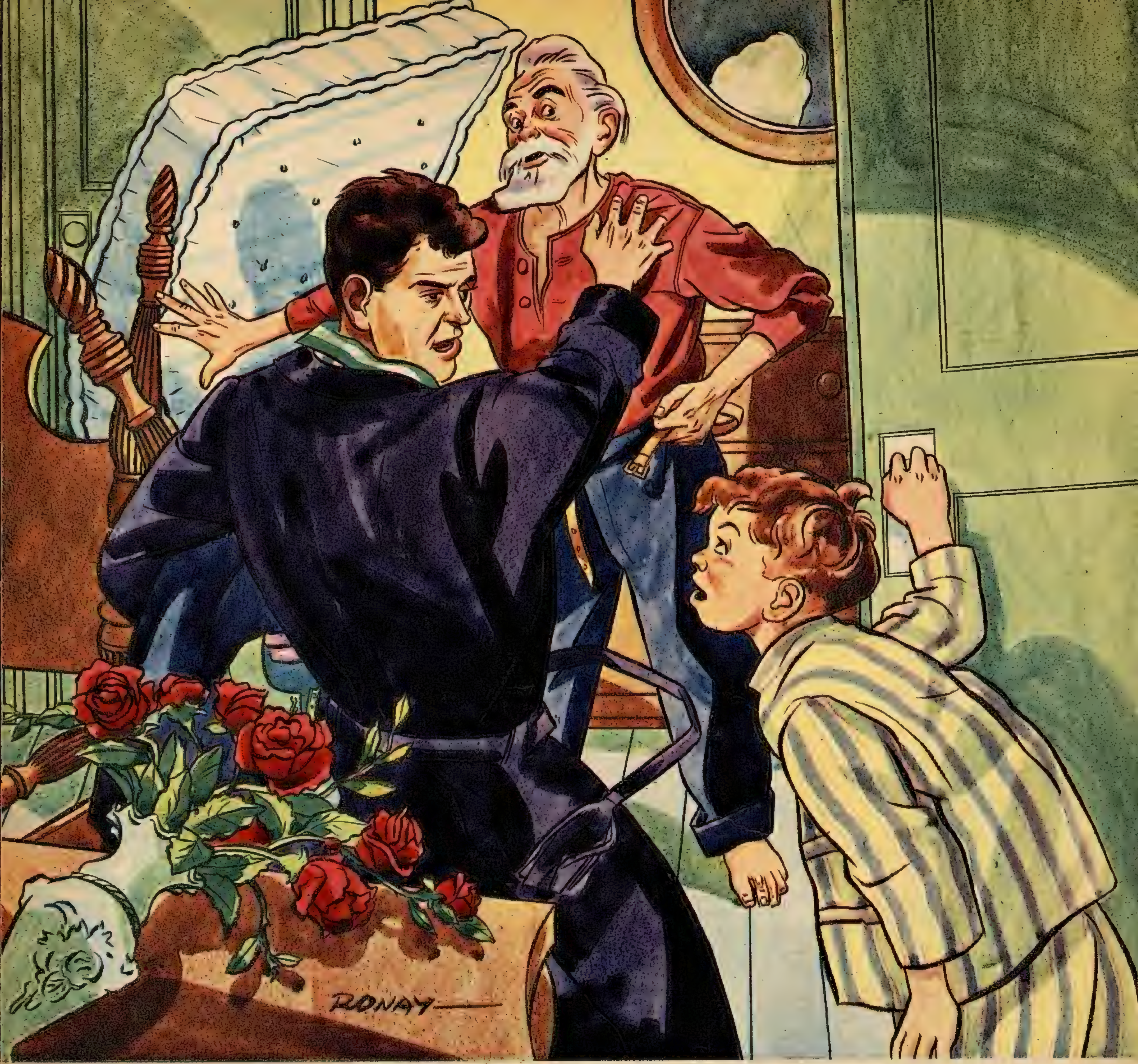
Sea lions can even negotiate stairways. Tiebor had one wizard named Sparky who knew his way perfectly in theater passages. "I'd take him out from the dressing room through strange corridors and up stairways when we first reached the theater," he said, "and after that he would lead the act without ever making a wrong turn."

Sparky was a rope-walking sea lion, and as he grew old, Tiebor tried to substitute another.

But at the appointed time Sparky would shoulder the understudy aside and do the routine.

All of these feats—the rope walking and the devotion to the act and especially the uncanny sense of direction—were all the more amazing to those who knew Sparky. You see, he was stone-blind.

THE END



For once the Colonel doesn't say a word. He's retreating when suddenly Herbert sidles in. "'Lo Rocky," the kid says. "What's the trouble?"

BY JOHN D. WEAVER

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE RONAY

Rocky Ford was the softest touch in American journalism, but when the old Indian fighter touched him for everything but his scalp, Rocky had to resort to guerrilla warfare

AFTER a rough Saturday in the galleys of the City Hall press room, all I can think of on the way home is the deep-dish davenport which is now four payments mine and only two payments the finance company's. I rear back in the Meadow Park bus and shut my eyes. I can see my tuckered frame draped comfortably over all six payments.

Kate pours me a glass of beer. ("The pretzels are right beside you, darling.") Herbert fetches my slippers. ("Here, Rocky, I'll slip 'em on.") Then they both race to the radio to soothe the breadwinner's troubled spirit with the catgut crooning of the Hamilton Fink Savings and Loan String Quartet.

Rocky Ford, I say to myself, a family man is a king among men.

The bus jolts me out of my dream at

THE LONE STRANGER

Eighty-eighth and Butternut, and I drag the weary body on down the street to our FHA bower. I climb the front steps, open the door, shed my hat and coat, then make for the couch of comfort. Suddenly I stop short.

"Howdy, pardner," drawls a lanky character who's stretched the full luxurious length of the davenport, his feet resting where my head belongs. He looks like a department-store Santa Claus that's been on short rations too long.

"Bunk in these parts?" the anemic St. Nick asks me, and I explain I'm titular head of the house.

"Nice little ranch, pardner," he says.

"On a clear day," I cracks, "you can see Santa Fe."

"Ain't the town it useta be, old Santy Fe," he comes back without batting an eye. "Last time I and Bill Hickok rode into ole Santy, we come in with six guns a-blazin'. Santy was wide open in them days. Now she's got beauty parlors."

I gulp, blink a couple times, then start backing slowly out of the room.

"Kate," I says, darting into the kitchen, "who is he?"

"Who is who?" Kate says, calmly beating a little blue bowl of egg yolks.

"The seedy citizen in the parlor."

"Oh, him!" Kate says. "That's Herbert's Indian fighter."

"Herbert's what!"

"You beat the eggs," Kate says, "while I baste the roast."

The eggs look real, the egg beater looks real, and when Kate opens the oven and I spot the utility beef roast, I know *that's* real. In a dream it'd be a crown roast.

"Gee, Rocky," Herbert says, suddenly popping in, "did you see him?"

"Herbert," I says, "I saw him, but I don't believe it."

"He's gonna eat dinner with us," Herbert says, "and then he's gonna show the gang how to lasso steers."

The kid's got on his cowboy pants, Superman sweat shirt, and tin helmet, and he's packing a cap pistol on either hip. As leader of the Meadow Park Rangers, Herbert has to tote his hip-pocket artillery at all times, especially since we managed to save up fifty Korn-Krunchie box tops and we both became senior deputies of Dusty Dalton's Prairie Patrol, a network rodeo which has been a standard part of our suburban home life since we adopted Herbert for the duration so his dad could help the Navy with its Pacific homework.

"HAD to get the Colonel some makin's," Herbert says, holding up a sack of tobacco and a package of cigarette papers. "He can't smoke ready-mades; says they're for ladies."

The kid drags me on back to the parlor and introduces me to the Indian fighter, whose name turns out to be Colonel Whittington.

"Ford," the Colonel says, polishing off the last of my beer, "that air handle shore sounds familyear. Seems to me I knowed a Ford in Oklyhomey Terr'tory, a Bascom Ford."

"No kin, Colonel," I says, "as fer's I know."

"O'n'ry cuss. Useta rustle cattle. Finally got shot in a poker game. Drew the fifth ace."

Kate calls us in for dinner and the way the Colonel digs into the roast I get the impression he ain't had a square meal since he left Oklyhomey Terr'tory. By the time he's through, there's nothing left of the roast except the piece of cord Kate tied around it. The Colonel sucks the juice off the cord.

"Mighty good chow," he says, tilting his chair back and lighting one of my supercoronas, which I discover he has a whole pocketful of. "Ain't nothin' warms the innards after a long day on the trail like good hot grub. I remember old Blackjack Mulligan's widder woman—useta call her Red-Death Deborah on account of the way she'd set in her kitchen and pick off Injuns with Blackjack's shotgun, and when she finally got around to shooting ole Blackjack I reckon it was as thorough a job of shootin' up a man as ever we seen in Oklyhomey. Course she shot him up pretty close. And with both barrels. Kinda sprinkled the schoolmarm a bit too, on account of the way they was settin' together. But what I was a-fixin' to tell you was this mutton stew ole Red-Death useta whip up. Lotsa times I been a-sleepin' out on some lonely ole mesa, and I'd git to studyin' 'bout that air stew and I'd git right up off'n the ground, hop on ole Paint and ride over to the widder's house to git me a plateful of it. I reckon I'd of marrit her after poor ole Blackjack passed on, only I never liked the way she handled that gun. Got kinda careless."

"KATE," I says, "I suddenly remembered I have to work tonight."

"Rocky Ford," she says, "you're not leaving this house."

Herbert and the Indian fighter duck out while I'm helping Kate with the dishes in the kitchen.

"Well," I says, "I hope that's the last we see of Colonel Whittington."

"He was hungry," Kate says.

She gets out her mending and I settle down with a new whodunit. Along about ten o'clock Herbert lopes back to the ranch.

"Well, Herbert," I says, "it's about time you were turning in. You've had a big day."

The kid nods, then he digs the toes of his shoes into the rug and glances shyly out into the hall. In walks Colonel Whittington, and the way Herbert looks at Kate and me it's just like the time he found a boxer puppy and brought it home and we let him keep it until we could locate the owner.

"The Colonel came home with me," Herbert says.

"Very nice of him," I says.

The Colonel doesn't budge; just stands waiting for me to make the next move, which I do with sledge-hammer subtlety.

"Colonel," I says, "I certainly wish we could ask you to spend the night, but unfortunately we don't have a spare bed."

"Bed," the Colonel says, chuckling. "You Easterners allus think a man's gotta have a bed to sleep on. I never was much of a mattress-sleepin' man. I can jes bed right down here on the floor."

"Oh, no," Kate says. "We couldn't let you do *that*."

"Perfectly all right, ma'am," the Colonel says. "I been bunkin' out in the park, but them blue-coated varmints keep pokin' me in the ribs with that danged club they allus carry."

"MAYBE the Colonel could take my room," Herbert says, "and I could sleep on the davenport."

"Well, I shore hate to run a man out'n his rightful bunk," the Colonel says, "but if you're gonna make a fuss about it, I reckon I can git myself used to bed-sleepin'."

I look at Kate, Kate looks at me, then Herbert throws his arms around Kate. "I'll get the blankets," the kid says.

I help Herbert spread the blankets out on the davenport, while Kate takes the Colonel on up to the kid's room.

"Rocky," Herbert says, after I get him bedded down, "you like him, don't you?"

"Great little guy," I says.

"He knew Buffalo Bill and General Custer," Herbert says. "He knew everybody. They even named a town after him. Omaha."

I rumple the kid's hair and he gives me a big smile, his freckles all running together. We're pals, I and Herbert. We never miss a Dusty Dalton radio show or a new issue of Cowboy Comics, and when we go to a Roy Rogers picture we go early enough to see it through three times. I know the kid ain't had it any too easy. Just about the time he was breaking down the bars of his play pen, he lost his mother, and his dad worked nights, so when Herbert came home from school he had to rustle up his own kind of life and he found it in the sagebrush sagas.

"It's funny the way I found him," Herbert says. "I was down at Jeff Slater's stable, exercising the pony, and he just happened to come along. Saw my cowboy pants and he told me he used to herd cattle himself, back in the old days."

"I'll bet he did," I says.

"Rocky," the kid says, "do you think he'll stay here?"

"Hard to tell," I says. "Indian fighters don't stay put for long."

The kid wraps himself up snug in the blanket, then settles down for the night.

(Continued on page 60)

The Camera Eye

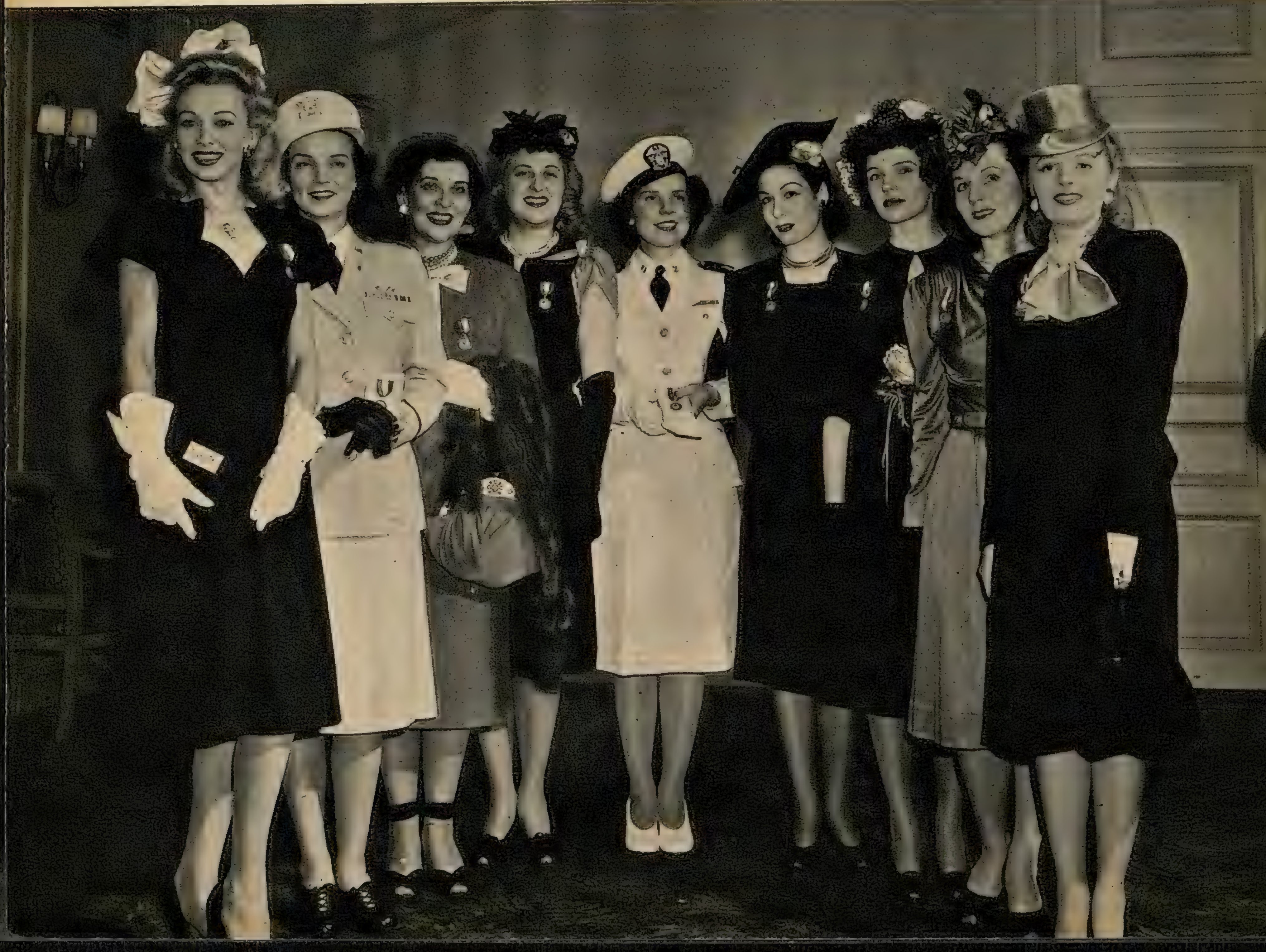
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

ACHTUNG
MINEN

MEET THE MRS.—Errol Flynn and his wife, Nora Eddington, come out from behind the smoke screen at last at Ciro's in Hollywood. They both denied divorce rumors—since confirmed.

THE NOSE KNOWS—Sergeant Geronimo, mascot of a 12th Air Force squadron in Italy, earned his rating by smelling out mines on an abandoned enemy airfield. Made of wood, the mines had escaped detection.

BEST DRESSED—Every woman has her own idea of what best dressed means, but the Fashion Academy picked these nine for 1945 awards: Carole Landis, Major Juanita Redmond, Esme Davis, Vivian Del Chiesa, Lieutenant Gilmah Spencer, Mrs. Leon Mandel, Jane Wyatt, Nadine Connor, and Mrs. Walter Thornton.



G. I. PONY EXPRESS—This is how mail comes to the men of an anti-aircraft crew in the line near Serrig, Germany. T/4 Frank E. Hooker of Moundsville, West Virginia, is the postman.

IT'S NO WAY TO TREAT OSCAR!—Barry Fitzgerald surveys the ruins of his plaster Oscar which fell victim to a golf swing a few days after he received it. Oh, well, a gold replacement will be along after the war.

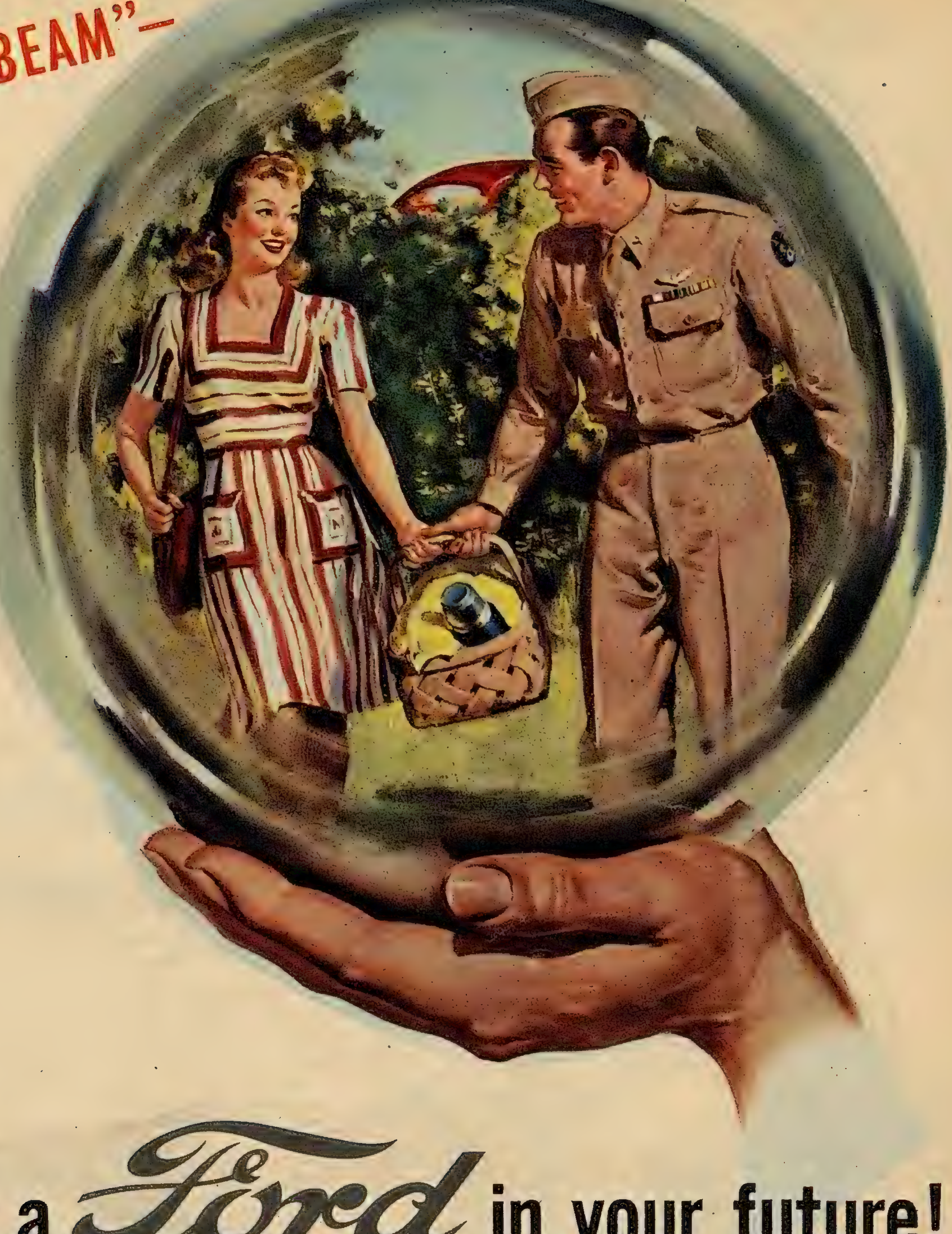
Whelco
PARKE DAVIS PRODUCTS
THIS STORE CAN NOW SERVICE THE PUBLIC THROUGH THE MEDICAL PROFESSION WITH PENICILLIN
R
WE HAVE PENICILLIN IN STOCK

COME OUT, KRAUT!—Wearing a microphone clipped to his upper lip, his speech amplified by a sound truck that rolls about the city, a sergeant of the Psychological Warfare Branch asks German soldiers still hidden in Coblenz to give themselves up.

SIGN OF LIFE—Production of the miracle drug, penicillin, has increased so much it's now available at your corner drugstore—though you only get it on prescription, of course.

OPEN FOR BUSINESS—The United States Navy opened this bank to handle the funds of servicemen and civilians. The unidentified young man in clerical garb seems more than pleased with whatever use he has just made of the bank's facilities.

BANK
The BANK OF GUAM
U.S. GOVERNMENT DEPOSITARY



There's a Ford in your future!

It's a picture that will have to wait. America has an important job to do before your smart, peacetime Ford can be produced.

. . . But when your new Ford does arrive, you'll be proud of it. For it will be big and roomy—have plenty of "go". Its styling will be youthful, beautiful. Inside and out, it will be rich appearing—with many refinements. Naturally, it will be thrifty and reliable—as all Ford cars have been for more than 40 years.

. . . Yes, exciting new fun is in the offing for you. For some day the necessary word will come through. And we'll be ready to start our production plans. Meanwhile, the full Ford resources will continue to be devoted to the needs of final Victory.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

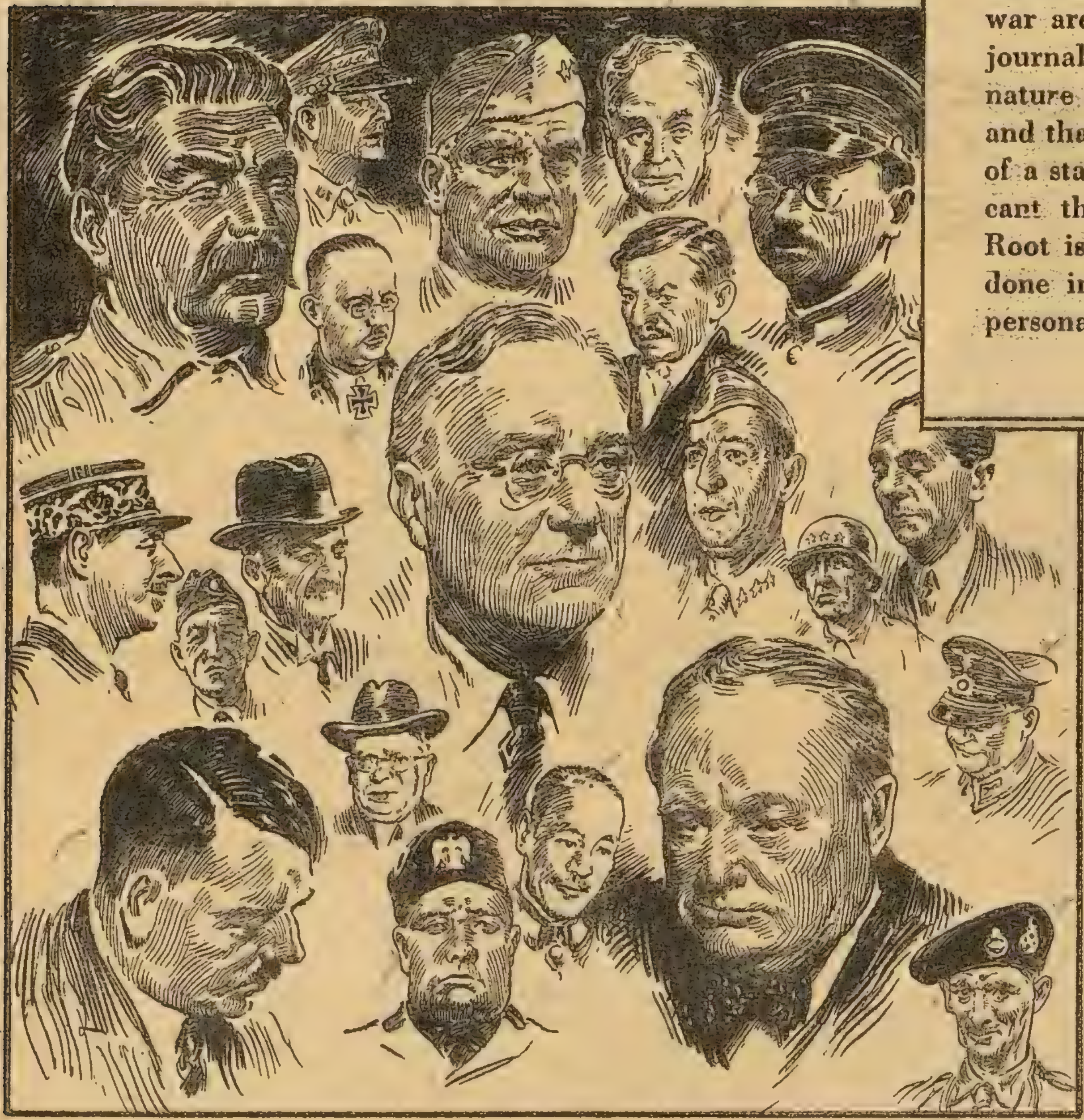
Ford

"THE FORD SHOW". Brilliant singing stars, orchestra and chorus. Every Sunday, NBC network. 2:00 P. M., E.W.T., 1:00 P. M., C.W.T., 12:00 M., M.W.T., 11:00 A. M., P.W.T.

The SECRET HISTORY *of the* WAR

BY WAVERLEY ROOT

These fascinating sidelights on the war are the work of a distinguished journalist who knows that human nature is the raw material of history and that the story behind the writing of a state paper is often more significant than the document itself. Mr. Root is a scholar whose work is not done in the library but among key personalities of world importance.



A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN

What Chamberlain Wrought

AN AMERICAN correspondent who was lunching with Sir Samuel Hoare in London not long before the outbreak of the war happened to quote a passage from Mein Kampf to him. Sir Samuel was surprised.

"Did Hitler *really* write that?" he asked.

The American stared at him in astonishment.

"Do you mean to say that you, the Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, have never read Mein Kampf?" he gasped.

"I don't see anything extraordinary about that," Sir Samuel answered calmly. "I happen to know that Mr. Chamberlain hasn't read it either."

The son of the great first President of Czechoslovakia, Jan Masaryk, then Czech Ambassador to London, fought to persuade Chamberlain against the sell-out of Czechoslovakia. He said afterward that he felt as if he were butting against a stone wall. Chamberlain said stiffly again and again, "Mr. Hitler is a gentleman. He has given me his word." Masaryk was unable to budge him from that attitude.

That man, whose mind was hermetically closed to any appeal of reason from without, and Edouard Daladier, Premier of France at the time of Munich, who was so easily dominated but so stubborn thereafter in defending the course into which he had been directed, were the chief barriers between Hitler and the Republic of Czechoslovakia.

Long before the crisis developed, the Czechs had put their position very plainly to London and Paris. They could not hope to repulse Germany alone. They were willing, however, to fight to the end if assured that the three-power pact between France, Russia, and Czecho-

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slovakia would operate. Prague was assured that help would be forthcoming. Trusting in that assurance, she was pursuing the policy of resistance to the Nazis.

When the crisis came, Russia informed Czechoslovakia that she was ready to honor her pledge. But France, with England behind her, was not. The French and the British made their deal at Munich in a conference with Hitler and Mussolini from which the Czechs were excluded. Prague was told to accept it.

Bismarck had understood clearly that Russia was the counterweight whose presence on one side or the other of any struggle between the two great Continental powers, Germany and France, determined the difference between victory and defeat. A fundamental tenet of his policy, and of that of the Prince von Bülow after him, was that the alliance with Russia had to be maintained, if only to prevent France from picking it up. When Kaiser Wilhelm II allowed it to lapse, France did pick it up. The result was that in World War I, Germany lost by the narrowest of margins what would probably have been the decisive Battle of the Marne.

Before the present war, the standing alliance was between France and Russia; and it was the switch of Russia to the German side which made the immediate declaration of war inevitable, and might have decided the issue eventually in favor of Germany if Russia had remained in the German camp.

By the tense summer of 1939, Russia had seen the democracies successively abandon Manchukuo, Ethiopia, Austria, Spain, and Czechoslovakia. Before she entered upon a war with the pledged support of the democracies, she wanted to be sure those democracies would act. She wanted them to become her allies *before* Nazi boots began to tread her soil. She asked France and Britain to agree to fight Germany, not only when she committed an aggression against Russia herself, but whenever she moved against the Baltic States, the necessary preliminary to an attack on the Soviet Union.

While the French and British were delaying a decision, the Nazis offered to let Russia take possession of the Baltic States as guaranty of Germany's friendly intentions. Chamberlain, Stalin believed, wanted to turn the German menace from the west to the east. Stalin acted first, and turned it from the east to the west. On August 24, 1939, he signed a treaty, not with the democracies, but with Germany.

Hitler's fears of a war on two fronts were thus dispelled. He must strike while the iron was hot. He ordered his troops into Poland, and the war was on.

The Betrayal of France

There should have been, before France surrendered, at least three great battles at three natural lines of defense—the Somme, the Seine, and the Loire. Newspapers have written of the battle of the Somme without precision. It seemed a vague sort of battle at best, and the truth seems to be that there was little fighting anywhere along the Somme except briefly near Abbeville.

The single French success was that of General de Gaulle, whose tank unit advanced during three days, but then had to withdraw because it remained unsupported. Herald Tribune correspondent Walter Kerr, who stayed behind in Paris to see the Germans come in, traveled over the region where the battle of the Somme should have been fought, if there had been any. He found no trace of any large-scale engagements, and returned convinced that the battle of the Somme was a myth.

The battle of the Seine was never fought because Paris surrendered a few days after the government had officially declared that it would be defended to the end. The surrender was achieved by dismissing the Military Governor of Paris, General Hering, who planned to defend the city, and putting General Dentz in his place. When Pierre Laval, safe in his home town of Clermont-Ferrand, heard of this shift, he said, in the hearing of a French writer, Pierre Lazareff, "Now everything is going to be all right."

I CAN testify there was no battle of the Loire, for I was there. For two days the French Army had been streaming southward under my window—fresh troops which had never been in battle, but seemed ready and anxious to fight—trucks, small tanks, motorcycle troops, mounted infantry.

On the second morning, a major of artillery stopped at my hotel for coffee. I asked him, indiscreetly, where he was from and where he was going. He said that he was from Fontainebleau and had been ordered to Poitiers. Now, as Fontainebleau was south of Paris, which had not yet been surrendered, and Poitiers was well south of the Loire, this meant that two natural lines of defense were being abandoned without a fight.

The fact is that no attempt was ever made to hold the line of the Loire, and no troops were ever placed in position to hold it. The Army orders had been given just as though the high officers knew then, two weeks before the Germans were asked to grant an armistice, that there would be a surrender.

Meeting on June 12 at the Château de Cangé, outside of Tours, the French government found itself faced by two contrary opinions. General de Gaulle favored establishment of the government in Brittany and the holding of the strategically favorable sector known as the Breton Redoubt, with the possibility, in case of further reverses, of moving from there to England or North Africa to continue the struggle. But Pétain insisted everything was lost, and demanded that France ask for an armistice.

Paul Reynaud was in favor of de Gaulle's plan. He called on Churchill, who came to Tours (his presence there was kept absolutely secret) to announce that Britain could not release France from her engagement not to sign a separate peace, but would send her immediate aid, beginning with bombers. Churchill and Reynaud decided together to send a final appeal to President Roosevelt. They hoped for an answer which would support Paul Reynaud in his struggle against the defeatists.

The announcement that the message had been sent was trumpeted throughout France. The people waited for the answer as though their deliverance from peril could be accomplished by a few words from Washington. Many Frenchmen naïvely expected an American declaration of war in return. But Roosevelt could not possibly return any answer which would be satisfactory. He had no authority to engage the United States to the extent that would have been necessary.

What Paul Reynaud might have done, but apparently did not dare to do, was to throw the whole discussion open before the public. The strictness of the censorship was undoubtedly one of the contributing causes to France's loss of the war. It covered up faults in the government and the Army which might otherwise have been corrected, and it permitted maneuvers to be carried on behind a veil of darkest secrecy, so that the first inkling most French citizens had of their danger was the announcement that an armistice had already been demanded.

After Churchill's departure, another cabinet meeting (the third that day) was held. Weygand, who had not been present at the earlier sessions, arrived at this one, to describe himself as a "vanquished soldier," and to say, "There is nothing left to do but to lay down our arms."

The cabinet did not accept the idea of surrender; but it was stupefied when Weygand announced that he had given the order to declare Paris an open city twelve hours earlier.

On the day on which the German Army marched triumphantly into Paris, June 14, the French government, bombed out of Tours, moved to Bordeaux. There deliberations continued in a building surrounded by rank after rank of armed soldiers, bayonets fixed. They were the barricade between the people and their government, and also, it seemed, the military guard within whose circle the imprisoned ministers debated—a guard commanded by Pétain and Weygand, the two men who were demanding the surrender.

In Clermont-Ferrand, Pierre Laval heard the news of the impending armistice. He immediately telephoned to his friend Adrien Marquet, Mayor of Bordeaux, and suggested that his parliamentary skill might be useful to Pétain. Marquet sounded out the Marshal; and the answer came back that Laval was to come to Bordeaux.

Laval left for Bordeaux in Senator Albert Buisson's car. Mme. Pierre Lazareff (Hélène Gordon), editor of France's largest women's magazine, Marie-Claire, rode with him. She reports that he talked incessantly of his deals in coal, his deals in real estate, his deals in farm produce. There was no word for the tragic plight of his country, which was for him simply the opportunity to make another good business deal for the profit of Pierre Laval. Arrived in Bordeaux, he set up shop in a hotel room, and went into permanent session with a sort of cabinet meeting of his own, paralleling the official cabinet meeting which was going on without a pause behind the close-packed ranks of soldiers.

One Deputy who was present in Bordeaux informed me later that Pétain told the ministers that he had reason to believe the Germans would grant lenient terms. In less troubled times, such an admission would have caused a commander to be court-martialed, for it indicated that, without authorization, Pétain had already communicated with the enemy concerning the possibility of surrender.

Just after the vote had been taken, General de Gaulle arrived by plane from London, to see if the situation could still be saved. He was met at the airfield with the news that the armistice had been voted. He stepped back into the plane and returned to England. There he drafted his first proclamation to the French, the famous: "France has lost a battle; she has not lost the war." The Free French movement had been founded.

That was June 18. France did not yet know of the armistice demand. But de Gaulle's appeal made it necessary that she should be told.

On June 19, about noon, Pétain went to the State broadcasting studios in Bordeaux to record the announcement which was to give the fateful news to the country. Rain whirled down in torrential sheets, and thunder and lightning roared and blazed as the Marshal, in civilian dress, wearing a raincoat and a battered old cloth hat, entered the studios to record his announcement. In the middle of his brief statement, the old man broke into a sudden uncontrollable burst of coughing. As it ended, he sputtered irritably, "This is my unlucky day."

Both the coughing fit and the remark were recorded. A new record was made and the old one ordered destroyed. But it was spirited away, and somewhere, for the benefit of posterity, this estimate by Marshal Pétain of the magnitude of June 19 is carefully preserved, a historical document of a very special kind.

The Plan to Invade England

Hitler must regret his failure to seize the right opportunity to invade England, for the British, when they felt reasonably secure again, admitted that on two occasions they would have been helpless before an invader. One was at the time of France's defeat, when Britain's best troops had been brought back from Dunkirk unarmed, their equipment abandoned in Belgium. The second was after the air blitzes of London.

In a way, it was the psychological factor which saved England both times. German psychology required that the Nazis should be certain of victory before they took the risk of invasion. But English psychology, the psychology that has given to the English the name of "the bulldog breed," forbade the British to admit, even to themselves, that they were licked. One example of this attitude was the cable the editor of one of England's biggest newspapers sent to his New York correspondent on the night of London's worst air raid: "File 200 words on Deanna Durbin's marriage." This business-as-usual attitude baffled the Germans. Seeing no signs of weakening where they themselves would have weakened, the Germans believed the English stronger than they were. This was not the only reason for the double failure to strike when the blow might have succeeded, but it was one of them.

Germany thought England would surrender, and that victory could be gained without paying the heavy cost of fighting for it. Chamberlain, though out of office, was still influential. The Nazis still had contacts with some Englishmen of the pro-German group. And for a time it looked as though a peace party would group itself about Chamberlain and negotiate the end of the war. But then English courage stiffened—and the opportunity passed.

Even if Hitler had not held back in the belief that he could win without fighting, he might not have chosen to attack England at once. Germans do not like to launch important campaigns without minute preparation. They undoubtedly had prepared plans for the invasion of England, but the plans were undoubtedly not completely worked out, for the defeat of France had not been expected so quickly.

THE second opportunity was missed because the Germans wanted to be too sure—and because the British were too dogged to become victims of a German tactic which would probably have been too much for almost any other nation. The British refused to put their reserve fighting planes, the ones they were depending on to defend the island, into the air. The planes were inferior to those of the Germans, who came over night after night in force. The Nazis would have liked nothing better than to meet the whole British air strength. It would inevitably have been annihilated by sheer force of numbers, and the invasion would have begun, started by air-borne troops who would have met no opposition.

In spite of their love for old landmarks, old buildings, traditions, the British allowed the Germans to lay waste their cities rather than let their air force drop below the irreducible minimum. And the Germans, in spite of their greatly superior force, were unwilling to risk invasion until Britain no longer had any planes to put into the air. So the second opportunity was lost.

But the Germans continued to plan for invasion, and to prepare for it. Landing barges were massed along the Channel coast. Troops practiced embarking and disembarking all day long on the sand dunes of Holland. It may have been some of these exercises which caused invasion alarms to be sounded once or twice in England. Some newspaper correspondents heard of them, and reported the frustration of attempted invasions. They were mistaken. No attempt was ever made.

Yet one report leaked out of Holland in 1941 which caused many persons to credit the story that a landing had been attempted and repulsed. It told of bodies of German soldiers being washed up on the beaches, of Dutch doctors being called hurriedly to treat large numbers of German wounded, many of them for burns. Some writers credited the Germans with having got most of the way across the Channel, until they reached a series of tin barrels bobbing up and down in the water. These barrels, the story went on, were filled with gasoline, which were set off by bombs dropped from British planes, turning the Channel into a sea of flames and repelling the invasion.

This was not what had happened. The Germans had indeed met with a disaster. It occurred not in an invasion attempt but in a rehearsal.

One reason for the disaster was the methodical mind of the German. He assumes unconsciously that others are methodical also. If the enemy establishes a routine, he expects him to continue to abide by that routine. Some time before the invasion rehearsal, a small German boat laid mines regularly every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in a certain strategic section of the English Channel. A small English boat destroyed them just as regularly every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. One day the English boat, for some reason, failed to do its mine-sweeping job. The following night the German mine layer, confident that the Englishmen would have performed their duty, sailed into its own mine field and was blown up.

There was a repetition of this incident on a larger scale when the Germans were rehearsing the invasion of England off Scheveningen, Holland. They had brought their fleet of invasion barges to this point, including the tremendous Rhine barges used to ferry basalt from German quarries to Holland, whose holds could accommodate hundreds of men for a short trip like the crossing of the Channel.

These barges were coupled together and ramps attached to their bows, so that tanks and other military vehicles could rumble on and off easily. The Germans then proceeded to try them out, sailing out a mile or two, then turning and making for the Dutch shore, where the landing was rehearsed. They made no attempt to hide these rehearsals. That was part of the war of nerves. They wanted the English to know what was preparing, expecting fear to help win the battle.

THEY had underestimated the British. Seeing no reason to let the Nazis practice unhindered until they were letter-perfect, the British slipped over to the Dutch coast one moonless night, and laid a thick mine field (possibly in combination with oil) off the point where the invasion rehearsals were going on. The next day the Germans started out as usual. Their barges, plowing at full speed into the mines, were blown up and hundreds of Nazis killed.

The Dutch, after this affair, began referring sarcastically to the continuing invasion rehearsals as "the water ballet." In February, 1941, the rumor began to spread in Holland that the attempt might be expected soon. It was based on an order placed with Dutch factories by Germany for 25,000 life belts, presumably only one of many such orders distributed among the various countries controlled by the Reich. Two hundred thousand tropical uniforms had been ordered at the same time, which looked more as if Germany were casting her eyes toward North Africa and the Near East. But invasion talk was in the air at that period, and it was the life-belt order which impressed the public imagination most.

At this time German propagandists, while floating, for foreign consumption, reports that the invasion was imminent, were telling the home public the opposite. The long period of comparative inactivity since the fall of France, nearly a year earlier, broken only by the minor Balkan and Libyan campaigns, was beginning to affect German morale. But to both civilians and soldiers, German leaders were not promising immediate action. They were calling for patience, telling the nation that the Führer was in no hurry to strike, because he was waiting for a propitious moment, and would act only when he had ninety-nine chances of success out of a hundred.

What was really holding up the invasion was one question: Dare we invade England while Russia, with an army of 400 divisions, remains an unknown factor, at our back? The generals of the Reichswehr said no.

For once, Hitler agreed with his generals. He did not hide from his advisers his opinion that no matter what sacrifices Germany might make, no matter how great her effort, an immediate invasion attempt might fail; and Hitler had never launched an offensive unless he felt sure in advance that he would win.

Therefore he set out to achieve four objectives:

1. He prepared to establish his New Order in the conquered territories in Europe in a fashion which he hoped would convince the outer world, and particularly the United States, that the Nazi regime would not be as dread a rule as was feared and that it was not true that "you can't do business with Hitler." This epoch was therefore marked by intensification in all the occupied countries of the attempt to secure collaboration of the inhabitants and to establish native puppet governments which would have a semblance of independence and of free acceptance of a beneficent German hegemony. A particularly strong effort was made to secure full collaboration from France, because it was considered that it was through France that it would be easiest to maintain the United States in her neutrality and stop her from increasing aid to Britain.

2. Hitler hoped to obtain and hold firmly positions in the Near East and Africa which would deprive Britain of aid from her Empire, and put her in a weaker position not only through this fact, but from the losses her military forces would suffer in trying to hold these outposts.

3. He decided to open a campaign to persuade Britain to accept a compromise peace which would recognize the European New Order—Nazi domination of the Continent. This was to be put over by brandishing the menace of Communism, which Hitler would guarantee to end by a "crusade" against Russia if Britain were willing to call off the war. He was also prepared to offer territorial "guaranties" to Great Britain for her future safety—as he had "guaranteed" the safety of the rest of Czechoslovakia after the Sudeten region was given to him. Terrorism on one hand, diplomacy on the other, were to be used to bring England to accept this offer. Hitler counted on the attitude of American isolationists and Britishers of the "Cliveden set" to aid him in achieving this objective. The Hess flight was part of this campaign.

4. As an alternative, Hitler simultaneously set to work to persuade Russia to become Germany's full-fledged ally against England. Once again the familiar Hitlerian couple of promise and threat was employed.

The promise was this: Germany would give Russia manufactured products in exchange for her oil and wheat. To make sure of getting Russia's deliveries, which had been exasperatingly slow thus far, Germany would "lend" Russia several divisions of SS. troops to help assure the exploitation of the Ukraine, Donets, and Caucasian regions in co-operation with Red Army divisions. (Translation: Germany would send soldiers to see to it that Russia didn't hold back, but would permit Russia's soldiers to watch Germany's soldiers to see they didn't do more than that.) Germany would also give Russia a little more of Poland and part of the spoils of her anticipated victories in the Near East, principally at the expense of Iran.

The accompanying threat was that Russia, if she failed to collaborate fully with Germany, would be invaded. To make it plain that this was no idle menace, German forces were already being gathered in the east, in preparation for that invasion; and the Russians were being told to make no mistake about it: Germany's forces were sufficient to assure speedy and easy success.

But the occupied nations showed complete unwillingness to collaborate and to present to the outside world a picture of sweetness and light under Hitler. Germany was unable to advance in the Near East-North Africa sector, partly because she failed to get the use of France's North African holdings. Britain turned a deaf ear to Germany's wooing, and callously imprisoned Rudolf Hess. Russia played for time, refusing to come to the point of accepting Hitler's propositions.

IT WAS May, 1941. Hitler decided to postpone invasion of Britain and launch, instead, the attack on Russia. Among those who disagreed violently with this plan was Göring, who thought that if either of the operations had to be attempted, the invasion of England would be safer than an attack on Russia. But when he urged this view on Hitler, the Führer answered:

"This invasion of Great Britain is no longer necessary, for we will be in India in three months. Moreover, submarine warfare will be intensified in July and August to such an extent that by September, England will have to choose between getting American planes or food. She will not be able to have both, for we shall have sunk too many of her ships. We are sure that the English will prefer food. They will give up American planes to keep from starving to death. Churchill will be overthrown by the people, and we will at last be able to get the compromise peace we want, which will leave us the undisputed masters of Europe."

So Russia was attacked, and the invasion of Britain was naturally postponed. An operation on so large a scale as the eastern offensive demanded too much force for another major operation to be thought of at the same time. But the respite was a short one. Only five weeks after the attack on Russia, Churchill issued a public warning that another invasion attempt might be expected about September.

Observers were quick to suggest that Churchill's warning was designed solely to keep the English from relaxing in the comfortable feeling that the Russian campaign made them safe. But that was not the fact. The British had received reports that Germany was making plans for an invasion of Britain shortly before winter set in. The "*stoss* generals"—as the Germans called the group of Reichswehr officers who consistently advocated the taking of the offensive—thought the operation could be carried out successfully with a force of 2,000,000 men.

The more conservative generals who directed the General Staff were of the contrary opinion. The General Staff report on the taking of Crete concluded with the statement that this experiment proved that England could not be invaded, under obtaining circumstances, except at a price which Germany could not afford to pay. The report even called the capture of Crete "a strategic advantage but a military defeat"—by which it meant that the island had cost more in terms of human lives and lost matériel than its possession was worth.

Hitler appeared to believe that the earlier coming of winter in Russia would permit the slowing down of activities on that front, going into winter quarters there, and moving men against England before bad weather reduced the possibility of acting on that front also. This fact alone pointed to late fall as the possible time for an invasion. One thing was certain: the date Churchill gave, September, was the earliest at which it could easily be tried. The reason: the invasion barges, which had been massed along the Channel coasts for months in apparent preparation for a crossing, were not there any longer, and it would take a considerable time to bring them to the bases again.

THE barges had been moved to the North Sea Canal, between Amsterdam and Muiden; to the North Holland Canal, between Amsterdam and Helder; and to the internal Rhine ports of Duisburg, Ruhrort, Oberhausen, and Mülheim-on-the-Rhine.

Their quality had been improved. Most of them were armor-plated, with a sort of drawbridge at the prow, which could be dropped quickly to permit swift landings of troops and matériel. Others had a system of movable pontoons which unrolled automatically, providing a passage from the boat for difficult landings where the drawbridge formula wouldn't work. Many of them were built to transport and land tanks.

The majority were driven by airplane propellers, gliding over the water rather than through it, but there were also a good many twin-screw boats, with a separate motor for each screw. Practically all of the barges carried antiaircraft guns, to protect them from attack from the air during the crossing.

September and October came and went, and this formidable fleet remained idly moored at its inland bases. The Russians were not permitting Hitler to withdraw any men to march against England. Instead, as winter set in on the Russian front, Hitler removed many batteries of heavy artillery and antiaircraft guns from the western coast of Europe and sent them to Russia to be used to hold Germany's positions in that country until spring. It seemed that for the moment he had given up the invasion of England.

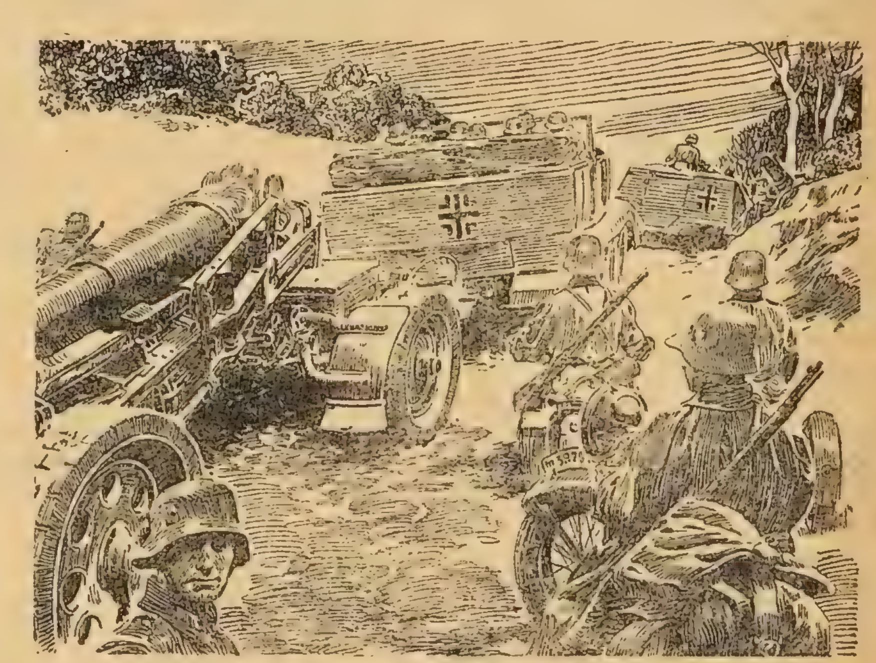
Yet it was only three weeks after those moves that Sir Roger Keyes let slip in the House of Commons the revelation that there had been a difference of opinion between Churchill and the War Ministry. The Prime Minister had been prevented from sending as many troops as he wanted to North Africa and to General Wavell because the War Ministry had had information which caused it to fear a possible imminent German invasion. This was what it had heard:

1. The German General Staff had prepared minute plans for the invasion of England. Seventeen feasible landing spots had been selected around the coast from Scotland to Cardiff, Wales, on the Bristol Channel. Five had already been set down as definite debarkation points, three on the Channel opposite the French coast and two on the Kentish coast. But as these reports were picked up chiefly in Switzerland, observers were somewhat skeptical. They thought the Germans might be putting them out themselves, to deceive the British. However, there were other details which seemed to confirm preparations for an invasion. For instance:

2. The Germans were busily repairing airfields near the coast, in the occupied zone of France, which had been damaged in the invasion. They were also building fourteen new airdromes with exceptionally long cement runways, indicating that they were intended for the use of particularly heavy planes—either big bombers or troop transports.

3. Posters placed in the region between Boulogne and Havre, on the French coast across from England, warned the population to be prepared to assemble at stipulated spots when the church bells, silent since the beginning of the war, gave the warning. They would then be conducted inland—which might be to get them out of the way of German troops leaving or of British troops arriving.

4. Germany had requisitioned thousands of soft-drink, beer, and wine bottles and had filled them with yperite, heaviest and most deadly of poison gases. Corked and hermetically sealed, just as though they contained beverages, the bottles were destined to be dropped from planes, which indicated that they were intended to be used in an attack on a distant objective, separated from the attackers by a barrier—like England—and not on a land front where armies were in contact, like Russia.



5. At the same time that Germany was continuing to build as many Junkers-52 transport planes as she could, each capable of carrying forty to sixty men with their equipment, she had turned to large-scale production of gliders. They were cheap and easy to make, and practically every carpenter shop in Germany was converted to the manufacture of gliders or parts of gliders. They were being turned out in four principal sizes—22, 34, 43, and 55 meters long—with more of the larger models being turned out proportionately. Four glider training centers were giving intensive training to fliers. Leipzig was made an experimental and training center for fifty-five-meter gliders, capable of carrying from 200 to 400 armed men, and even small tanks. These big fellows were towed by five Junker transports, one flying ahead of the others, in arrow formation. Accidents were so frequent with these ships that the inhabitants of Leipzig nicknamed them *Todessegler*—death gliders. It was assumed that the concentration on gliders meant a coming attempt to invade some island, after the pattern of the glider invasion of Crete—probably England.

6. Finally, the British learned that in the last few months the Germans had built thousands of new invasion barges, driven by airplane propellers. A few of them had been sent to Bulgaria for operations against the Crimea. But most of them remained on the Rhine, near Duisburg-Ruhrort, or in Holland's North Canal.

These indications led the British War Office to consider that an invasion attempt was very possible. The military men thought it might be imminent, while Churchill, once it was evident that Germany was not going to get the Caucasus that year, argued that Germany could not possibly launch an early invasion since she had failed to reach Russia's oil, for she wouldn't have enough fuel for her planes, tanks, and barges. The Nazis at this time claimed that they had almost reached a synthetic-oil production of 10,000,000 tons yearly, but the British knew that the Germans' own confidential reports showed 4,500,000 tons. Moreover, this synthetic oil had been especially adapted for aviation use and was not suitable for tanks or trucks.

Churchill's argument, therefore, was: The earliest Germany can possibly attack England is *after* securing positions in Russia, where she can safely establish a defensive line, *after* starting exploitation of Russian oil fields, and *after* having accumulated enough of the oil to support a major offensive. If the Germans reached intact Russian wells, that would mean several months before they could think of invasion. If the wells were destroyed when they got to them, as was to be expected, it would mean a year.

Since this was the case, Churchill continued, (1) the danger to the British Isles cannot be nearer than several months off at the very worst; (2) the taking of the oil regions being the condition which makes the invasion of Britain possible, there could be no possible weakening of the security of the Isles by sending their defenders to fight first to protect the oil wells in the east; and (3) therefore all men and equipment possible should be sent at once to the armies in the Near and Middle East and Libya.

This reasoning seemed clear enough, but the War Office was not convinced that dependence upon reason was sufficient surety, and Churchill was overruled. The men he had wanted to send abroad stayed in England—until Americans began to arrive in North Ireland, much later, to replace them. Events since, however, seem to have proved that he was right, and that the strategy he advocated could have been adopted with complete safety.

In the summer of 1942, invasion rumors were floated again. But Churchill's argument still held good, better indeed than before, for now Germany would have to find oil for two great campaigns, on both her fronts, which had not been the case earlier, when it was assumed that the invasion of Britain would only follow the stabilization of the Russian front. Those rumors, it was strongly suspected, were floated by the Nazis to deceive the Allies. One thing at least can be asserted: To give the effect of greater force on the western coast than they actually possessed, the Germans kept small units of troops marching up and down the coast, out of one small locality into the other, to give the impression of constant movement, constant arrival of new troops, constant reinforcements. When that device became threadbare, they sent Marshal von Rundstedt to take command of the west coast, and invasion stories blossomed once more. And thus the real reason for the transfer of von Rundstedt was missed.

It was to be expected that Germany would continue to float periodically the story that she was about to invade England (she even made a pathetic attempt to do so after her defeat in Tunisia). That would keep millions of men in the British Isles—and out of the war. By attacking, Germany would automatically bring them into the war and increase the odds against herself. But from June, 1941, on, it was constantly evident that Germany's invasion of England was likely to remain in the same state—which, according to a description originating in Brussels, was that Germany had occupied three strategic positions in England: the cemeteries, the hospitals, and the prison camps. And by November, 1942, England was so sure the danger was over that she lifted the ban on the ringing of church bells, which until then had been silenced so that they might be used to give the alarm if invasion came.

France Under Laval

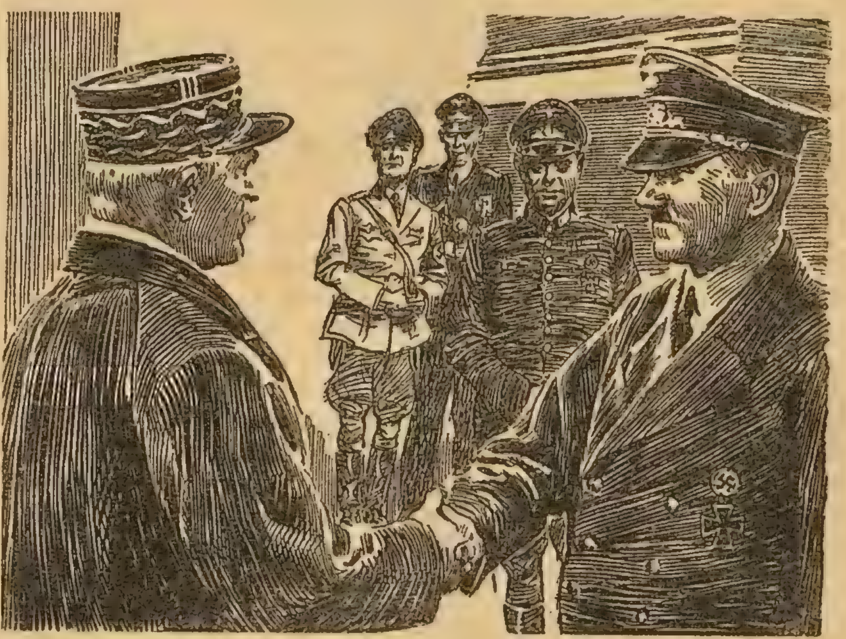
When Pierre Laval succeeded Pétain as Premier of France in April, 1942, the author was besieged with different forms of this question: "Why, after holding out against the Germans so long, has Pétain finally given way?"

The fact that the question could be put at all showed that many persons were victims of a widespread delusion—a delusion, it must be recorded, shared even by American diplomats. That was the belief that Pétain was *able* to hold out against the Germans.

The reason why Pétain "gave way" only in April, 1942, and not before, *was that the Germans did not want him to give way before.* They were able to make him yield whenever they had to; they did so when the proper time came.

The efforts of the United States were exercised against a return of Laval to power. But American Ambassador Admiral Leahy found himself quite helpless to exert any influence. He was not even permitted to see Marshal Pétain alone at this period. He was always received in the presence of Admiral Darlan or one of his aides, and the tone of the talks was far from frank and cordial. When Admiral Leahy asked precise questions on the reported supplying of the Axis troops in Libya through French territory, he was met with vague evasions. Finally a "confidential" message was sent to Pétain from Washington, warning him that the United States would view Laval's return to power unfavorably. That note was in the hands of the Germans the following day.

Considering that Secretary Hull had publicly denounced Laval as a Hitler puppet, that the United States had tried to keep him out of office, and that it had recalled its Ambassador in displeasure when he came in, it may seem somewhat presumptuous of Laval to believe that he could ever serve as an intermediary between the United States and Germany (to say nothing of the high improbability that the United States would ever find herself willing to treat with Germany concerning a separate peace in any case). But Laval's belief was that however hostile the Roosevelt government might be, both to himself and to the idea of a separate peace, that government was not necessarily eternal. He attributed great influence to the temporarily subdued isolationist and pro-Fascist influences in the United States, and expected them to return to greater prominence in the direction of American politics at some time in the future.



This belief was shared by the Germans, whose attitude toward the United States in the initial months of her participation in the war was similar to her attitude toward France and Britain during the corresponding period. Up to the time she launched the blitzkrieg, she was still trying, through individuals not too hostile to Nazi ideas, to talk these nations into surrender instead of fighting them into it. In the case of France she succeeded, in a sense.

The man who had convinced both Laval and the Nazis that the declaration of war did not necessarily mean that the United States was thereafter immune to propaganda was Count René de Chambrun, who had married Laval's daughter José and received with her a huge dowry.

As a descendant of Lafayette through his father, de Chambrun was unfortunately an honorary citizen of the United States. His mother was an American, Clara Longworth, sister-in-law of Alice Roosevelt Longworth. De Chambrun's Fascist leanings had become sufficiently notorious by 1940 to prevent his being received at the White House when he was in America before the last Presidential elections, so de Chambrun took his revenge by making a speech for Willkie before voters of French-Canadian origin in Worcester, Massachusetts.

De Chambrun was not too well received by the Overseas Press Club, before which he spoke during the same visit. The attitude he took, and particularly his defense of Laval's policy, was so unwelcome to the foreign correspondents of that organization, all of them professionally equipped to see through his explanations, that he underwent violent heckling during the question period which followed his speech.

De Chambrun convinced Laval that it would be possible to get America out of the war, and perhaps, through Washington, even to succeed in making a general peace of the kind Hitler had always been willing to conclude—a peace guaranteeing Germany the world domination she wanted sooner or later. It is probable that Laval overestimated de Chambrun's direct influence in the United States through his connections with prominent Americans—most of whom were less prominent by then than they had been before December 7.

Be that as it may, de Chambrun was one of the men behind the scenes in the Laval-Pétain negotiations which preceded Laval's return to power. A few days before their first meeting, on March 25, he had long interviews in Paris with Fernand de Brinon, French Ambassador to the Germans, and German Ambassador Otto Abetz. He stuck like a leech to Laval throughout the conversation, serving as his expert on America.

Because of this preoccupation with the possibility of influencing the United States, Laval tried to bring into his cabinet either former Ambassador to Washington de Laboulaye or scientist Dr. Alexis Carrel, whom he wanted to use to establish liaisons with persons in America. De Laboulaye, he thought, could operate through high American personages with whom he was on good terms. Carrel's contacts would be with persons with whom he had been associated in scientific researches, like Lindbergh. But neither of these men joined Laval's ministry, although he had two long conferences with Carrel. Possibly the time was not yet considered ripe.

BY July, the time *was* considered ripe for a propaganda skirmish on the American front. This is what happened:

American banks and business firms in France (or, rather, their successors, for they were no longer controlled by the parent companies) received a circular sounding them out on participation in a $30,000,000 pool for the reconstruction of Europe after the war.

The circular stated that 45 per cent of the amount would be put up by French banks, 20 per cent by the Berlin branch of a well known firm of American bankers, and 35 per cent by French and American banks and business firms. Mentioned as already having agreed to participate were the French Bank of Indo-China, and the Banque des Pays du Nord, part of the European Union controlled by the big French munitions firm of Schneider & Co. Also named were two big French firms, and three American concerns, one of them the bankers whose Berlin branch was represented as having already agreed to enter the deal.

The president of this group was to be General Adalbert de Chambrun, René de Chambrun's father, a former director of another American bank's Paris branch, then in liquidation. One of the other directors of the proposed new organization was an associate of his in the American bank, Gabriel de Mun. As general manager, the circular had put down the name of Seymour Weller, described as Paris agent of the first American banking firm mentioned as taking a prominent role in the new organization.

General de Chambrun himself handed a copy of this circular to the Vichy correspondent of an American news agency—a man who was Pierre Laval's best American press agent. The long story this correspondent filed was based on quotation of the circular. He was thus technically absolved of any responsibility for launching a propaganda story or a trial balloon. Nevertheless his agency felt differently about the advisability of giving wide circulation to a story which might do harm to United Nations morale.

News agencies work on a split-second basis, so this story of co-operation between Nazi Germany, France, and America for a postwar European activity from which Britain was apparently to be omitted was already on the news tickers when its inherent improbability caught some editor's attention, and a check was ordered. A few minutes later the same tickers were clicking off the order to newspapers receiving service to kill the story.

For the check had shown that American houses mentioned knew nothing about the proposal, and had lost touch with their Paris branches, whose names were being used to put over this story. The American banking firm mentioned said that it had never had a Berlin branch, that Seymour Weller had left its employ years ago and at last reports had become a wine merchant. Even his whereabouts was unknown.

How the Germans were able to use American names is easy to explain. With the American declaration of war, French branches of U. S. companies had been taken over and put in charge of French collaborationists, preferably former employees of the American houses, if any suitable persons could be found among them. These new managers continued to administer the business under their old names in accordance with directives given them by a German administrator in chief who rejoiced in the remarkable name of Dr. Julius Caesar.

LAVAL was willing to join Germany *militarily.* His plan for achieving this objective was suggested by Otto Abetz. France was not going to declare war on her former ally, Great Britain, much less on the United States. She was not going to put her Army at the service of the Germans. All she was going to do was to perform a simple "police operation"—to regain control of those colonies which were being administered by the Free French, beginning with the most important of them, French Equatorial Africa, where General de Gaulle's capital, Brazzaville, was located.

The cunning of this scheme lay in the possibility of presenting it as a purely internal operation, though it would inevitably lead to France's re-entry into the war. But a census of France's generals revealed that no first-rate military man in France would accept leadership of a campaign against the de Gaulle territory, while no second-rate leader would command the prestige necessary to get troops to obey the command to attack the Free French—except for such colonials as the Senegalese, who had no comprehension of the issues at stake and would follow blindly any commander put over them.

Throughout the Army, opposition was strong to any military action—even among the most dyed-in-the-wool collaborationists. Not more than one per cent of them favored such a move. They had accepted collaborationism to keep France out of war, not to get her back into it. Obviously it was dangerous to arm men who felt like that. They might change sides if they were given weapons.

Laval decided that the only way to get France back into the fight would be to arouse popular indignation in some way or other against the British or the Free French. Either would do. But, on the other hand, it was necessary not to go too far against the United States. Vichy wanted to maintain friendly relations with the United States to keep the way open for the peace offensive she was supposed to promote when the time was ripe. Moreover, the United States was making the task of arousing indignation against the Free French easier by its consistent sniping at that movement. And finally, the French people looked to the United States with so much hope and faith that a direct attempt to blacken America would probably have proved a boomerang.

A recent experiment had proved the truth of the last statement. At the time of the Madagascar occupation, a group of Jacques Doriot's plug-uglies had gathered before the U. S. Embassy at Vichy, shouting, "Hurrah for Germany! Down with the United States! Down with the thieves!" The police, who had been ordered to let a violent demonstration develop, made no attempt to stop them.

But the demonstration didn't develop. Even in the abnormal, unhealthy atmosphere of Vichy, from which all true Frenchmen had been excluded, and where only collaborationists remained, passers-by glared coldly at the handful of shouting fanatics, and passed on, not even dignifying them with more than momentary attention. After a while the crestfallen Fascists walked disgustedly away. They had not been able to entice one French citizen into following their lead.

Why Russia Signed with Germany

Only the outsider's assumption that Stalin's first preoccupation was with the rising tide of Fascism makes Soviet policy appear inscrutable. To the insider, the Russian game seems simple enough. He knows that Stalin's prime object has not varied. That end was the promotion of Russia's interests, the securing of Russia's future. Russia was never blind to the threat, but she met it in different ways. At one time (August, 1939, to June, 1941) she met it by (if you want to call it that) appeasement. The difference between her form of appeasement and that of Munich was that Russia made use of the time she gained.

At the period when Maxim Litvinov was at Geneva, fighting for the principle of collective security, Stalin's private emissaries (quite unknown to Litvinov) were quietly taking out a little reinsurance in Berlin. The Paris Temps revealed that the sensational trials of high Russian Army officers had been initiated because Hitler, through Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo, had tipped Stalin off that his Red Army officers were exchanging information and ideas with German officers.

Russia's disillusionment with the democracies after Munich had been plain to see. She had served notice of renunciation of her nonaggression treaty with Poland, then shortsightedly preparing to play the jackal to Germany, a month before the Czech crisis in order to be ready to act the part she expected would be demanded of her—and then the other nations had backed down.

In May, 1939, Foreign Minister Litvinov was removed from his post. The Russian diplomat whose career was most closely linked with co-operation with the democracies of the west, Litvinov was the symbol of Russian co-operation with France and England. His disappearance from the Foreign Ministry was, for the democracies, a most sinister portent.

Finally, at the end of the same month, Molotov issued the last warning, in a speech of his own on foreign relations.

"We stand for peace and against aggression," he said, "but we must remember Stalin's admonition that we cannot be used to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for others"; and he made it very plain whom he meant by complaining that Britain and France were not making proposals on a genuinely reciprocal basis—that, for instance, while Russia was being asked to guarantee assistance to five small states whose security was vital to the democracies, the democracies were unwilling to accept similar obligations in regard to the three Baltic States whose security was vital to Russia.

At the conclusion of his speech, Molotov went just as far as he could in warning the democracies of the alternative to agreement with Russia. "We do not refuse to improve our trade relations with Germany," he said. "Negotiations may be resumed."

The French and British closed their eyes and their ears to this warning; and on August 23, the inevitable happened. Russia signed with Germany and the war was on. Russia's pact with Germany was easy to explain simply on the grounds of national interest.

With the elimination of France, Stalin feared one of two eventualities—a speedy victory of Germany over Britain, which would leave Hitler free to turn toward the Ukraine; or a deal between Germany and the Chamberlain faction in London. Baltic bases and fortifications were strengthened and the mechanization of the Army pushed at top speed. Meanwhile Russia did whatever she safely could to obstruct Hitler's progress.

Germany's last effort to keep Russia co-operating was made at the time of the Molotov visit to Berlin. Various tempting proposals were made to Russia of gains in the east at the expense of Turkey, Iran, and other countries. Molotov, who had no authority to give any final answer, could only reply that he would communicate the German offers to Stalin.

Molotov and Stalin had a hot argument on the former's return. Convinced of Germany's might and of the impossibility of bucking her, Molotov advocated sincere and complete co-operation with Germany. But Stalin saw no future either for Russia or Communism with Europe tightly and safely governed by the Nazis.

For Russia, the spring of 1941 was a period of frantic rearming. By the end of 1941 the Red Army, according to the plans of the Defense Commissariat, was to include ninety armored brigades, equivalent (in numbers at least) to thirty German Panzer divisions. All the artillery was to be motorized, new planes were to be built on a mass-production basis, military districting was to be reorganized, underground airfields were to be built, ports to be fortified, and the antiaircraft defense of mining and industrial regions to be strengthened.

Simultaneously with the building of defenses against invasion and with the intensification of production in the defense industries, Russia took measures to protect herself against internal attack. She had done some cleaning up in the Baltic States when she first moved in. In March, two months before the German attack, she carried out extensive deportations, especially in Latvia, the most anti-Russian of the three Baltic States, moving suspected persons to assigned residences far in the interior of Russia or Siberia.

But while he was thus preparing for conflict, Stalin outwardly increased his co-operation with Berlin. He considered that time was working with him, and he was anxious to delay matters until his defenses were completely ready.

A concession which Stalin apparently made to Hitler was to pretend to accede to the repeated requests of German Ambassador von Schulenberg to eliminate Jews from positions of importance. In February, 1941, Maxim Litvinov, who had been removed from the Foreign Ministry before the signature of the Russo-German Pact, was also ousted from the Central Committee of the Communist Party in Russia. Molotov's wife, Paulina Molotov, née Karp (whose brother was a naturalized American business man of Bridgeport, Connecticut, Samuel Karp), also went out. Michael Kaganovitch was also forced out of the Aviation Commissariat.

Stalin gave Germany more tangible help by increasing shipment of supplies into the Reich, hoping that this sort of aid would persuade the Germans to postpone any projected attack in favor of receiving much needed materials. Hitherto, on one pretext or another, Russia had kept deliveries under her commercial agreement with Germany to a minimum. The expected floods of oil, cotton, and wheat had not flowed across the Soviet frontier as Hitler had hoped. Russia had pleaded inefficiency in production, bad transportation facilities, home needs—anything which might explain her failures to deliver.

A FEW months earlier aviation gasoline had become so rare in Germany that the quantity of gas necessary for each flight was calculated exactly, and that was all the pilot got. That shortage was now ended. There was suddenly plenty of high-grade gasoline, and it was not synthetic. Lubricating oils, which had been rationed to an extent which was threatening serious deterioration to machines, became more plentiful, and rations were tripled.

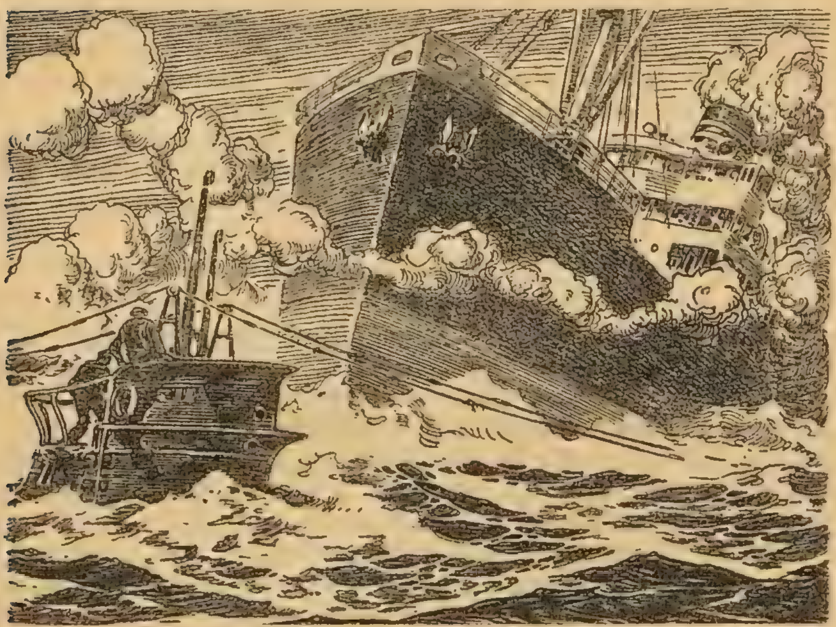
London warned Washington several times that U. S. exports to Russia were going on into Germany. Washington apparently disagreed—but there seems no doubt that the oil, at least, was not Russian oil, but came directly from the United States. Russia was bribing Germany to delay her attack, but she was not reducing her own potentialities by doing so; she was giving to Germany only a part of what she was importing herself.

Stalin saw Russia's greatest danger in concerted action by Germany and Japan. Since both Russia and Japan were on the surface friendly to Germany, Russian co-operation with Japan could hardly be protested by Berlin; but Stalin was working toward a Japanese rapprochement, with the hope of weaning Nippon away from Germany's influence and attaching her to Russia's.

The first signs of the new policy of friendship with Japan were shown by negotiations to grant Japan fishing rights in Russian waters she had been asking for years, and the drawing up of a plan for joint exploitation of the oil of the half-Russian, half-Japanese island, Sakhalin. Japanese Foreign Minister Matsuoka paid a visit to Russia and Germany in which Moscow did far better than Berlin. He assured the Germans that he had made no agreements which were more than mere formalities. But when he returned to Tokyo via Moscow, Moscow and Tokyo signed a commercial agreement. Only much later did Hitler discover that it also included secret military clauses.

In the conversations preceding the signature of the treaty, Japan tried to get a promise from Russia that she would cease aiding Chiang Kai-shek and agree on a common policy in case the European war should spread to the Pacific, but in vain. Indeed, Russia's aid to China was daily becoming more effective, and her technical and military experts remained in Chungking.

But Japan signed nevertheless, since it was to her advantage to do so. By this treaty Russia and Japan were both freed of one possible threat (from each other) at a moment when both were facing other dangers—Russia, the possibility of a break with Germany; and Japan, her increasingly difficult war with China.



IN May, 1941, Joseph Stalin, Secretary General of the Russian Communist Party, assumed the position of Premier.

Only a few exceptionally well informed persons scattered throughout the world received this news without surprise. Why, the others asked, did Stalin, undisputed dictator in Moscow, and hence in no need of the empty reinforcements of titles, bother to declare himself Premier?

The purpose was to short-cut government routine, putting Stalin's decisions into operation with greater speed.

But why did Stalin think such a shift was necessary at that particular time?

Because already, about two months before the attack, Russia had received her first secret ultimatum from Germany.

The fortifications were not finished, and Stalin wanted desperately to complete them before Germany attacked. Thus he still played for time.

The ultimatum could have been no great surprise to a statesman as well informed as Stalin. There had been plenty of indications that Germany was preparing to attack. In April, for the first time since the signing of the Russo-German treaty, anti-Communist propaganda reappeared in the German press. In May, it was learned that all railroad repair plants in eastern Germany were working on special trucks to fit the wider gauge of Russian railroads, to permit German rolling stock to run over Russian rails; and in the Vienna Locomotive Works, the more difficult job of fitting locomotives for the wider tracks was being undertaken—more difficult, since locomotive wheels are driving wheels.

Hitler's decision in principle to attack Russia if she could not be brought into line by pressure methods dated back to the last Hitler-Molotov interview. Hitler had demanded that Russia adhere to the Three Power Pact—a curious demand, since this pact was an alliance against the Comintern. Molotov had no authority to accept, though he was willing to do so. He could only refer the demand to Stalin. Stalin asked time to consider the proposal—the very thing Hitler did not want to grant.

The important Italian newspaper Oggi fired the first gun in the journalistic campaign to make Russia take a stand. It took the form of an article calling for a revival of the anti-Comintern pact, which was not only reproduced widely in the Spanish and Argentine press, but also, more significantly, in German newspapers. This threat was followed up by a second demand from Berlin that Moscow adhere to the Three Power Pact—and this time there was a date attached to it. Stalin was called upon to answer by May 1. On May 4, Stalin sent his refusal to Berlin.

The fat was now in the fire. Hitler massed first 2,000,000, then 3,000,000, then 4,000,000 men along the Russian border. Of the eighteen Panzer divisions Germany possessed, twelve took up positions in the east. So did three quarters of Germany's aviation, some 20,000 planes.

General von Blaskovitz, entrusted with preparing the attack against Russia, considered the operation a simple one, believing that Russian officers were not particularly competent, and that even if they were, they were insufficient in number. He claimed to possess a list of Russian generals who would switch sides and fight with Germany against Moscow as soon as hostilities began—which didn't seem unlikely, considering the role treachery had played in former German victories.

BUT Germany was still willing to win her victory without fighting for it, if she could. German Ambassador von Schulenberg returned to Moscow to repeat the offer to Stalin to "lend" several divisions of SS. troops to Stalin to assure the exploitation of the Ukraine, Donets, and Caucasian regions, in co-operation with Red Army divisions.

Germany would give Russia manufactured products in exchange for her oil and wheat. She would also grant modifications of the frontier, giving Russia notably the city of Lublin in Poland, where Germany had been concentrating Jews from all parts of the country. She also offered, without demanding military aid from the Soviets in the conquest of the Near East, part of the spoils of her anticipated victory there—principally in Iran.

Stalin continued to play for time. Soviet mobilization had not been completed. He asked for concessions in Scandinavia and Finland. Hitler replied that it was a case of "thus far and no farther" there.

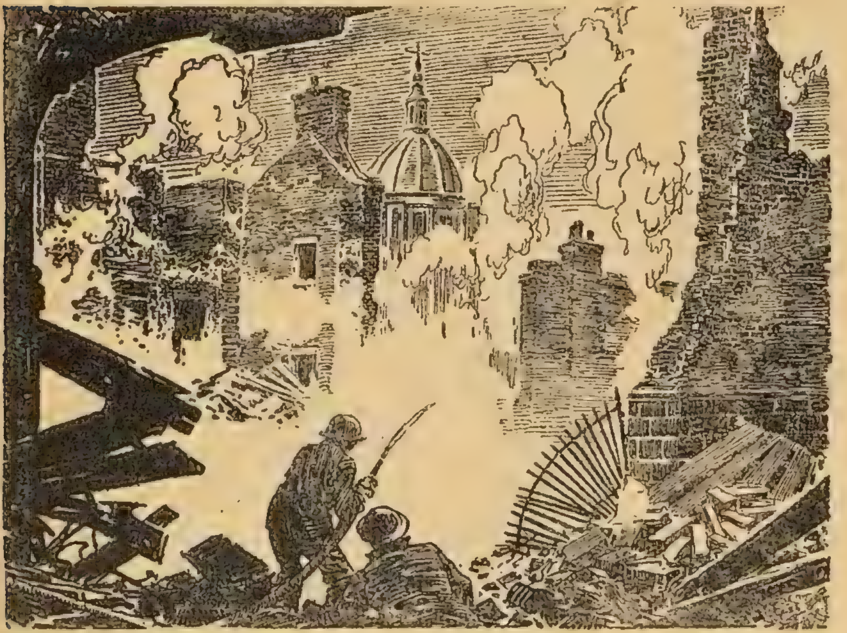
Von Schulenberg tested Russian dispositions by demanding the "disappearance" of Litvinov, the inactivity of Russia's most anti-Nazi diplomat being apparently insufficient to satisfy Hitler. Not only did Stalin fail to obey, but it was at this juncture that he took over the Premiership himself, removed from their posts all the chiefs who might have been in relations with Germany either before or after August, 1939, and carried out new purges in the Army and among civil servants—this time so quietly that the outside world heard nothing about them.

Hitler did not propose to wait until Russia was ready. He sent another ultimatum to Stalin—date of expiration, May 23. It called for joint exploitation of the Ukraine by Germany and Russia, with the greater part of this territory occupied by German soldiers. There was also to be joint exploitation of Russia's oil wells. Russia was told bluntly that if she didn't accept, Germany had sufficient force to move in and take what she wanted.

Stalin sent representatives to bargain with Hitler, chiefly with the object of wasting time. But his envoys found that Hitler had increased his demands. He asked for control also over the exploitation of the coal of Russia (for Italy's benefit) and of her minerals. And he added the final and completely unacceptable condition:

Russia must destroy her fortifications and demobilize part of her Army.

Stalin did not refuse outright, because he was still fighting for time. But he knew now that the struggle was inevitable and imminent. It was obvious that he could not accept the military conditions without giving Hitler a victory without fighting, and probable that Hitler knew he would not accept them and had simply decided to force the issue and join battle at once, in order to reach the wheat of the Ukraine before it was ripe enough to be burned.



From the beginning of the war with Russia, Hitler exercised more personal command than in the other campaigns. He edited all the communiqués personally, even during the period when illness prevented him from stirring far from Berchtesgaden. He used the daily reports of the General Staff as a basis, but took into account, far more than the German High Command had ever done, their effect on world public opinion, morale at home, and the spirit of the Army.

His health improved, Hitler began working out plans for the winter campaign in Russia with his generals and experts. He went minutely into all details—the manner in which winter camps were to be constructed and equipped, the plans for ready-made barracks to be assembled where needed, and for the trenches to be dug.

With other experts, Hitler worked out plans for roads and railroads to be constructed to assure the supply of his forces, the maintenance of communications in the occupied territory, and the starting points for the next attack. For the Germans had learned that they could not rely on the poor communications system of Russia. They were going to build their own routes straight to the front. As the final step in his assumption of personal command of the Russian campaign, Hitler established field headquarters at Ortelsburg, ninety-five miles south of Königsberg and 950 from the Polish frontier, in the direction of Warsaw.

On the evening of October 1, Hitler launched his armies against the city of Moscow.

BETWEEN her enemies of the underground and the guerrilla armies, Germany had not one line of communications toward the Russian front which was not cut regularly from the beginning of the campaign. The constant difficulties these attacks caused to her supply lines may have contributed to her troubles in Russia much more decisively than is generally realized.

The Czechs proved among the most ingenious saboteurs of the German supply lines—and it was precisely through their territory that many of them ran. Their favorite weapon was the fountain-pen time bomb—a pen casing filled with two acids in different compartments separated by a metal partition. On eating through the separating metal, the acids combined to form an incendiary mixture. Easy to make, easy to hide, and easy to carry, these pens were thrown aboard passing trains, care being taken to aim particularly at cars which seemed to be carrying such inflammable material as gasoline or shells.

As the pens usually did not flare up until after the trains had left Czechoslovakia, it was practically impossible to locate the point at which they had been thrown aboard the cars. The compositions were varied in different pens, to provide no clue to the length of time they had been on the trains. If it is true that the principal reason for the failure to take Moscow was that the Germans were running short of ammunition, it may be that Czech saboteurs saved the Russian capital.

Similarly the Yugoslav guerrillas constantly harassed the supplies moving toward the southern Russian front along the important Zagreb-Belgrade railway; and though repairs to railroads are usually comparatively easy and quick to effect, they succeeded in putting the line out of operation for an entire week at the crucial phase of the important battle for Stalingrad, another moment at which interference with supply lines may very well have been decisive. In Russia, guerrilla technique had been prepared well in advance, and reached its highest degree of effectiveness. It was not surprising, therefore, that it was on the Russian front that German morale suffered most from guerrilla action.

THE average German soldier faced the Russian enemy before him bravely, but was terrified of the unseen guerrilla fighter who might strike him from the rear. A diary found on the body of one German contained this notation about the guerrillas: "It seems that the houses hate us, the bushes detest us, the rocks fire on us, and the trees kill us."

The great majority of the fighters were ordinary citizens, who had been trained by the Osoaviakhim, the civilian defense organization. Millions of Russians had been taught by it to shoot, fight in gas masks or on skis, clear bomb debris, extinguish fires, give first aid, handle horses, operate telephone, telegraphic, or radio communications, march in formation, use hand grenades or bayonets, or jump from planes. In 1939, 6,000,000 Russians had won sharpshooters' badges.

One of the devices used by the Russian Army to maintain contact with the guerrillas caused a great deal of unnecessary work for foreign news editors. In the broadcast Soviet communiqué they would read a phrase such as: "The village of V. was captured by our troops." Editors thereupon would rush to the map, locate a village with the initial "V" in an active area, and insert an editor's note suggesting that this was probably the locality referred to.

All this was love's labor lost, for the Soviet communiqué was not referring to any village. It was simply giving a prearranged signal to a certain group of guerrillas behind the German lines to carry out orders previously communicated to them in detail.

Suppose, for instance, that a series of actions on the part of different bands against different points had been decided upon, or alternative actions foreseen for the same band. Each separate plan was given a letter. The guerrillas had only to listen to the official communiqué and when the time came to act they would get their signal. Different groups could be touched off at the same time by varying the report to something like: "Troops under Commander O . . . have taken the village of V. . . ." That set off missions O and V simultaneously. It was a simple code, and it worked very effectively.

If the Germans had managed to take Stalingrad, and thereby to drive through the Caucasus and meet the Japanese in India, their dream of world domination would have come true. It had been a near thing; and the leaders of the Western democracies, who breathed a sigh of relief when it was over, and told the critics of their failure to open a second front that their actions had been justified by the event, had really very little reason to congratulate themselves on their foresight. It was true that they had been saved from what might have been the very grave consequences of their action. But they had been saved more or less in spite of themselves, by no merit of their own, but by a defense so indomitable and so much more valiant than they had any right to expect, that it would be reasonable to speak of the miracle of Stalingrad.

It was a year before the war broke out that Hitler's most trusted adviser on foreign affairs, Joachim von Ribbentrop, exposed his master's use of what has since been called the peace offensive—but nobody understood him! It was on the occasion of the signing of the Franco-German nonaggression pact in Paris in November, 1938. At a reception given at the German Embassy to celebrate the event, von Ribbentrop said:

"For our Führer, peace is the best weapon of war!"

His hearers put it down as a simple witticism. It was more than that. It was the revelation of a technique.

There was no moment in the war when Hitler was not ready to make peace at the price of being allowed to retain his gains—and sometimes even more cheaply than that. Why shouldn't he offer peace? He had everything to gain, nothing to lose. If the democracies had made peace with Hitler, they would have done so sincerely. Their armies would have been disbanded, their war industries would have been converted to purposes of peace.

But Hitler, whose conception of total war included making war under the guise of peace, would have consolidated his gains, strengthened his armaments, and then threatened to continue the war he had temporarily relinquished. Probably he would never have had to fight the rest of his war. Who would dare to challenge the Greater Reich? Could the democracies, persuaded so reluctantly to fight against the weaker Germany, ever be brought to resist the stronger nation if they once laid down their arms?

It was precisely because they did not believe that the effort, once abandoned, could ever be resumed, that the leaders of the democracies, even those who had succumbed to the prewar peace offensives (for that is what, in essence, Munich and the Anschluss really were) were forced to refuse all Germany's offers of peace—the spurious peace which for Hitler was "the best weapon of war."

And Hitler did not realize that in a democracy it is not sufficient to convince or browbeat or intimidate the leaders—because they *are* only leaders, not masters. They cannot lead where their peoples will not follow.

BUT success of his small-scale peace offensive in Finland encouraged Hitler to return to his large-scale peace offensive against France and England. Von Ribbentrop had reported to him that in spite of the war, the small group of English noblemen whose ideas could be described as Fascist still wielded great influence in England and had not changed their opinion that the war should be called off.

The Marquess of Tavistock, Duke of Bedford, was a man of highly pronounced individuality, not to say eccentricity; he was highly energetic, and was noted for his remarkable collection of birds. Besides birds, he collected isms. He had been involved, turn by turn, in all sorts of movements, having co-operated at different times with Communists, Fascists, and the Irish National Socialists. As late as June, 1940, he signed an article in the official organ of the British Union of Fascists in which he accused the Chamberlain government of being responsible for the war, and he was to pop up again in the Hess affair.

It was about the middle of February that Lord Darnley informed Lord Halifax, then Foreign Secretary, that Bedford wanted to call on him. Darnley told Halifax that Bedford claimed to be able to put before him peace proposals from Germany which would satisfy British requirements. Lord Halifax, who knew Bedford well, did not take him very seriously; but he held too important a rank in the English peerage to be ignored. He was therefore granted an interview, at which he handed Halifax this offer:

1. A small independent Polish state, with access to the sea, would be reconstituted.
2. A purely Czech state would be re-established. (But the joker was that both the Polish and Czech states would be inside Germany's economic borders through a customs union.)
3. Both sides in the war would disarm simultaneously.
4. Germany would join a new League of Nations as soon as she had been assured of re-establishment of her colonial empire and an appropriate share in the exploitation of European raw materials.

How did it happen, Halifax asked, that these propositions were being made to him by so unexpected an agent? Bedford explained that he had asked a friend to inquire at the German Legation in Dublin how far Hitler was prepared to go in acceding to the British desire that Poland and Czechoslovakia should be revived. He had received this plan from the Legation in reply. It was so generous an offer, he opined, that it ought to be seized upon immediately.

Halifax consulted Chamberlain, and then called Bedford back. The British government, he said, was ready to consider negotiations with Germany on the basis of the propositions transmitted to it by Bedford. The Duke's face lighted up.

"On condition, of course," Lord Halifax continued slowly, "that before the opening of negotiations, Germany proves her good faith by evacuating Poland and Czechoslovakia."

Bedford was furious. He shouted that Halifax was deliberately blocking the last chance of securing peace, and stormed out.

By July, 1940, the front on which the peace offensive was being waged had changed. Now it was located in Madrid and Lisbon. Rudolf Hess made a short and discreet visit to Franco. Its purpose has remained swathed in mystery. But when Hess returned to Berlin, the Nazi press and radio insisted that the Duke of Windsor, who had been obliged to leave France for Spain with the French armistice, had written to his brother, the King, and to Winston Churchill to urge them to demand peace from Hitler at once. England's famous radio traitor, Lord Haw-Haw, even analyzed this alleged message in detail in one of his broadcasts.

Several days later the English government denied ever having received any such message. But the Duke of Windsor did not deny having written it. And since it was well known that he had had frequent contacts with Nazi leaders, and in particular with von Ribbentrop in London and Göering in Germany, the story was not completely dismissed by everyone.

It was a moment of doubt and faltering. Neville Chamberlain was still alive and not completely devoid of influence. For a week or two it appeared more than possible that the effect of the French surrender might be a regrouping of the appeasement forces of the old Chamberlain entourage about their former leader and an English acceptance of peace. Hitler thought so too, and so he failed to strike at England at once, in her time of weakness. He expected to win his war by treaty, without wasting his Army. Then England stiffened, and the chance was gone.

But it did not appear that all hope was ended for a peace with England advantageous to the Nazis. It looked to their agents as though another opportunity were about to be opened when the Duke of Kent arrived at Lisbon as England's extraordinary ambassador to open the exposition commemorating the eight hundredth anniversary of Portuguese independence. Although they must have had many important duties awaiting them in London, several influential members of the Foreign Ministry decided to accompany the Duke of Kent "to see the exposition."

Although he was kept busy with a succession of entertainments and fêtes (in striking contrast to the misery of the rest of Europe), the Duke of Kent found time one day to slip into the luxurious Mercedes of the British Ambassador and to make a quick and unpublicized trip to the Spanish frontier. There, it was reported, he met his brother, whom he had not seen since his abdication.

ONE week later, the Duke of Windsor appeared at Caxias, in the region of Lisbon. There it was announced that the English government had named him Governor of the Bahamas. Was that the news the Duke had expected from England? It does not seem to have overjoyed him. An American correspondent who had met the Duke previously ran into him at the Estoril at this time, and congratulated him on his appointment. The Duke looked at him sourly.

"Name any of the Bahamas," he challenged.

Later, when the Duke sailed from Bermuda to Nassau to take over his governorship, he made the trip on the yacht of Axel Wenner-Gren, that mysterious craft which had turned up so often on the scene of unexplained events —for instance, in the neighborhood of the Athenia, when that ill-fated ship was sunk.

England's resistance had tightened. Hitler decided on changed tactics to force submission on the England he hated and admired, the only country of which he was really afraid. He ordered mercilessly unceasing bombardment of England by the Luftwaffe.

For nearly ten months Hitler put aside peace offensives while he pounded away at London on one hand and prepared his most sensational coup on the other—the attack on Russia.

EARLY in April, 1941, while military leaders of the Reich and ranking members of the Nazi Party were heatedly discussing the methods to be employed for conquering Russia, the inner circle of Nazi leaders was considering a related question—how to persuade Great Britain to accept the Nazi gains and bring her into the anti-Bolshevik crusade. Göering, von Ribbentrop, Himmler, and Rudolf Hess all proposed plans. Each was different.

In the end, it was Rudolf Hess, Hitler's most trusted aide, who drew up a minutely detailed confidential memorandum on this matter, which included this statement:

"As you know, I am in constant touch with important personages of England, Ireland, and Scotland. They all know that I have always been a partisan of an Anglo-German entente. . . .

"If I am to convince the English leaders, it is essential that I should get to England in person. I have to achieve a Munich in reverse, and it can't be done at a distance. I will prepare everything so that I can make the trip in the best possible conditions. Give me permission to act."

This report was handed by Hess to his intimate friend, Dr. Dietrich, chief of the press services of the Wilhelmstrasse, who took it himself to the Chancellery. At that time, only four men alive knew what was in it—Hitler, Hess, Dietrich, and Chancellery Chief Martin Borman. Later the circle of insiders widened.

Did Hitler give Hess direct permission to try his plan, or did he simply allow him to go ahead on his own responsibility, without committing himself? That point is not entirely clear. What is certain is that, however the Hess flight was determined upon, it was done in such a way as not to compromise the Führer.

Hess started out on his one-man peace offensive. His first move was to go to Spain to see Franco, on April 22, 1941. He made the trip ostensibly to talk about closer co-operation between the Spanish Falange and the German National Socialist Party, of which he was the official chief. He tried to establish contact in Madrid with British Ambassador Sir Samuel Hoare, whose past record of appeasement seemed to fit him for the role of a willing listener. Hess was not able to get to the British Ambassador.

His next action was exceedingly curious. He asked permission from the Governor of Gibraltar to visit him on the Rock—and was surprised when he was refused! Hess was still so little convinced that England was really serious about her fight against Germany that he had not expected to be refused entry to one of Britain's most secret fortresses.

But though the refusal from Gibraltar was brutally delivered, divested of the polite forms customary in international diplomacy, Hess was not discouraged. He was receiving letters from England which, in response to his own overtures, assured him that everything had been arranged to permit him to come there secretly and with complete safety.

Hess went back to Germany. At dawn on May 10, alone in a Messerschmitt pursuit plane equipped with extra fuel tanks, he took off. But Dungavel Castle, his goal, was far away. The gasoline gave out just as he was reaching the end of his voyage. He jumped with his parachute, leaving the plane to crash some distance away.

He had been hurt in his jump, and was taken to the nearest hospital. He gave a false name, Alfred Horn, and asked for the Duke of Hamilton. His "friends" began to arrive. Hess explained in detail the scheme for peace and for the crusade against Bolshevism. He handed over documents.

The British Intelligence Service had drawn Hess into a trap. The Englishman with whom he had believed he was corresponding had never seen his letters. The "answers" he had received were forgeries emanating from the Intelligence Service.

On Armistice Day, 1941, speaking at the ceremony of inauguration of the new Lord Mayor of London, Prime Minister Winston Churchill took advantage of the occasion to deny vehemently any rumors that Great Britain would envisage making peace with Germany behind Russia's back. He made it plain that England would never make peace with Hitler nor with any other representatives of the Nazi Party.

To most of those who heard or read Churchill's speech, this was old stuff, a simple reiteration of what the British Prime Minister had said often enough before. What they did not know was that Churchill was not dealing in generalizations.

A precise offer had been made to England on behalf of Germany. Churchill's speech was the stinging and public rejection of that proposal.

On October 8, 1941, Dr. Dietrich, press chief at the Wilhelmstrasse, convoked the foreign correspondents in Berlin to announce to them that the Russian Army had not only been beaten, but that it had actually been annihilated!

The correspondents would have been highly edified if they could have accompanied Dr. Dietrich to his next stop, German General Headquarters. There they would have heard him discussing quite a different subject—how to put over the peace offensive destined to save Germany from the consequences of her reverses in Russia.

The German offer was to be this: The original concept of the New Order for Europe was to be abandoned. Germany would retire from the territories she had occupied in the west, and limit her expansion to the east, thus returning to her original idea of September, 1939. Poland and Czechoslovakia would cease to exist. Their populations would be transported beyond the Urals. White Russia, the Ukraine, the Donets Basin and the Caucasus would be annexed to Germany. Russia would thus become a purely Asiatic country, its European segment (incidentally the richest in known resources) going to Germany.

Not only did the shrewd Prime Minister see through the Nazi peace plan, and realize that it would only mean strengthening Germany for a renewed attack later, but he also understood that if Germany were ready to relinquish part of her objectives—and those already won, at that—it was because she had discovered that her military might was insufficient to win them all if her enemies remained united against her.

But the attempt was not abandoned. It was converted instead into permanent preparation to take advantage of any breach in the psychological armor of the United Nations to make peace on a basis advantageous to Germany.

The Plan for Attacking America

When the late Ambassador to Belgium, John Cudahy, was told by Dr. Goebbels that plans for the invasion of America had been studied by German military experts and rejected as impractical, Cudahy's reaction to Goebbels' statement was that he had been told that the Germans had decided that attack of any kind against the United States was impractical. What Goebbels meant was that the Germans had rejected one set of plans—plans for an invasion of the United States understood as occupation of the complete territory of the country.

German military authorities *had* decided against any *invasion* of the United States. But they had a plan of *attack.* It was based on seizing a few key points and making no attempt to occupy the country as a whole.

The plan went back to 1901. In that year Lieutenant Baron von Edelsheim of the 2nd Regiment of Uhlan Guards, noted for his command of strategy, wrote a report on invasion of England and the United States.

Once England was beaten, von Edelsheim wrote, it would be easy to conquer America, too. It would only be necessary to take possession of the principal ports of the Atlantic. Once America's sea routes were cut off by this seizure of her ports, and her principal administrative centers at New York, Washington, and elsewhere had been taken, America would be forced to ask for an armistice.

This plan had not been forgotten by Hitler. By the spring of 1941 his experts had already worked out the details necessary to put the von Edelsheim theory into execution, using modern methods and modern weapons undreamed of by the Uhlan officer.

As far back as late 1940 the author was told by a member of an important American map-making company of an incident which indicated how seriously Germany was preparing for a possible eventual move into the United States. This company received an order from the German government for detailed large-scale maps of Long Island and the Hudson River valley. The company filled the order and mailed the invoice to Germany—but at the same time it informed American authorities, and the maps were intercepted en route to Germany.

Some time later an identical order was received—but from a South American bookstore owned by Germans. As it happened, this order was received by an employee who had not heard of the earlier order, and therefore failed to connect it with the German government request. It didn't occur to him that there was any reason for not filling an order from South America, and so the maps went off—presumably to Germany. Possibly these maps served the Germans in selecting the best point to land the saboteurs who were put ashore on Long Island from a submarine.

IN World War I, when a shortage of capable U-boat commanders occurred, German records showed twenty-five captains out of 400 sank 4,000,000 tons of shipping out of a total of 11,000,000 tons—or roughly 6 per cent of the commanders sank 35 per cent of the Allied ships lost. Turn the figures around another way, and your approximate comparison of capable and inexperienced commanders gives the capable men approximately 6 per cent of the total loss each, and the inexperienced men seven tenths of 1 per cent each—meaning that the good men are nearly nine times as efficient as the others.

Shortage of good commanders was the reason for German adoption of the "wolf pack" technique—that is, the operation of a group of U-boats as a unit. It was natural for the layman to consider such joint action as probably more effective than individual operation by the same number of submarines acting independently. The Germans, for propaganda reasons, encouraged this belief by boasting of the formidable nature of those wolf packs. But the fact was just the reverse. Individual operation of submarines was more efficient, if only because they could cover larger areas by spreading out than by hunting in groups. In using the wolf-pack method, the Nazis simply made the best of a bad job.

It was forced upon them by their shortage of skilled commanders. For though it was true that independent operation of single submarines under skilled commanders was more effective than joint operation, it was also true that joint operation of submarines under one skilled commander was more effective than individual operation of submarines under unskilled commanders. In other words, the wolf pack permitted the skill and experience of a single commander to be extended to all the submarines in his group. Their individual commanders became simply executive officers to put into effect the maneuvers the group commander ordered.

The figures on operations in this war proved the comparative ineffectiveness of group operation against individual operation of submarines. In the first six months of 1942, when the heaviest losses were occurring off the Atlantic coast of the United States, U-boats were operating independently, not in packs. With the improvement of defensive measures, losses increased, forcing the submarines farther out and forcing also, through deaths of commanders, the adoption of the wolf-pack tactics.

The wolf pack was sometimes able to deliver a much more serious attack on a convoy than a single submarine —but the bunching of subs increased enormously the possibility of convoys avoiding attack altogether. And while a convoy formerly might meet submarines at several points in its crossing of the Atlantic, it was less likely it would run into more than a single wolf pack.

Finally, the grouping of submarines had one terrific disadvantage from the point of view of their defense. They provided a massed target for destroyers or planes hunting them.

Japan Strikes

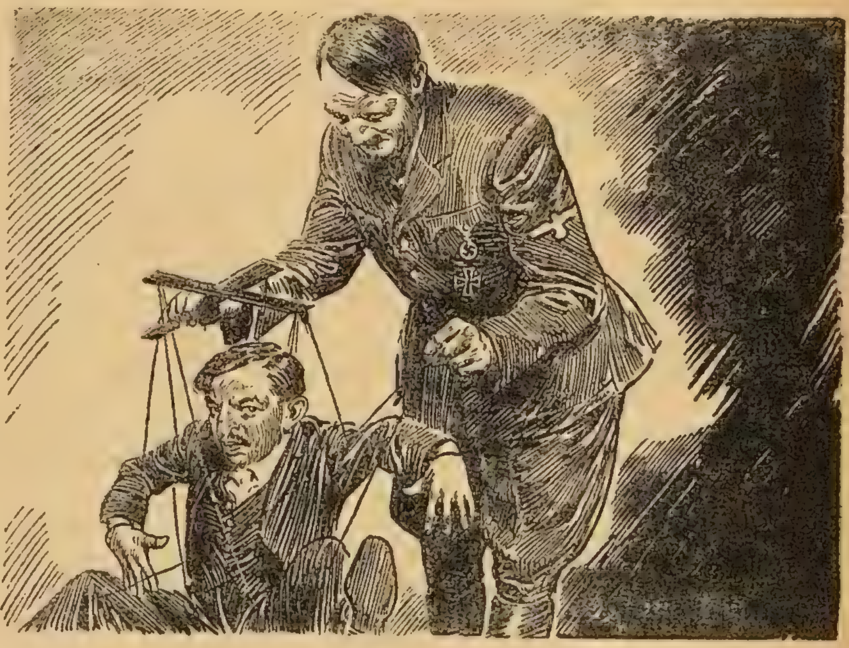
It was not only Japanese strategy which dictated the choice of the date of the attack on the United States. It was also German strategy, whose interests demanded the Japanese action at this particular time. Germany was nearing the end of her oil supply. She had to have oil or perish. But she had not succeeded in getting to the oil of the Caucasus. She had one chance of reaching it—to be able to abandon the Moscow and Leningrad fronts, and throw all her strength toward the southern front, while preventing Britain, America, and Russia from simultaneously increasing the effort they might bring to bear on that region.

She had to create a new front which would keep all three of those nations occupied but would not draw on her own troops. Italy was incapable of doing that, so the third Axis partner had to be called in. Japan could engage the United States and Britain in the Pacific, and divide Russia's attention between west and east, but none of Germany's strength would have to be subtracted from the Russian front to create this diversion.

Thus Germany's announcement at the time of Pearl Harbor that she would abandon the drive on Moscow for the winter was not simply simultaneous with Japan's act; it was partly a result of it. The situation created by Japan in the Far East made it safe to withdraw her troops from the Moscow front, and concentrate on preparing to strike toward the Caucasus in the spring of 1942.

Japan's position at this time was explained by her loquacious golfer-diplomat, Baron Sotomatsu Kato, who told his South American friends in November, during a golf game, what the current Japanese attitude was.

"It would be wrong," he told them, "to believe that Japan is playing bluff poker and will draw back before the prospect of a war with the United States. On the contrary! If we have to, we will provoke that war. . . .



"We have to act now. If Germany loses this war with Japan still neutral, the conquering nations will strangle us and keep us in subjection. If Germany wins this war, we can only claim our share of the spoils if we have helped gain the victory. And if we have helped to win, our destiny will have been assured for centuries. You see that we have no choice."

And before bending his tall body over his putter to resume his interrupted game, the Japanese Ambassador concluded:

"Either the United States will understand that she must furnish us the necessary materials and the oil to permit us to take part in this war as we choose to do, or she will learn that peoples which have nothing to lose know neither fear nor prudence."

Perhaps Kato was too loquacious. Shortly after the attack on the United States, during a visit to Paris, he "fell" to his death from the Japanese Embassy.

GENERAL NISHIHARA, commander of the Japanese forces in Indo-China, was assigned to draw up plans for the operations in the southwest Pacific. Officers of the Intelligence Service of the French Army in Indo-China learned of the Japanese plans and reported them to Vichy. Vichy did not see fit to pass on the news to Washington.

General Nishihara's plan, which was inspired by the Japanese Admiralty and by Marquis Koichi Kido, called for surprise attacks on American bases, with the chief objectives set down as warships at anchor, planes on the ground, and oil tanks. Its most audacious project was destruction of airplane factories in Los Angeles and San Diego by surprise air attacks from carrier-borne planes, which were also to strike at military and naval bases.

With these objectives, four Japanese aircraft carriers left Indo-China about the middle of November. It was presumably their planes which attacked Pearl Harbor. The attack on the Pacific coast was probably abandoned because that would almost inevitably have led to the loss of the carriers.

Vichy was not the only government outside of the Axis which knew that Japan had decided to attack. Russia's agents in Berlin discovered that it had been decided that Japan should attack the U. S. possessions in the Pacific some time during the first fortnight of December. Moscow immediately notified London and Washington.

What followed, seen against the background of Russia's distrust of the sincerity of the democracies, increased that distrust. Moscow saw the State Department continue its conversations with Japanese diplomats. It saw no evidence that the Army and Navy were making adequate preparations to meet the threat with which they were faced. Moscow was seized with fear that the United States was about to accede to an Asiatic Munich.

Her fears were based on reports which she received from her own diplomats concerning the course of the negotiations between Japan and the United States. In an early phase of the conversations, according to the information reaching Moscow, the United States was apparently showing a disposition to accept the occupation of Indo-China, and also, without protest, to allow Japan to conclude a treaty with Thailand which would actually make the Siamese government the puppet of Tokyo. Later reports to the Kremlin said that the State Department was considering a Sino-Japanese accord under which China would grant certain concessions to Japan in return for territorial gains at the expense of Russia (!) while the United States would guarantee to Japan regular supplies of oil. (Possibly it should be pointed out that the fact that Moscow received and believed this report does not necessarily mean that it was true.) Moscow felt better about this when another report came through: President Roosevelt had opposed any such appeasement of Japan.

Nevertheless Moscow took a grave view of these negotiations. She was already disappointed because she had not received even one sixth of the equipment promised her by Britain and the United States—and now the supply line to Vladivostok was cut. She saw in Washington's negotiations with Tokyo a repetition of the spirit which had led her in 1939 to doubt the sincerity of the democracies. Her reaction then had been to treat with Berlin. Her reaction this time was to treat with Japan. She opened secret negotiations with Tokyo for the extension of the nonaggression accord which she had signed with Matsuoka April 13, 1941, on his return from Berlin.

Although Vichy went the limit in aiding Japan, it was natural that at first even her collaborationist leaders resisted the idea of turning over Indo-China to Tokyo. They were finally forced into taking the first step—and it was the first step which determined all the rest, because Hitler decided to give Indo-China to Japan as the price of her entry into the Axis, according to his custom of buying allies not at Germany's expense but at the expense of some other country.

When Japan made her initial demands on France for the use of bases in Indo-China, Hitler instructed Vichy to maintain a firm attitude. Then Germany pointed out to Tokyo the advantages co-operation with Berlin would provide. If Japan would join the Axis, he said, Berlin would force Vichy to let her into Indo-China. The Japanese saw the light, signed up as partners of the Axis through a document whose preamble indicated clearly aggressive intentions against the United States, and new orders went to Vichy to accede to Japan's desires.

Japan, with the aid, willing or unwilling, of Vichy, was now almost ready to strike. Vichy had served her well. First, by the accord of August-September, 1940, whose recognition had been secured from Washington, the French had prevented the Chinese from entering Indo-China to defend it against the Japanese. Then, step by step, by dint of the fiction that Indo-China remained a French possession which was being protected by a strong friendly power, they had permitted the Japanese to install themselves for effective opening of their war of conquest. And now, with Japanese troops pouring into the country, Admiral Darlan made his final contribution to the Japanese cause.

President Roosevelt, in a note to the Japanese government, had pointed out that Japanese forces in Indo-China exceeded the figure permitted by the Vichy-Tokyo accord. This communication to Japan called for no answer from Vichy. Admiral Darlan was not called upon to take official notice of it. But he did. He stated that "there are no greater Japanese military forces in Indo-China than are foreseen in the accord." He added that Admiral Decoux had been ordered by him to take, in common with General Nishihara, all necessary dispositions for defense against aggression. In other words, Vichy, representing a country which had begun the war on the side of the Allies, announced that she would fight against her old friends if they attacked the bases which their common enemy, the Axis, had established on Indo-Chinese soil.

Three days after Darlan had denied the presence of large Japanese forces in Indo-China they launched from that territory the attack against the Dutch, British, and American possessions in the southwest Pacific and east Asia which Vichy had made possible.

China

The paradox of China's situation is that she was much stronger without allies than with them; for her allies lost to the Japanese and imperiled China's position by leaving her flanks, formerly protected by neutral territory, unguarded.

It has to be admitted that Japan in the first few weeks of fighting defeated every Occidental power involved in the war in Asia. She defeated Britain in the Malay States and Burma, France in Indo-China, the United States in the Philippines, and Holland in the Dutch East Indies. The only country that had been able to inflict any reverses at all on the Japanese in land fighting was China.

And it was also true that the battle being waged in China was less dangerous to China herself than to the remnants of power still held by her allies—which had been the situation ever since the "Chinese incident" began.

The United States and Great Britain in particular failed to realize that Japanese advances in China were, first and foremost, defeats of themselves, and that while China had territory to retreat to, and was not in imminent danger of being knocked out by the Japanese tactics, each gain of the Nipponese did definitely mean that they had lost some position which the Japanese had only to collect later.

Thus when the Japanese took over Shanghai and proceeded to gain control of the Hankow-Canton railroad, they not only gained a position from which they could take Canton, but also Hong Kong. Once Canton was taken, China was not lost, but Hong Kong was.

When they went on into Indo-China, Chungking could still hold out, but the Philippines and Singapore were doomed.

BUT what did the great powers of Britain and the United States do while they were losing their own positions without knowing it? They talked about "aiding" China—who was really aiding them—and they aided her in a most peculiar fashion.

The United States sent more material of war to Japan, to be used in securing the positions from which America's Pacific possessions would be seized, than she sent to China whom she was supposed to be helping! And Great Britain closed the Burma Road, reducing Chinese resistance to the Japanese who were preparing to hit at Singapore!

Even after Japan's attacks on the possessions of the Western powers, China continued to defend positions more valuable to the United States and Britain than to herself. And the Occidental public, which had showed little interest before Pearl Harbor in the essential moves which lost vital positions, reserving its excitement for the mere collecting of those points after their acquisition had become a certainty, continued to pay little attention to the boring details of campaigns against unpronounceable settlements inside China, not realizing that what was going on there was the battle for India and the battle for Japan.

After they had taken Burma, the Japanese for a time attacked the Chinese from that country, pushing toward Chungking; but whether or not they reached Chungking was not vitally important for China.

The Chinese could always pull farther back into the interior. But it was vital to India that Japan should not be able to penetrate far enough to cut India off from China.

Similarly in Chekiang Province, where the Japanese opened a three-pronged offensive, later abandoned in favor of moving troops toward Siberia, the chief sufferer if this territory had been lost would have been the United States, which had in Chekiang a base near enough to Japan to permit bombing of her islands. If the Japanese had succeeded there, and if they had managed also to get the coast around Foochow, as they tried to do, it would have become much more difficult for the United States later to use the continental territory of China as a base from which to strike back at Japan, the most practical way of defeating Tokyo.

If Japan had achieved her objectives of the summer of 1942 in China, that country might still have survived in the center of a Japanese Empire, but the United States and Great Britain would have found the doors of the Far East locked in their faces.

Chiang Kai-shek understood better than the great powers that the situation in his part of the world was not that of the Occidental nations helping China, but of China helping the Occidental nations. When he heard of the attack on Pearl Harbor, he worked without rest for the next twenty-four hours, holding conferences and interviews with the object of helping the threatened powers at all possible points. He offered Chinese troops, even expressing his willingness that they should serve under foreign commanders, but the British thought they could handle the situation by themselves. The result was that China lost the oil of Burma, virtually her only source of oil at that time.

Under the circumstances, China might well have been excused if she had upbraided her allies for working her into a much more dangerous situation than she had occupied before they entered the war. Only one Occidental power had showed much understanding of the importance of maintaining China's position, and that was Russia, which was unfortunately too heavily involved in Europe to be of much aid to Chungking.

When Russia had signed her treaty with Japan, she had not for that reason reduced her encouragement of China, though Japan tried to persuade her to do so. On the contrary, it was after the signature of that agreement and after the entry of the United States into the war that Russia secretly sent two military missions to General Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters with the purpose of improving relations with China, which had been somewhat tense for the previous year.

The effort of the first mission was to solve the problem of supplying China with war matériel in spite of the fact that direct communications with the United States were now cut off, and the Burma Road, at the time of these conversations, was just about to be. One solution was found to assure deliveries of matériel to China under the Lend-Lease Act, while Russia at the same time declared that she was at last able, in spite of her own needs, to spare some matériel to China once more. This she proved by an immediate delivery of a considerable number of cannon and shells for them.

The second mission was charged with discussing politics and grand strategy with Chiang Kai-shek. It examined with Chinese leaders the prospects for the future, decided upon the best tactics to be adopted, and at the conclusion of its discussions had succeeded in restoring an atmosphere of mutual confidence. Chinese public opinion still showed some astonishment that Russia had not entered the war against Japan; but her reasons, after all, were not too difficult to divine, and China's leaders were agreed that Russia was following the wisest course.

It still remained for complete confidence to be attained between China and her other allies. A necessary step to that end was taken in October, 1942, when Great Britain and the United States announced their repudiation of the principle of extraterritorial rights in China. They proclaimed that they would no longer ask special privileges for their citizens in China, but would accept Chinese sovereignty over Chinese territory as applying to all persons on that territory. They had perceived at last, a little tardily perhaps, that the government of the Republic of China had come of age.

A Final Word

I urge the reader to add his voice and his influence to the body of public opinion which must constantly remind our readers, during the war and during the making of the peace, of the importance of these principles:

1. Never forget which men, in the hour of danger, aided the enemy or compromised with him; and never forgive them. This is not vindictiveness. It is self-protection.

2. Let nothing obscure the clarity of the principles for which democracy is fighting. Neither temporary expediency nor consideration for the future can excuse any deviation from the straight path indicated by those principles or any compromise with the men or the ideology of the adversary. No one is capable of predicting surely to what ends those deviations may lead. No one is able to say that "temporary" departures from the direct and forthright policy will not take on permanence.

If we use only the weapons which democracy alone can use, truth, honesty, and open diplomacy; if we put aside with contempt all those who have followed other standards, all those who have trafficked with the enemy, on whatever pretext or under whatever pressure—then we shall not only win the war; we shall also win the peace.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

A **MASQUE OF REASON,** by **Robert Frost,** was published on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. But any new book by this great American poet is an important event in its own right.

A Masque of Reason is a mellow and good-natured satire on man's attempts to reach religious truths through logic. Written in much the same spirit as Marc Connelly's The Green Pastures, it presents a conversation between Job, Job's wife, and God. In the Marc Connelly fable, the Lord was presented as seen through the eyes of a Negro Sunday school; in this case, we are introduced to the God of philosophers, who try to measure the infinite with a T square.

Robert Frost

Accordingly, the Deity enters carrying a prefabricated plywood throne, and looking exactly like Blake's portrait of Him. Satan, too, makes a brief appearance:

> "The Devil enters like a sapphire wasp
> That flickers mica wings. He lifts a hand
> To brush away a disrespectful smile."

When Job's wife taunts the poor Devil, God intervenes:

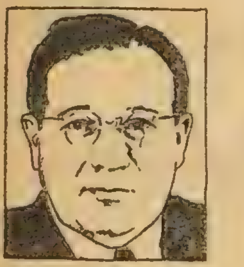
> "He's unhappy. Church neglect
> And figurative use have pretty well
> Reduced him to a shadow of himself."

You'd better buy this book. Why leave all the good things to posterity?

Published by Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. Price $2.

A**T HIS SIDE,** by **George Korson,** is the brightly told story of Red Cross workers at the fighting fronts.

In an anecdote that's typical of his book, Mr. Korson tells the story of a cook who was the pride of his company in Africa. So great was Bill's artistry with the frying pan that the morale of the outfit took a nose dive when he went A.W.O.L., and was assigned to a punishment detail.


George Korson

A Red Cross worker investigated, and found that Bill had gone "sand happy" because he hadn't received a letter from his father in a long time.

A few weeks later, all was serene. Bill had been rehabilitated by the arrival of the long awaited letter. This is what his Pa had to say:

"Dear Son: If you live through this war and come home, I'm going to lick hell out of you. . . . I'm on a sheep ranch in Montana. . . . A Red Cross gal came 175 miles to find me. . . . She sat me down on this rock, gave me a pencil and paper, and said, 'Now write, darn you, write!' And by the devil, I'm writing."

Published by Coward-McCann, Inc., N. Y. Price $2.75.

IT has long been a popular idea that the emotional richness of Negro life made up for what it lacked in other respects. The Negro novelist **Richard Wright** dismisses this theory as just another illusion in **Black Boy,** a bitter and brilliant book of reminiscences.

To Mr. Wright, the average Negro is "lacking in genuine passion," possessing instead an assortment of "negative confusions, flights, fears, frenzy under pressure" that pass for emotional strength. But he adds—in language that shows that he for one is not without passion—that this is a matter of environment, not heredity.

To read this book is to say farewell to familiar catch phrases about the Negro problem.

Published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

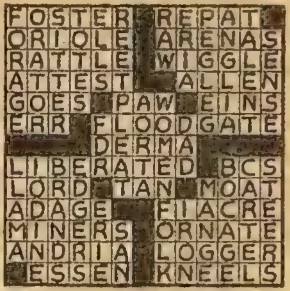
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

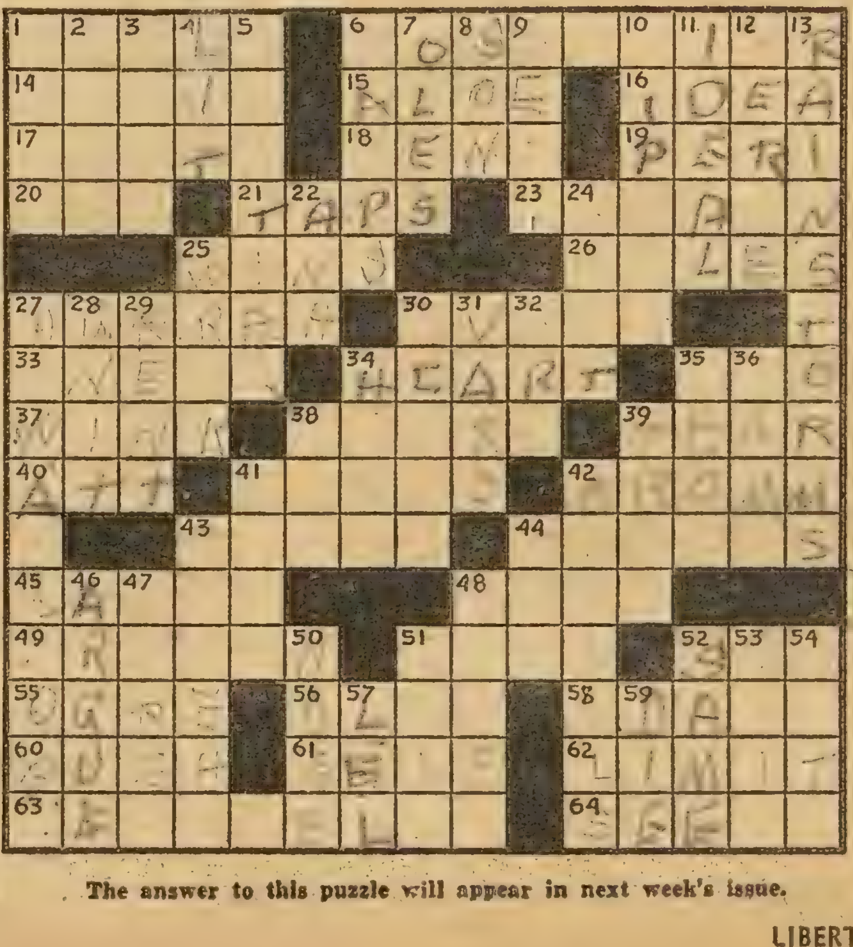
1 You kind of worm, you!
6 Driver of a water wagon
14 Get tricky with the bridge head
15 Bitter lily
16 Flash in the brainpan
17 Just a dame to a muse
18 Life in the older editions
19 Ripe (anag.)
20 He'll be a bottle baby during his second childhood
21 Last call on the bugle
23 The Grandma General
25 Snags the bacon
26 During the occupation of France they worked in the underground
27 Goody-goody
30 This puts the rustle in a bustle
33 In re, or the intruder at a Joosh picnic
34 He was so healthy they had to beat this to death when he died
35 Some person must answer to this
37 Due to the present manpower shortage, gals now give one to guys
38 Got sick and tired
39 Feminine argument clincher
40 Attenuated Tonsil Tearers (abbr.)
41 Only thing we know to stop falling hair
42 Personal schmaltz
43 Brats, relatives, unexpected visitors, and other pests
44 What the doctor said it was in B. A.—Before Allergies
45 One of war's best kept secrets
48 What the A string that recognized the E string during the concert yelled
49 Trail's end
51 Unartful Dodgers
52 Some folks have pusses only they can love
55 Look like a wolf
56 Half a Norwegian said to be better than none
58 Apply hand to collar and seat of pants and bounce
60 "You're driving me crazy!" "That's not a drive; that's a this!"
61 Most common type of lover
62 You've got to take a licking to get even a little one
63 What the seagoing Scotchman shaved with (two words)
64 A couple of jerks

VERTICAL

1 Greek butcher
2 A Tojo in a toga
3 Mechanized mote
4 To save oil, you can't be this after the curfew
5 One-man claque
6 Short pants
7 Foxy plices for foxy 'iders
8 A little connection of ours
9 Kind of look we like from a shallow blonde
10 He teases folks a lot
11 The kind of man you dream about (but never marry)
12 Creepy lake Peter Lorre drowns his victims in
13 Big collections of drips
22 Mechanized crumb
24 He went around insultan women
25 This will make you soar
27 They start at the top and work down
28 This is all in one
29 First tribute to the landlord
30 Cowfederias
31 Rave (anag.)
32 Shane on this dim wit!
34 When this approaches, cry, "Nice kitty, kitty, kitty!"—and scram
35 Try to get a young drinker to hit the bottle
36 Kind of gal with a heart like a block of ice
38 Man in the Arabian street
39 Droolize ice
41 Wild-West Old Maid
42 Children's torture chambers
43 English barons, politicos, docs, and authors
44 The golden apple of a gal's eye
46 What argumentative women always do when denying they're argumentative
47 This has one of the biggest mouths in the world
48 Handy heating devices
50 The durante
51 Most folks are familiar with the No. 8 variety
52 Same old anagram for same old flatland
53 Hams
54 The lovely support of woman, clinging-vine type
57 Large Ears Lapitup (abbr.)
59 He lose face—with body attached!


FOSTER REPAT
ORIOLE ARENAS
RATTLE WIGGLE
ATTEST ALLEN
GOES PAW EINS
ERR FLOODGATE
DERMA
LIBERATED BCS
LORD TAN MOAT
ADAGE FIACRE
MINERS ORNATE
ANDRIA LOGGER
ESSEN KNEELS

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

ROMA
Estate
BURGUNDY

ELSA MAXWELL *suggests:*

"Flatter your guests with ROMA *Burgundy — it's delicious... delightful... distinguished"*

R
ROMA
ROMA
Estate
California
BURGUNDY

This is the advice of America's famous authority on gracious entertaining...and good living. "There is no smarter, more enjoyable addition to a dinner shared with friends—or to everyday meals—than a bottle of richly-red ROMA California Burgundy. Delicately aromatic...velvety-smooth...piquant yet fruity. Simply serve ROMA Burgundy *cool*... with *any* food... in any glasses you have."

Nowadays American wine lovers seek quality—a quality of goodness that comes from the natural flavor and color of superb grapes... carefully selected, crushed, aged and carefully guided to bring out the perfection of character. This is the wine—ROMA Burgundy. Guarded by the ancient skill of wine-makers in ROMA'S noted wineries, located in California's choicest vineyard districts, to bring you unvarying quality of perfection...yet, inexpensive.

Roma California Wines include Sauterne... Claret, Burgundy, Zinfandel...Sherry, Muscatel, Port, Tokay...Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy. ROMA WINE COMPANY, Lodi, Healdsburg and Fresno, California.

ROMA CALIFORNIA WINES

For a quick, pick-up supper, serve your favorite spaghetti dish with ROMA Burgundy. They are wonderful flavor-mates... and for an extra touch of flavor-magic, it's so easy to remove ½ cup of this extra good wine and add to recipe. It's so simple—yet adds so much to the pleasures of eating and friendliness.

ROMA
ESTATE *Wines*
R

MORE AMERICANS ENJOY ROMA THAN ANY OTHER WINE

What do you know about-

A Roman M...?

Mercury. First tribute to Allen-A underwear. Upraised hand signifies early man's search for finer things—like Allen-A. Wings on heels symbolize Allen-A's freedom of action. Beautiful, isn't it?

An Allen-A...?

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WHO'S FIGHTING WHO IN CHINA?

Continued from Page 17

recently he returned to Washington to tell why.

Meanwhile Chungking charges the breakdown in negotiations to the Communists' "insincerity." The Kuomintang says it offered, firstly, recognition of the Communist Party as a legal party; secondly, representation in the Executive Yuan and the National Military Council; thirdly, equal representation on a three-man board headed by an American officer to consider reorganization of and supplies for the Communist armies.

These seem like reasonable terms. The Communists point out, however, that the strings attached to these concessions completely nullify them. For example, representation in the Executive Yuan is meaningless, since the Yuan has no power to make financial decisions. A seat in the National Military Council would be a mere "paper concession," since the Council never meets and has no power whatsoever—the ultimate power in Chungking today rests exclusively in the hands of Chiang Kai-shek himself. As for equal representation on the proposed three-man board, this too is meaningless, for this board would be only advisory, with no authority whatsoever. Moreover, these so-called "concessions" were to be contingent upon the Communist Party first turning its armies over to the Kuomintang. The Communists say they are prepared at any time to turn their armies over to any fully democratic or coalition government. To turn them over to the self-appointed dictatorship of the Kuomintang would be certain suicide for the Communist Party.

WELL, what do the Communists propose for the settlement of their differences with the Kuomintang? Here's what General Chou En-lai, the official spokesman for the Communist Party, told me just before I left Yenan some months ago:

"We consider the only correct proposal for saving China from her present crisis is the establishment of a coalition government and a united High Command to include all parties and groups—not merely the Kuomintang and the Communists. Moreover, we continue to demand recognition for our 570,000 regular troops and the 2,000,000 People's Militia operating behind the enemy's lines in what the Japanese are pleased to call 'occupied China.'"

While ignoring altogether the proposals for a coalition government and a united High Command, the Kuomintang has offered to recognize a maximum of only 100,000 troops—provided, however, that the remaining 470,000 regulars and all the 2,000,000 People's Militia are *disarmed* and *disbanded*. The 100,000 regulars to be recognized, moreover, must be drained from the forward areas where they are now operating and concentrated at a designated point in the rear—"to await orders from the High Command in Chungking."

The Communists are scandalized by this counterproposal. To agree to this would mean to abandon large territories and 90,000,000 defenseless people to the Japanese. "Who's fighting who in this war?" they ask with indignation.

That the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists can't get together stems, therefore, directly from the high-and-mighty attitude taken by the Generalissimo and the Kuomintang powers-that-be in their dealings with the Communists. That attitude, unfortunately, is one of a superior dealing with an inferior.

The Communists resent this, and demand that they be treated on terms of full equality with the Kuomintang in any negotiations for the settlement of their differences. This demand they base upon their war record alone. Starting from scratch—after the Japanese had swept the Kuomintang troops from north and central China—the Communist-led troops moved in, and in seven years they have liberated nearly 90,000,000 Chinese from the Japanese yoke. "Match that," they say, "with the Kuomintang's record of having lost more than 200,000,000 to the Japanese."

And they have done it all without a single rifle, a single bullet, a single penny, or a single pound of food being given them by the Kuomintang-bossed High Command in Chungking.

HOW did they do it? With Japanese guns—guns they've taken in battle from the Japanese and from Chinese troops who have turned traitor and are now fighting for the Japanese. How do I know? I've seen them. I've only just returned after spending five months with these Chinese Communists. I've campaigned with them against the Japs; campaigned with them behind the enemy's lines, where they fight not as furtive guerrillas but as uniformed troops enjoying the full and close co-operation of the people. They are today engaged in offensive operations against the enemy—an offensive from within territory the Japs like to think they hold.

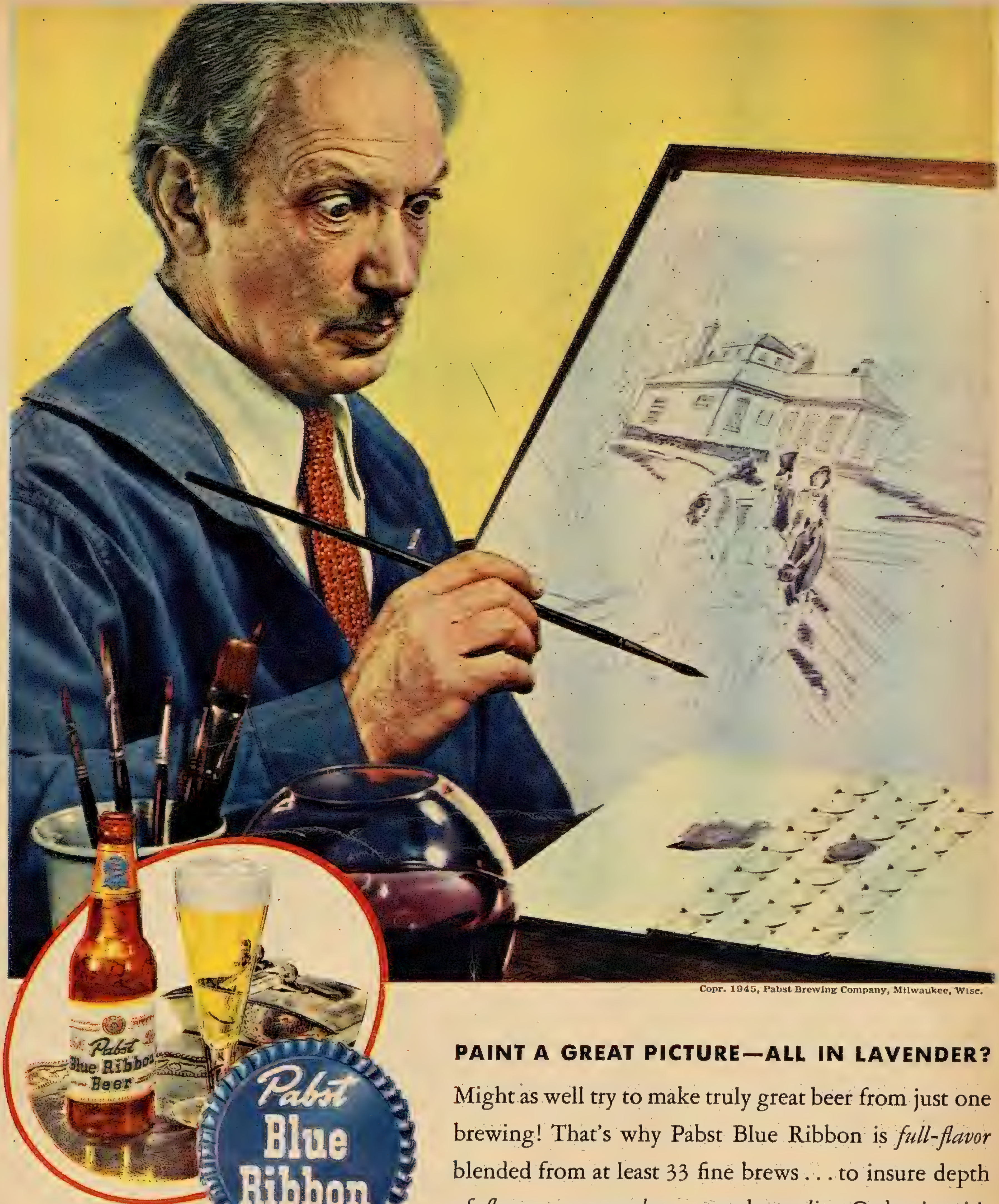
I mean this literally. The Japanese today don't hold even a fraction of the territory which war-map makers give them in north and central China. They occupy only the area actually within gun range of their strong points. These mostly follow the railroads and highways. The Communist-led armies—the famed Paluchun—in their counteroffensives launched a little more than a year ago, have already destroyed more than 15,000 such strong points.

I spent several months with these Communist-led regulars in an area about 100 miles in diameter, ringed with Japanese strong points. We were systematically attacking and destroying them one by one. We'd attacked even the sizable walled city of Fenyang, a strategic Japanese base in north Shansi, and dared a full battalion of Japs to come out and fight while we burned down the railway station, destroyed the installations on the airfield, blew up the city's power plant and a large factory on the other side of the city wall. And when the Japs still refused to come out from behind their protecting city walls (we had no artillery to blast our way in), we stormed a strong point about a mile from the city's main gate, killed all who resisted, and captured fifty prisoners and enough weapons to equip a full company of fresh recruits.

These are typical of the activities of the Paluchun throughout north and central China today—activities which in the past seven years have liberated nearly 90,000,000 people and 325,000 square miles from the Japanese. The Communists' Eighth Route and New Fourth armies together represent something less than one fifth of the total Chinese forces facing the Japanese. Yet these Paluchun engage 49.5 per cent of all the Japanese forces in China today, as well as more than 90 per cent of nearly 800,000 puppet troops (about whom the world has heard comparatively little). In the seven years of war these Communist-led troops have fought more than 92,000 engagements, large and small. They have killed and wounded 1,100,000 Japanese and puppets. Fifty-five high-ranking Japanese officers have been killed, including a lieutenant general and several major generals. In the same period the Communists suffered more than 400,000 casualties.

This rather answers a sharp accusation made to me by General Lo Tze-kai, chief

(*Continued on page 58*)



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(Continued from page 56)

of staff for Hu Tsung-nan, commanding a half million of the best Kuomintang-led troops in China, who are being used not against the Japanese but to form a strangling economic and military blockade against the Chinese Communists. Said General Lo, with venomous contempt, "Those Communist-led troops haven't fought a single battle with the Japanese in the past six years, and it is too much to hope they ever will!"

You heard so little, if anything, of this amazing military record of the Communists' Paluchun because of Chungking's iron censorship. We foreign correspondents, resident in Chungking, were never permitted to say a word about the Chinese Communists in any of our dispatches—except, perhaps, to quote the Generalissimo and other high Chungking officials when they accused the Communists of "forcibly occupying national territory," of "assaulting national government troops," or of "obstructing the prosecution of the war." Moreover, for five years or more no foreign correspondent was permitted to go up into the Communist-controlled areas. Since my return, no other foreign correspondent has been allowed to go up there—this by direct order from Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek himself.

Naïvely, Chungking justifies suppression of the story with the explanation that it is a "family affair" and therefore none of the world's business. But the demands for a hearing by 90,000,000 muzzled people cannot be passed off so simply. It's news—and big news—in any man's language. Moreover, the fact that these 90,000,000 are currently engaging half the Japs in China—battling them with weapons wrested from the enemy himself at the cost of blood and lives—is something of extreme import to us Americans. For we are battling this same enemy; and it's news of vital importance to us to know who's on our side—who's actually helping to fight our enemy.

This conflict between the Kuomintang and the Kungchantang (the official name for the Chinese Communist Party) is, then, a problem of immediate concern to us. There's no question but that if we are able to get the two factions to settle their differences and fight shoulder to shoulder with us against the common enemy, Japan, the war will be shortened and many lives—both Chinese and American—will be spared.

A somewhat different situation obtained in Yugoslavia. There we were able to choose between two unrecognized factions—between Tito and Mihailovich. In China, Chiang Kai-shek and his Kuomintang Party are already recognized by us as the legal government. We cannot, therefore, deal directly—officially, at least—with any faction within the country. We cannot, for example, send lend-lease aid directly to the Paluchun for use against the Japanese. Whatever we send to China must be handed, without strings attached, to the recognized government for disposition as it sees fit. And the way things are at present, you can be pretty sure none of it will be given to the Paluchun, no matter how much we may politely, but unofficially, insist upon it.

WELL, just what is there to be done about the matter?

I had many talks with Chu Teh, commander in chief of the Communist troops, on this problem. Chu Teh had barely arrived in north China with his hungry, exhausted troops after completing one of the most incredible treks in history—an 8,000-mile march under almost daily attack from Chiang Kai-shek's German-trained legions supported by American-made bombers—when he ordered his men eastward to challenge the Japanese mechanized forces which had begun their invasion from the north. It was David standing up to Goliath.

He met the enemy with what meager weapons he had at hand. In the early days of the war he inflicted a humiliating defeat on the Japs, the first they had suffered up to that time. As the years went by he supplied his men with weapons taken from the enemy. And with these he has liberated 90,000,000 people.

"In the last stages of America's Revolutionary War," he pointed out, "Washington received invaluable help from the French, help that came through the British blockade. We, too, need outside help, for without it—without modern offensive weapons—we can carry on a war of attrition only. We cannot drive the Japanese from China."

It was plain, straight-from-the-shoulder talk. I asked him what weapons he needed. To my surprise, instead of talking unrealistically about airplanes, tanks, and artillery, he went right to the point:

"What we need most urgently is infantry arms—good rifles, machine guns, and light field guns for mobile warfare. We need high explosives for blowing up Japanese blockhouses, bridges, and trains. You sent a whole flight of heavy bombers on a long flight to bomb the Jap-occupied Linsi coal mines in north China. You dropped tons of expensive explosives on the power plant and other installations; but you didn't knock them out. My Paluchun operate within spitting distance of the Linsi mines. Give me just a handful of the explosives your bombers dropped and I'll guarantee to blow up every building there. And the same goes for almost every other important Japanese military objective in north and central China today."

IT sounded like big talk. But I've seen enough of these Paluchun in action to have complete faith in what he says he can do. There was, for example, one operation in which I personally participated. Lacking artillery, we were unable to make a frontal attack upon a powerful Japanese strong point perched atop a hill protected with rings of barbed wire and three twenty-foot ditches. Directly under fire one night, these Paluchun began to dig a tunnel. With the dawn we set off a charge of 1,000 pounds of ordinary homemade firecracker gunpowder, and then our Paluchun regulars rushed in and finished off the survivors. A handful of America's new high explosive, "Composition C," planted by a single trooper sneaking up on the Jap fortress, could have done the job much more effectively.

There remains, of course, the physical problem of just how we could supply Chu Teh and his Paluchun, if we were of a mind to do it. To truck or fly equipment across Kuomintang-controlled areas would be, for the present at least, diplomatically embarrassing. But the Communists control quite considerable lengths of coast line. The Japanese occupy only the major ports, such as Shanghai, Tientsin, and Tsingtao—and Communist guerrillas operate boldly in the very suburbs of these cities. There are a thousand places along the coast from Shanghai northward where blockade runners could land supplies. These, Chu Teh assured me, would be taken over and carried inland by the Paluchun.

Later, if we land on the north China coast, the Paluchun veterans, together with the millions of people they've liberated from the Japanese, will help us defend these beachheads. As we pour in troops to engage the Japanese, the Paluchun and the people wholeheartedly will join with us to exterminate the enemy.

I wish I could say with equal assurance that we will get this same kind of enthusiastic co-operation from Kuomintang-controlled areas of China.

THE END

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THE LONE STRANGER

Continued from Page 35

Just as I start to leave, he reaches out and takes hold of my hand.

“G'night, Rocky.”

“G'night, kid.”

I head on upstairs, wondering what in the world I'm going to do about the man who came to dinner, and when Kate opens the bedroom door I find she's worried, too.

“That poor old man,” Kate says, and right away I see she's not on my side. I try to reason with her. “Look,” I says. “You don't have to worry about the Colonel. He's got a corner on one of the strategic metals—brass.”

“He's thin as a rail,” Kate says. “And think of him sleeping out there in the park!”

“The Colonel's doing all right,” I says. “He could talk his way into the Ritz and, what's more, talk his way out again.”

I peel off my working clothes, then hop into the hay and settle down for some solid shut-eye. Kate sits down at her dressing table, poking thoughtfully at her hair with a stiff brush. I yawn and burrow down in the inner springs.

Tomorrow I'll tackle the Indian-fighter situation.

“Maybe he could stay for a week,” Kate says.

“A week!” I says, raring up in the bed. “We wouldn't have a red point to our name.”

“It's fun for Herbert,” Kate says. “You know what a kick he gets out of those Wild West stories.”

“Herbert can listen to them on the radio,” I says. “We're not going to have that master moocher eating us out of house and home.”

Kate slips into her nightgown and eases into the bed.

“We could put him up for a couple days anyway,” she says, “just until he gets on his feet again.”

“The Colonel,” I says, “is the type of character which will never get on his feet so long as he's got somebody else's sofa to lie on.”

I roll over against the wall and relax. Kate suddenly jabs me in the back.

“Rocky,” she whispers, “he's out in the hall.”

“Who?”

“The Colonel.”

I listen real hard and, sure enough, I hear him groping around in the dark. My natural impulse is to curl up and go to sleep, but unfortunately that is not an impulse Kate shares with me. She pushes me out of bed, and I open the door. I'm staring smack at the Colonel.

“DIDN'T wake you up, did I, Ford?” the Colonel says. “Wouldn't wanter rouse a man out of his sound sleep.”

“That's O. K.,” I says. “What's up?”

“Follow me,” the Colonel says, leading the way down the hall to Herbert's room. He switches on the light, then walks over to the kid's bunk, crawls in, and stretches out. The end of the bunk strikes him just under the knees.

“A man cain't sleep less'n he fits one of these pesky contraptions,” the Colonel says, and then he gets up and motions to me to try the bunk. I stretch out. A perfect fit.

“Jes like I thought,” the Colonel says. And then he spots Kate, eying us from the hall. “Ma'am,” the Colonel says, “I don't hanker to take you-all's bunk, but I reckon hit's the only one that'll fit, and even so I'm gonna hafta sleep sideways, like a ole desert snake.”

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“I'm minding it for the keeper.”

The Colonel saunters on past Kate, and we hear him shuffle down the hall and calmly shut our door.

“Kate,” I says, “we're living in occupied territory.”

SUNDAY morning we usually sleep late, then have a big breakfast and take in the morning services at Dr. Palmer's church around the corner on Eighty-eighth Street, after which we come home and split up the Sunday paper three ways, then trade.

But this Sunday is different. Just about daybreak a pounding noise in our bedroom almost knocks me out of bed.

“Good Lord,” I says, “he's blasting!”

I fling out of Herbert's bunk, race across the hall, and jerk open the door. The Colonel's standing calmly in the middle of the floor, staring down at our big four-poster bed, at least what's left of it. The mattress is parked against the closet door, the springs are over by the window, and the frame, which has been the pride of Kate's family for fifty years, is now in four distinct pieces.

“Jes aimin' to tidy up,” the Colonel says, “and first thing I knowed the dad-blamed thing come apart.” The Colonel picks up the headboard and one of the sides, and starts trying to fit them together. “But I got the hang of it now,” he says, and he starts hammering away with his shoe, driving heelprints into the walnut.

“That does it!” I shout, and I snatch the shoe out of his hand, grab his hat and coat, and start backing him toward the door. There's blood in my eye, and for once the Colonel doesn't say a word. Suddenly Herbert sidles in, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

“'Lo, Rocky,” the kid says. “What's the trouble?”

“Nothing much,” I says. “The Colonel just had his bed shot out from under him.”

“Mornin', son,” the Colonel says, beaming at Herbert, “sleep good?”

Herbert's popping in just then is like the arrival of the United States Marines, as far as the Colonel is concerned. The old boy knows he's safe as long as the kid's around. He takes his coat and slips it on. He ignores the hat. I put it back on the dresser.

“Must be gittin' on towards time for chow, ain't it?” the Colonel says, edging closer to Herbert.

“I'll check with the cook,” I says.

“Kate,” I says, while I'm setting the table, “if we keep feeding him like a rich relative with heart trouble we'll never get rid of him.”

“Really, Rocky,” she says, “sometimes you act so hardhearted.”

Me! The softest touch in American journalism.

Herbert comes in, whistling. He pours the tomato juice, then pulls the chairs up to the table. It's the first Sunday we haven't had to tear him away from the comics to get him to eat.

“You see,” Kate whispers to me. “Herbert's a new boy.”

“Personally,” I says, “I liked the old boy.”

Kate looks at me like I was just getting ready to dispossess a couple widows with a flock of kids.

“Well, Ford, it shore looks like a beautiful day—for the East,” the Colonel booms behind my back. And when I turn around I freeze in my tracks. I see the Colonel is wearing the five-dollar shirt my brother-in-law gave me for Christmas. What he's got on under the shirt I can't see, but I can guess.

“Herbert tells me we're gonna take in the sky pilot's talk after chow,” the Colonel says, “so I figgered I'd better dude it up a bit.”

All through breakfast Kate keeps piling

(*Continued on page 62*)

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(Continued from page 60)

bacon and scrambled eggs on the Colonel's plate like we had our own pigs and chickens out back. I'm quietly boiling, but at the moment my hands are tied, and I have the impression the Colonel is pleased with himself for having outfoxed me.

"Ford," the Colonel says, stabbing the last piece of bacon on the platter, "I shore am appreciatin' myself on my little visit here with you folks."

"Colonel," I says, "what I always say is, Enjoy yourself while you can."

WE get through the morning in comparative peace, marred only by one unfortunate incident. On the way home we bump into Miss Liscomb, a sharp-faced spinster who's hounded me for three years about drinking beer, the devil's brew. And the minute the Colonel spots her he says he remembers when she used to tend bar in Laramie.

"Missus Ford," the Colonel says, when we get back to the ranch house, "the parson made a fine talk and I was favorably taken with your neighbors. A man wouldn't hardly take 'em for Easterners."

The Colonel hugs the kitchen pretty close till dinnertime, then he and Herbert disappear for a couple hours. When they come back, Herbert draws me off to one side and asks me, man-to-man, to advance him fifteen bucks on his allowance.

"The Colonel promoting a loan?" I says.

"No," Herbert says. "It's some windows over on South Maple."

Seems the Indian fighter was demonstrating the old art of the boomerang and ran up fifteen bucks' worth of property damage. Not to mention the ill will. I settle out of court.

"Ford," the Colonel says, "I like it here."

The Colonel by this time figures he has established squatter's sovereignty over the davenport, the humidor, the wardrobe, the kitchen, and the bedroom.

"Colonel," I says, while Herbert's out settling for the broken windows and Kate's working on the supper, "I suppose it's pretty hard for a Westerner to get himself settled in a good job here in the East."

"That's a fact, pardner—yes, sir, it certainly is. I been a-lookin' everywhere fer an honest job. But what's a man gonna do in these parts? Sell shoes? Drive one of them buses? I tell you there ain't a real man's job anywheres east of the Mississippi."

"What about horses?" I says. "You like horses, don't you?"

"*Like* 'em!" the Colonel snorts. "Why, man alive, me and horses is thicker'n flapjack batter."

"Well, it's a mighty lucky thing we bumped into each other," I says, "because I happen to have a friend who needs a real horseman."

The Colonel looks a bit startled, but before he knows what hit him I manage to ease him out of the house and convoy him down Eighty-seventh Street to the Meadow Park Riding Academy, a nice stable run by a friend of mine, Jeff Slater. Jeff has a Shetland pony that Herbert rides around the park once in a while, and a couple times I've taken a whirl on a gentle mare he's got named Jenny.

"Jeff," I says, "I want you to meet a real horseman, Colonel Omaha Whittington."

"Howdy, Jeff," the Colonel says.

Jeff's currying Jenny at the time, and first thing the Colonel does is give her the once-over, like he's sizing her up for the big fox hunt tomorrow morning.

"Maybe the Colonel would like to ride her?" Jeff says to me.

I shake my head. "She's kind of high-spirited," I says.

"They don't come too spirited for me," the Colonel says, and he starts climbing up on Jenny. But when Jenny flicks her head around to brush off a fly, the Colonel leaps back, shouting, "Why, that's the wildest gol-danged stallion ever I seen!"

"Colonel," Jeff says, "out West do they always mount from the wrong side?"

"Out West, young man, they mount from *any* side. Lotsa times a man's gotta leave town quick, and maybe with bullets whizzing by ever'whichway. A man ain't got the time to figger out what side he's gonna mount from."

The Colonel doesn't show much inclination to get better acquainted with Jenny, so I suggest maybe he'd like to take a look at the stable. Then, soon as the Colonel's out of sight I explain the situation to Jeff. He catches on right away, and I slip him a ten-dollar bill.

"That's for the Colonel," I says. "You tell him it's his wages."

When the Colonel comes out of the stable, Jeff walks up to him. "Colonel," he says, "I been needing a good hand around the place here, only I can't find any real horsemen here in the East."

"Car riders," the Colonel snorts.

"I'd be mighty proud if you'd give me a hand here," Jeff says. "I can't pay you what you're worth, but I'll make it right with you."

"It's a deal," the Colonel says. "Now, where's my office?"

"Right this way," Jeff says, leading the Colonel toward the stable. "I've been having trouble with my little sorrel mare. All she needs is some exercise, but you're the first man I've found that I feel sure could manage her."

One of the horses gets to whinnying and kicking the planks of the feed trough. The Colonel suddenly freezes.

"*That* the horse?" he says. Jeff nods.

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"Just a little high-spirited," Jeff says, maneuvering the Colonel into the stable.

"Jeff," I says, "this has been a lucky day for all of us."

"Rocky," Jeff says, "I'm sure it's a day the Colonel will never forget."

WHEN the Colonel doesn't show up for supper, I explain that he's down at Jeff Slater's, and he's probably so excited about being around horses again he's forgotten all about eating. Herbert says maybe he'd better run down to Jeff's, but I tell him I'll phone. The minute Jeff hears my voice he breaks out laughing.

"Well, Rocky," Jeff says, "it worked out just like you figured. Right after you left, the Colonel tapped me for a little advance on his salary, so I slipped him the ten-spot, and as soon as I turned my back, he lit out. I think it's the last we'll see of old Omaha."

"I reckon it was too much to expect him to work with Eastern horses," I says. "Too tame."

Jeff roars. "That bird never saw a horse in his life, unless it was pulling a bakery wagon."

I go back to the table and report the Colonel's departure. Kate and Herbert don't seem to have much appetite. They keep eying the empty plate across the table, and then staring grimly at me. My conscience is clear. All I've done is try to help an old horseman get back into his life's work, but the way I'm treated is like I'd just got caught with my hand in the poor box.

"Herbert," I says after dinner, "do you want to take in a movie while I'm squiring your Aunt Kate to the Press Club?"

"No, thanks," the kid says.

Sunday nights Kate and I always go to the Press Club, it being traditional in local city-room circles to bring your own wife on Sunday. I change into my double-breasted Oxford gray suit, and Kate puts on her new black dress. Kate treats me like I'm somebody who just happened to be waiting for the same bus.

"Kate," I says, when we stroll into the Press Club bar, "you're doing me a great injustice."

She doesn't say a word, just peels off her coat, and she's all slim and slinky, and I think to myself I'm lucky to have this cute trick sewed up for life, only, if a thaw doesn't set in soon, I'll catch my death of cold.

"Two old-fashioneds," I tell the bartender, at the same time whispering to Kate, "Look, baby. When this shindig folds up, you come over to my place and ogle my etchings."

"Oh, Rocky," she says, "I keep seeing that poor man out in the park, cold and hungry and—"

Suddenly Kate stops short, and I get an empty feeling just like a freshly tapped pig bank. In the next room we hear a voice.

"Finnegan's the name, Five-Star Finnegan. Worked on every sheet from Frisco to Forty-second Street."

I steady myself against the bar, bracing myself for the blow. Then I sneak a glance in the card room next to the bar, and sure enough there's the Colonel in the most comfortable chair, puffing away on another of my super-coronas.

"The newspaper game ain't what it used to be," the Colonel says. "Girls shagging copy, covering murders, getting the woman's angle. Old Joe Pulitzer would never of stood for it."

Several of the boys from the Herald and the Times-Star are crowded around the Colonel in a respectful semicircle. And the minute I spot Ray Morse in the outfit, I hope old Five-Star Finnegan has had some experience with games of chance, because he's strayed into the lair of the top poker players of the fourth estate. Ray slips a deck of cards out of his pocket and winks at Ted Mills, the ace sports writer for the Herald.

"Mr. Finnegan," Ray says, shuffling the cards clumsily, like he'd never had a deck in his hands before, "do you ever play that game they call stud poker?"

"Stud poker!" the Colonel roars. "Why, I and Irv Cobb invented the game!"

"The old fraud," Kate says.

"Kate," I says, "the old fraud is playing with the big leagues now. He's going to get clipped by masters of the close shave."

Even I begin to feel sorry for the Colonel, because his ten-spot is due to melt like butter on a sizzling sirloin, a sight I'm too tenderhearted to witness. I lead Kate out to the dance floor.

"Poor guy," I says, after the second waltz. "He'll never know what hit him."

Kate smiles. "Now who's the softie?" she says, and when she laughs I see bright little points of light in her eyes.

But I'm curious about the Colonel, so after a couple more numbers I start waltzing over to the scene of the slaughter. I take a look, then another, just to be sure. Now I'm satisfied I've seen everything. Ray Morse is tugging at his tie, the sweat sparkling on his forehead, and Ted Mills is trying to light a cigarette, but his hand is shaking so hard he can't. Both of them are fumbling through empty pockets for another greenback, while the Colonel is raking in a big pot, casually letting the red and blue chips stream through his fingers. He's got three stacks that look like they belong on an ocean liner.

"Hey, Rocky," Ray Morse sings out the minute he spots me, and first thing I know Ray and Ted have their arms around me and they're each putting the bite on me for five bucks till payday. I shell out a sawbuck for the boys to split between them.

The Colonel glances up and stares at me, then at Kate. He doesn't bat an eye.

"Oh, I forgot to introduce you," Ted says. "Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. Finnegan."

"Ford, Ford?" the Colonel says, stuffing a wad of greenbacks into his coat pocket. "Seems to me I knew a Ford on the Tulsa Trib years ago. Funny thing about Ford, he—"

"Kate," I says, "this is where we came in."

IT'S late when we get home, but I notice the light is still on in Herbert's room, so I drop in for a little talk. The kid has on his pajamas, and he's sitting by the window staring out over the dark back yards.

"Gee, Rocky," he says, "he's gone. He'll never come back."

I put my arm around the kid's shoulder. His eyes are frosty and his lips are quivering. "Herbert," I says, "he's gone on back out West, where he belongs. He's an Indian fighter, and you can't expect an Indian fighter to hang around here very long."

The kid looks like he wants to believe me. I point at the yards, little black rectangles marked with low wooden fences.

"Fences," I says, "that's all they've got here in the East, fences and concrete and blue-coated varmints telling a man to keep off the grass. A man like the Colonel, he can't live in a place like this. He's got to have room."

The kid don't say a word, just stares out over the prairie. There's a half-moon over the mesa, and somewhere in the darkness we can hear the coyotes howling, lost dogies bleating, and a lonely cowpuncher singing.

"Rocky," the kid says, "he was a *real* Indian fighter, wasn't he?"

"Herbert," I says, "he was about as real an Indian fighter as you and I are ever likely to bump into."

THE END

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It's hard to say which you'll enjoy most — the good looks of your H-R Shoes, or the foot-happiness they bring into your life. But why quibble? — *both* are yours. And the longer you wear them, the more you'll come to appreciate that fine leathers and flawless craftsmanship are at the bottom of Holland-Racine's standout performance. It's the shoe that has everything your ration stamp is asking for.

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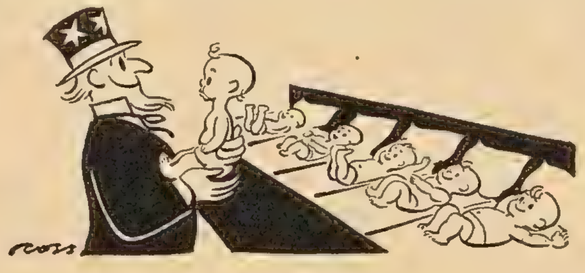
LE SONIER, Inc. *New York — Boston*

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

DEPARTMENT OF VITAL STATISTICS: The U. S. Labor Department's Children's Bureau declares that Uncle Sam is paying the doctor and hospital bills for one baby out of every six being born to the wives of servicemen. Dr. Martha M. Eliot, associate chief of the bureau, states that the stork bill now totals nearly $70,000,000 after two years of operation of the emergency maternity and infant-care program. Five hundred thousand babies have been born under the program, and 200,000 more are on the way. Hospital and nursing care is provided up to six weeks after birth. This wartime measure makes service available without cost to wives of servicemen.



. . . One million Americans disappear from their homes annually. Debts, nagging, boredom, amnesia, and wanderlust are presumably the causes. . . . American soldiers get an average of 307 pounds of meat a year, or 160 pounds more than the average civilian consumed in 1944, according to the Army. Soldiers in the United States average 25.48 pounds of butter a year, while overseas troops get 16.74 pounds. In 1944, civilians averaged 11.8. If you're hungry, join the Army. . . . The Census Bureau says that, based on a survey of cities with populations of 100,000 or more, there were 1,557,000 U. S. marriages in 1943, and 1,441,000 in 1944. There were 1,444,365 boy babies born in this country in its first full year of the war, and only 1,364,631 girl babies.

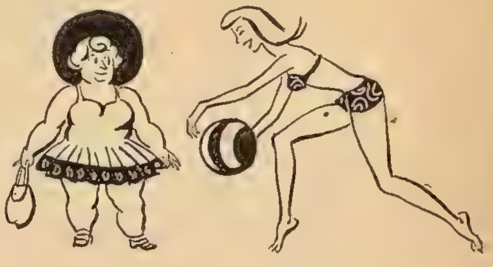
HOME IS ON THE SKIDS: I shudder to think what husbands would like to do to the jolly announcer who introduced a radio broadcast by urging wives to drop their brooms, dustcloths, and dirty dishes so that they could sit down and give their undivided attention to a lyrical description of the product his show was bent on selling. If radio lures the housewife away from her duties, home will certainly be on the skids when television sets are available to a large public and television itself is perfected to the point where its movie-like screen can be viewed in daylight as well as in the dark. Heaven only knows when Momma will do the laundry and the cooking in an era when she must look as well as listen to the programs that congest the air!

BURIED TREASURE: Recently the New York Telephone Company delivered the 1945 spring-summer edition of its Classified Telephone Directory, known as the Red Book. The company previously issued its usual warning to subscribers not to leave money or valuable papers filed among the pages of the outdated directories, which are collected for paper salvage. That such a warning is necessary suggests that innumerable homes the country over harbor in books, teapots, and attics forgotten treasure which would do well to come out of hiding and turn itself into life-saving and profit-making war bonds.

UNCONQUERABLE SOULS: Mrs. Sadie A. Spencer of Worcester, Massachusetts, is the wife of a disabled veteran of the first World War. Their twenty-year-old son, Private Edward A. Spencer, was killed in the Marshall Islands invasion. Said Mrs. Spencer, on enlisting in the Women's Army Corps, "If I can't have him back, I can at least help other boys to come home." . . . Corporal Thomas Swann of Ophelia, Virginia, lost both legs when he stepped on a land mine at Anzio, Italy. In civilian life he was a bus driver and a mechanic. When his legs were amputated above the knee, he thought he might not be able to drive an automobile or a bus again, but he has already learned to drive a specially equipped car, and to walk with the aid of crutches. He was the first such veteran at Lawson General Hospital in Atlanta, Georgia, to pass the road test for a driver's license. The next time I hear myself griping about rayon stockings, I hope I'll remember how lucky I am to have two legs on which to wear them.

URBAN HOUSEWIFE HAILS LABOR SHORTAGE

A window washer's hard to get,
But I can manage not to fret
When murky panes obscure the light
And turn the daytime into night.
They help to hide the *in*side dust
Which I'm too busy to decrust.

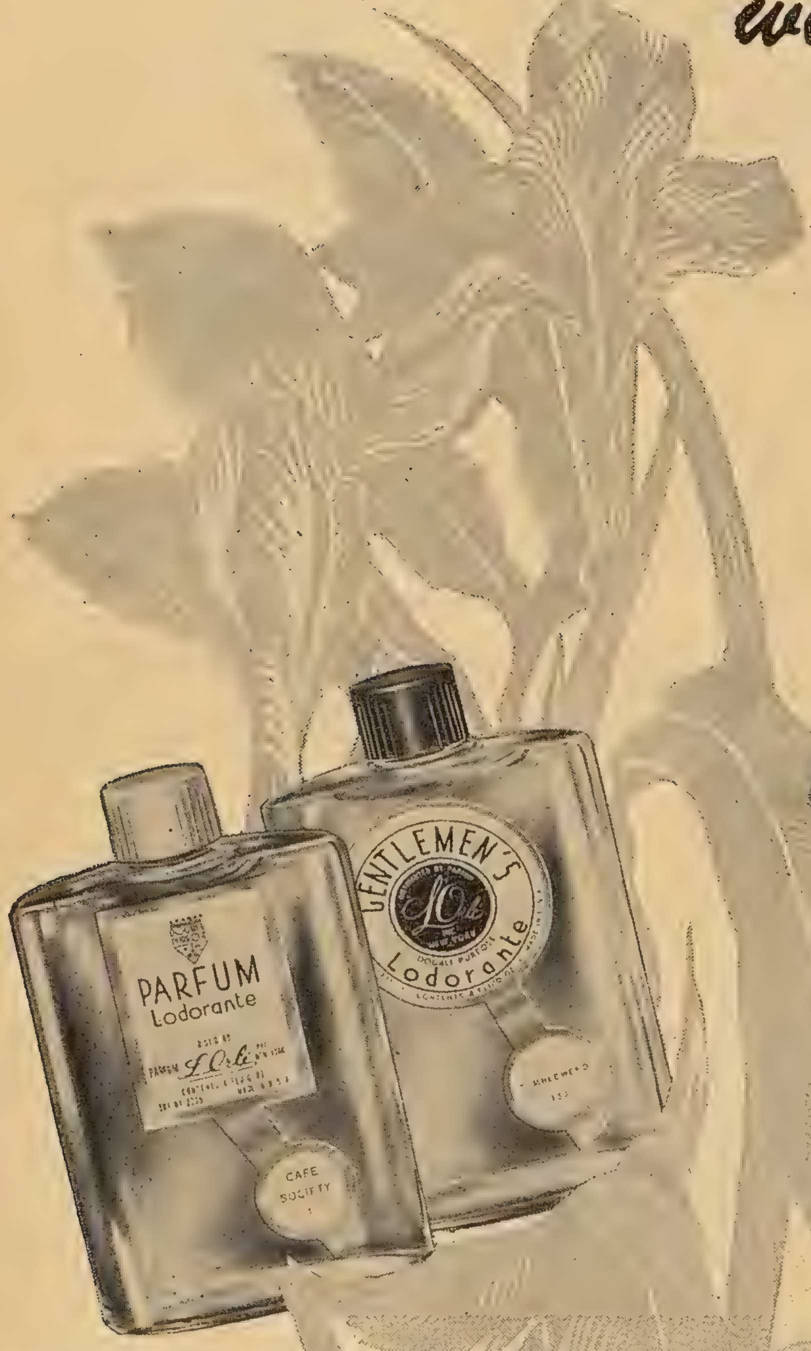


BARE FACTS: Plenty of disillusioning facts about the female form will be laid bare during the coming summer, if beachwear stylists continue to have their way. And they will, because what they route into the stores is what women buy, whether it will prove a blot on the seascape or not. A large New York department store whose "Seaside Shop" opened this month, offers some revealing little numbers. In addition to scanty bathing suits and play clothes for the moderate figure, this penetrating store has made a point of remembering that its public is largely made up of large women. A special collection has been assembled in what is tactfully called the Women's Casual Shop for the overstuffed dowager who hasn't lost her urge to caper on the beach, more power to her! She's to have slacks and low backs and play suits too.

ENJOY *the* MAGNETISM
of Lasting Fragrant Freshness

with L'Orlé

Lodorante



THE *original* and *exclusive double-purpose over-all* refreshant that perfumes and deodorizes at the same time! Enhances your personal charm and *safeguards* your *social security...* by keeping you fragrantly youth-fresh.

"AFFINITIES IN THEIR HARMONY
OF FRAGRANCE"

for Women...	*for Men...*
1. CAFE SOCIETY	130. TUMBLEWEED
2. TRESPASS	133. BOOTS & SADDLE
4. SYNOPSIS	134. FIELD AND STREAM
6. BEWARE	135. STICK AND BALL
10. DARE ME	143. SKIING
30. TUMBLEWEED	145. CLOVER HAY

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have a pouchful of fresh tobacco!
"seals as it closes"

A cross section showing how lips of the patented inner pouch are sealed tightly when the outer pouch is zipped shut.

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Rogers Air-tite

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The last pipeful of tobacco is as enjoyable as the first . . . thanks to the patented way the Rogers Air-Tite inner Pouch SEALS itself. When you close the zipper, the inner lips are tightly pressed together, automatically sealing in the freshness and the aroma of the tobacco. Exquisitely made of fine leathers in a variety of models, by Rogers craftsmen . . . Model No. 213 (illustrated above) $3, others from $1.50 to $15. At better shops everywhere.

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U. S. Agts. for Peterson's Pipes, Dublin & London

THIS MAN'S WAR

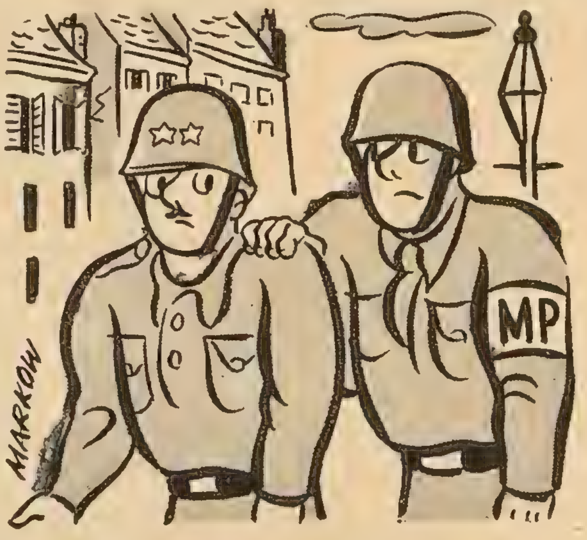
CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

SOME of us have been in over four years and wonder if it's best to forget everything but the Army. We came in for a year of military training, we're still here, and we don't know when we're going to get out. Were we suckers?
Pvt. M. O'K., Fort Meade, Md.

Yes, you were and are a sucker if you've been in the Army that long and haven't found out yet what the war is about.

* * *

If Edison, Henry Kaiser, Donald Nelson, and Einstein were in our armed forces today, it would be impossible for them to put over any idea they got. Very little effort is made to distinguish between gripes and ideas. Ten million G. I.s can't be wrong. Why don't they listen to us?
A. A. H., Seabees, Camp Parks, Calif.



An M. P.

Stow it, because you're wrong. The bazooka, a weapon that has been responsible for hundreds of enemy tanks being destroyed, was invented by a colonel and a private. The colonel invented the "pipe," the private thought up the shell. Put any suggestions you have in writing and send them to your C. O.

* * *

Just how much authority has an M. P.?
Mrs. J. R. H., Richmond, Calif.

While on duty, an M. P. could arrest Generals MacArthur, Eisenhower, and Marshall together. That M. P.s don't abuse their power is a tribute to the Corps of Military Police.

* * *

A friend of my son, wounded in the Pacific, said the Red Cross had charged him eighteen dollars for blood plasma. Could such a thing be possible?
Mrs. J. L., Chicago, Ill.

Positively not. This incredible rumor is answered here once and for all.

* * *

My brother has allotted 10 per cent of his pay to war bonds, and he has not received any in a long time. He is now overseas. How can I check on them?
K. L., Owensboro, Ky.

If they were purchased before he went overseas, write to the War Bond officer at his old post. The Army War Bond office, 366 West Adams Street, Chicago 6, Illinois, now handles all bonds bought by men overseas. One of the two will solve your problem.

* * *

The government was paying the premiums on my private (civilian) insurance. How soon after my discharge must I repay that money? Also, how do I change the beneficiary on my government insurance?
V. C. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.

You have two years after discharge to repay that loan. To change the beneficiary on government insurance, write to Director of Insurance, Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C.

* * *

I am a line-company aideman out here in the Pacific. In combat, we sometimes go farther front than the infantry to pick up the wounded. Why aren't we entitled to wear the Combat Infantrymen's Badge?
Pfc. T. P. Z., APO, San Francisco, Calif.

A Combat Medics Badge has been approved by the War Department. A bill has been introduced in Congress to have it carry the same ten-dollar pay raise that the Infantrymen's Badge carries.

* * *

My husband was killed on D-Day in France. I received his Purple Heart. In making a trip, my suitcase was lost and the medal was lost with it. How can I get another?
Mrs. M. H., Alton, Ill.

You may purchase another one if you have the proper papers to prove your right to it. If you haven't, write to Awards & Decorations Branch, Adjutant General's Office, Washington 25, D. C., and ask them for a copy of the citation awarding the medal to your husband.

* * *

I failed to get a discharge button when I got my honorable discharge. How can I get one?
W. A. McL., Jr., Durham, N. C.

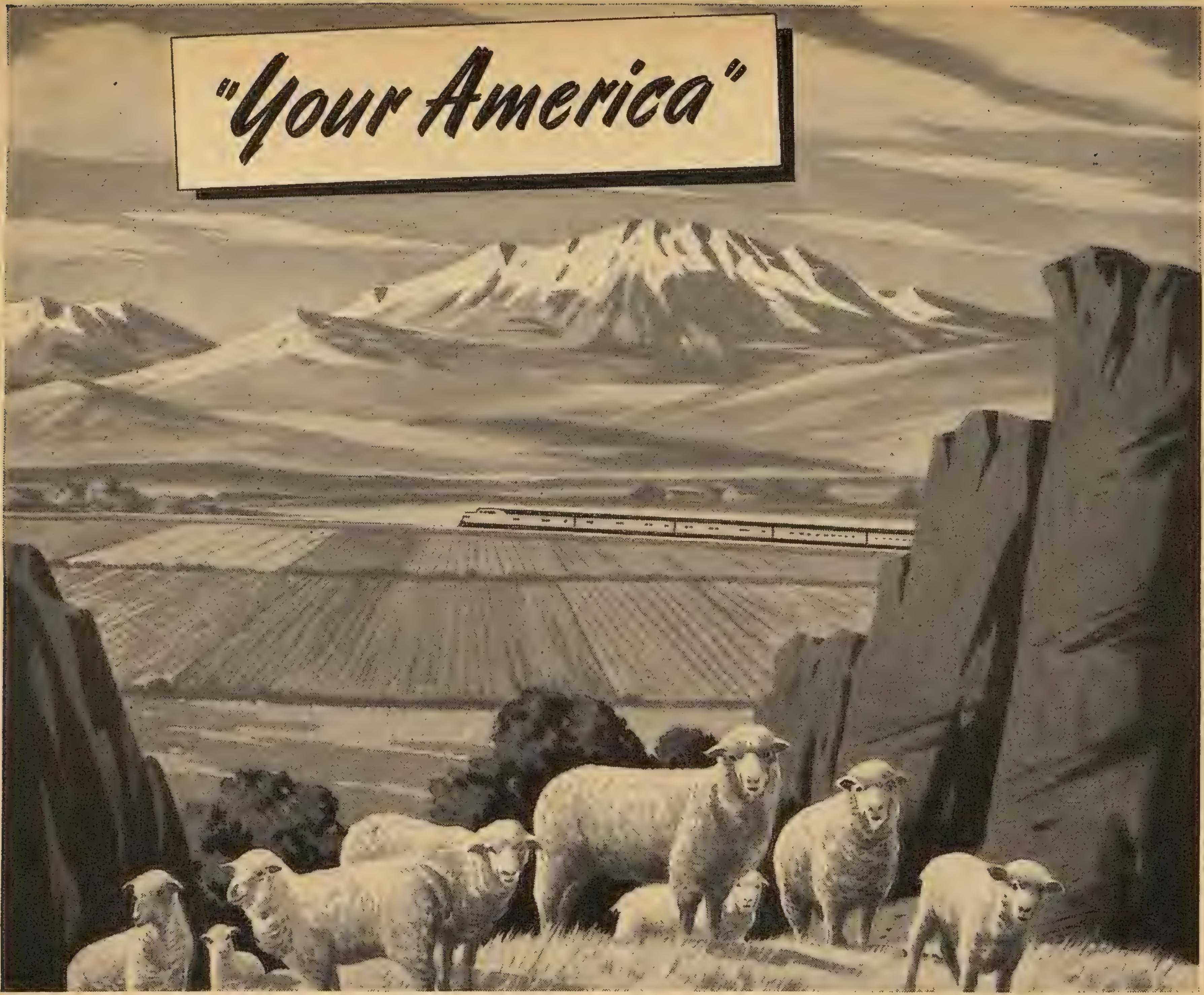
By showing your discharge certificate at any authorized store, you will be allowed to purchase a discharge button.

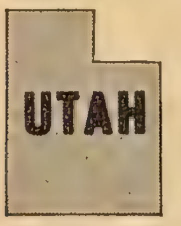
* * *

Can you help out a 4-F? The Army released me after serving as a skipper on a "T" boat in the West Indies. Can I get a job working for them in the Pacific?
A. B., Bridgeton, N. J.

Give your qualification and experience in letter form to Industrial Personnel Division, Office of the Chief of Transportation, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.


"Your America"



. . . All America is, today, particularly thankful that Utah was endowed with fertile soil and abundant mineral deposits as well as sublime scenery.

Its sheep, wool, sugar beets and other farm products . . . its copper, silver and rare minerals are contributing in large measure to the Allied cause.

In 1869, the rails of the Union Pacific reached Utah and with the driving of the historic Golden Spike, America's first transcontinental railroad was completed; a triumph for the fundamental principle of individual enterprise and initiative.

Since that memorable year, Union Pacific has transported Utah's products and people over the Strategic Middle Route, uniting Utah with the East and the Pacific Coast; has, in peacetime, transported thousands of vacationists to Utah's colorful National Parks, Bryce Canyon and Zion.

Utah calls the attention of the nation to its wealth of natural resources . . . to its facilities and space for future industrial expansion. Utah is well prepared to play an important part in the peacetime development of Your America.

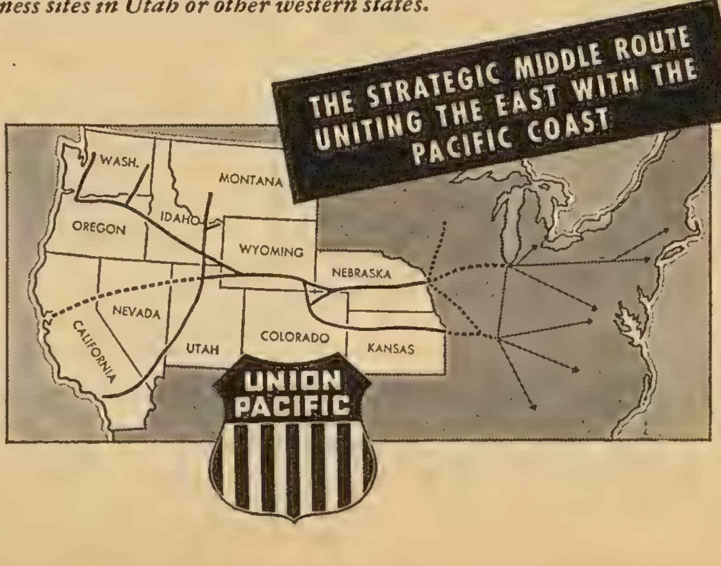
NOTE: Write Union Pacific, Omaha, Neb., for information regarding industrial or business sites in Utah or other western states.

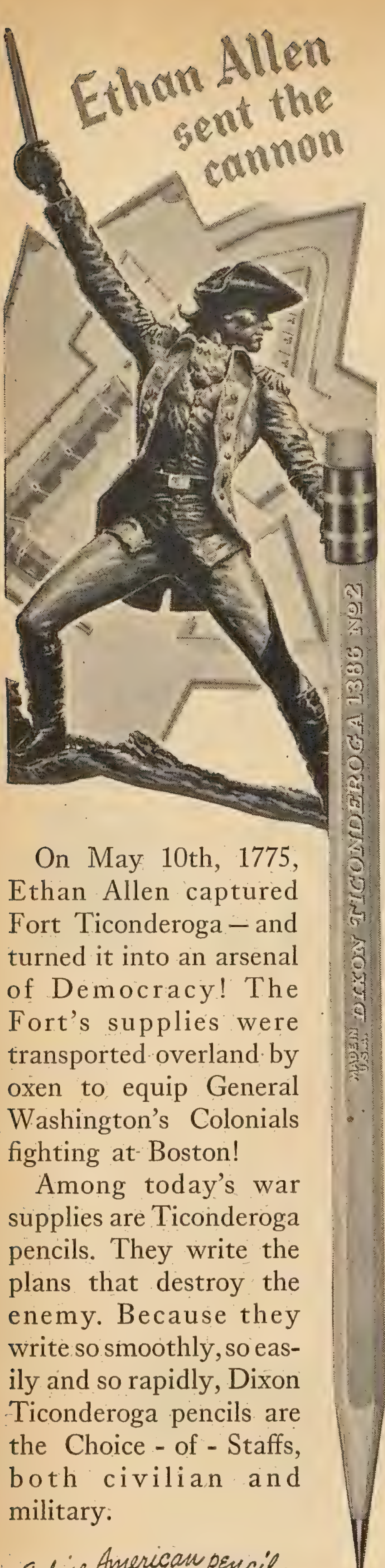
THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC

RAILROAD

● *Listen to "YOUR AMERICA"—Mutual network—every Sunday afternoon, 4 pm, E. W. T.*


THE STRATEGIC MIDDLE ROUTE UNITING THE EAST WITH THE PACIFIC COAST
WASH.
MONTANA
OREGON
IDAHO
WYOMING
NEBRASKA
NEVADA
CALIFORNIA
UTAH
COLORADO
KANSAS
UNION PACIFIC



On May 10th, 1775, Ethan Allen captured Fort Ticonderoga—and turned it into an arsenal of Democracy! The Fort's supplies were transported overland by oxen to equip General Washington's Colonials fighting at Boston!

Among today's war supplies are Ticonderoga pencils. They write the plans that destroy the enemy. Because they write so smoothly, so easily and so rapidly, Dixon Ticonderoga pencils are the Choice-of-Staffs, both civilian and military.

A fine American pencil with a fine American name

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J5, Jersey City 3, N. J.

WHAT PETRILLO'S VICTORY MEANS TO YOU

Continued from Page 25

finger: "If the union can force employers to supply the funds for a private relief scheme, why can't others do the same thing?" And, "If one union can levy a tax on an industrial product, why not others *ad infinitum,* with the public inevitably paying the bill?"

But the arresting and critical fact of the matter is that American industry did not seem to share this fear. The record manufacturers say now: "During all this fight, no other element of industry or management came forward to support us. We tried to interest the National Association of Manufacturers, but they said our situation was unique and could not possibly apply to any other industry. The coal operators never said a word or lifted a finger to help us."

As a matter of fact, many record manufacturers insisted to their disturbed colleagues that the "Petrillo principle" could not be extended to other industries. "The man who makes a pair of shoes," they said, "or mines a ton of iron is not producing an article which competes with his opportunity to make another pair or dig another ton. The pair of shoes does not perpetuate and repeat countless times the skills which went into its production."

Eventually Petrillo won. The companies acceded to all his demands. He will, for the next two years, have about one million dollars a year to use as he and his inner circle choose.

MEANWHILE there is the question of the movies. In two years, talking pictures knocked about 20,000 musicians out of their jobs in orchestra pits. Nowadays sound tracks made by musicians on the films compete with live music as much as do recordings. And the countless one-reelers of name bands, which play in hundreds of theaters, also compete with the musicians who make them and with whatever local talent may have survived.

Petrillo has an answer to this situation: "We'll get around to that. Our contract with the movie people still has a year to run."

The fact of the matter is that his Hollywood local is the richest and most powerful of all, more powerful even than Local 802 in New York. Members of the Hollywood local get all the work they can do, and at high wages. They do not want the national organization to upset their very handsome applecart. What Petrillo does about the movies will be worth watching. He certainly knows that the movie magnates will go to almost any length, pay nearly any sum to avoid trouble with labor. That has been proved in the past.

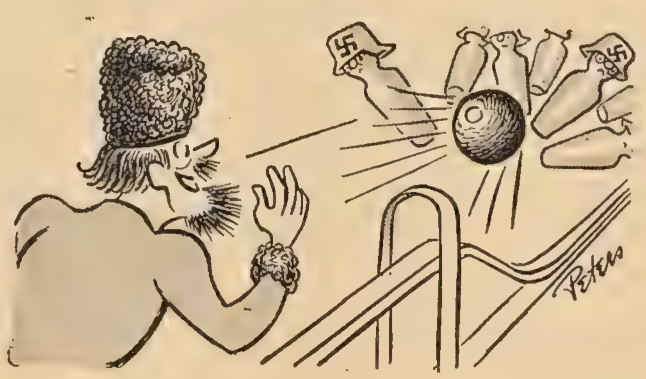
Meanwhile Petrillo points to a tremendous increase in musical interest throughout the country. Countless choral groups and amateur orchestras have sprung up. Eighty-eight amateur opera companies put on performances in their home towns this year. "Most of this interest," he says, "comes from radio programs of live performers, the opera, and the symphony orchestras. We're all for it."

THIS attitude was in direct contradiction to the heated stories about his ban on broadcasts by the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan. Indeed, the Interlochen controversy, started last year, had engendered a national law, bumblingly designed to prevent interference with the broadcasting of music produced by students.

Petrillo's explanation of the Interlochen situation is simple: "It's a big-time commercial music school. Students pay tuition of $500 to $800 for a season there. They started off with broadcasting a few years ago, very innocently. They found that broadcasting paid—in new students. Their program jumped to eight concerts on the air, with celebrated conductors coming in for the shows. This year they had eighteen concerts scheduled. They didn't want any pay for them from sponsors. They were their own sponsors. We're not going to have that sort of thing."

Petrillo's attitude toward state universities and other institutions supported by public funds is quite different. "They can play as much as they want to," he says. "Until somebody figures a racket out of it, somebody making money for himself. Then we'll say that professional musicians should be on the job. And unless they are, there will not be a job for anybody."

"What now," I asked Petrillo, "if this principle of yours should be adopted by other unions? What about all the money that might fall into the hands of dishonest men? I talked during the week to a lot of people on the other side in this recording business. I didn't find one who questioned your honesty. But other men, other unions, may be different."



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

BOWLSHEVIK: A Russian kegler (or tenpin player).

DRIPPOPOTAMUS: When he just comes out of the river.

DECKORATION: What the admiral gives a brave sailor.

WRISTAURANT: Where you get food on the cuff. (Any left?)

CENTSIBLE: Watching the pennies.

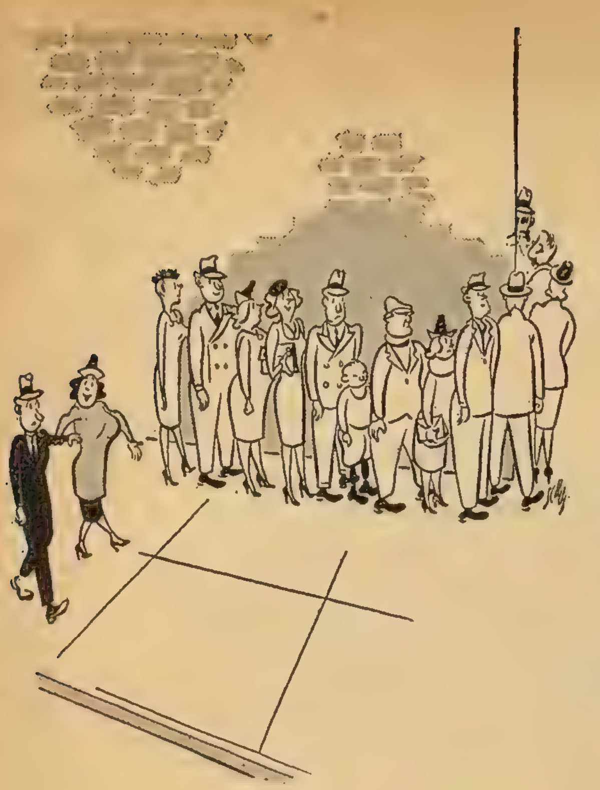
VENTRILOQUEST: Looking for Edgar Bergen.

HERMONICA: One that your sister owns.

ADVER-TIES-MENT: Cravats for sale.

BLUFFALO: This bison won the jack pot in an Elks' poker game.

HORRORIZON: What the sons of the Rising Sun see ahead.



"What's the difference *what* they're selling? We're out of everything!"

"If a man is a thief," he said, "he should be arrested and put in jail. Union leaders who steal money ought to be treated the same way. That's all there is to that."

"Now, Mr. Petrillo, these funds are coming into your treasury. How about their use for political purposes?"

"All I can tell you is that we have no interest in politics. We don't want to elect a President or a Vice-President or even a congressman. We're interested in musicians, and musicians only."

Petrillo may not be interested, but it would be a sound thing for all the rest of us to be much interested indeed. If John L. Lewis succeeds in applying the Petrillo principle to the union of coal miners, he will really have money in his treasury. He asks a royalty of ten cents for each ton of coal mined. If he gets it, he will get sixty million dollars a year.

Lewis is interested in politics. He contributed half a million dollars to the first campaign of Franklin Roosevelt. That was big money out of the United Mine Workers' treasury in 1932. It would be only a trifle if sixty million dollars a year were flowing in.

LAST summer and fall we saw the creation and flowering of another force in the politics of labor, the Political Action Committee of the C. I. O. If enough of the unions which are affiliated with C. I. O. press home the "Petrillo principle," we shall have some very rich union treasuries indeed. And we will be faced with the possibility of government within government: government under the pressure of fabulously rich union treasuries, union leaders richer than any other group within the country—immeasurably richer than the farmers or the merchants or any of the great unorganized masses of human beings who live by service rather than production.

The issue is plain: Petrillo brought off a successful coup under circumstances which may very well have justified his demands. Thereby he established a precedent which may have profound meaning in our whole industrial economy. In the rush of greed, the cataract of words, it is quite probable that the situation which made the precedent possible will be totally obscured. John Lewis is already at work to obscure it.

That is what Petrillo means to you.

THE END

100-PER-CENT YANQUI

Continued from Page 23

shyly and a little pertly: "More better than Tom speaks French." His mother laughed.

He grunted now, turning the corner into Front Street. They had understood each other from the beginning, his mother and Yvonne. They had ganged up on him. He had been hell-bent then on going to Boston. No small town for him. *How're you gonna keep them down on the farm after they've seen Paree?* Unconsciously he hummed the old tune as he walked.

Yvonne had said, "It is much more better that we stay here, Tom. In the city you would be a small frog in a big puddle. Here you can be a frog of such proportions—*formidable! Here you belong,"* she insisted.

"What of it?" he'd retorted. "You didn't stay where you belonged. You jumped at the chance of leaving your home!"

Even then Yvonne's anger had been contained, icily cold. "Perhaps it is better that I go back where I belong?" she had suggested. "I am not without resources, Tom. I can go any time."

SHE had won, hands down. When she was sure of them both, her resources had bought the Everett mansion. . . .

He pushed through the swinging door to Pete Connell's saloon.

"Welcome, stranger!" Frank Merritt greeted him. "What'll it be?"

"Rye," said Tom, setting his foot on the shining rail. "How are you, Frank?"

"All right for an old fellow. What d'you hear from Tom?"

Tom Standish drained his glass with a sudden recurrence of anger. He pushed it across the bar to Pete. What did he hear from Tommy indeed! He was not going to publish the news, not until he had to. "He's still in France," he said shortly.

"He must be pretty useful, parlay-vooing like he does."

Tom indicated Frank's empty glass to Pete. "Fill 'er up."

"Here's to Paree," Frank offered. "I'll never forget the day I hit the town. Spring of '18—and the mademoiselles were just as crazy about Americans then as they are now. I saw a newsreel last night where the boys are all covered with lipstick, and it made my mouth water. I swear I could taste the stuff."

"I didn't know you were there in '18."

"With bells on. A bunch of us had a three-day leave and we didn't waste any of it sleeping. The Folies-Bergère and some of those dance halls—" Frank smacked his lips. "This war just isn't in it. They say the Heinies have cleaned all the hard liquor out of Paris—"

Jim Gaffney edged up along the bar. "Remember stuff called Calvados? That grew hair on your chest!"

Peter said mildly, "This?" and set a bottle on the bar.

"Open 'er up, Pete," said Jim. "Harry, join us. You're too young to know what's in store for you. But you're never too young to learn."

Tom tried to remember how many ryes he had drunk. Three or four? Or maybe five? And so what? If he wanted to get drunk, who was to stop him? When a man's only son is about to make a mess of his life, a man has a right to tie one on.

The Calvados sent memories reeling into his brain. Frank was telling the old story about the time a couple of crazy American pilots from the Lafayette Escadrille met in the Chatham bar. The old vet and the new recruit. They were drinking *fines-à-l'eau.* "So you've come over to join the Lafayette Escadrille?" *Socko.* The youngster had

(*Continued on page 71*)

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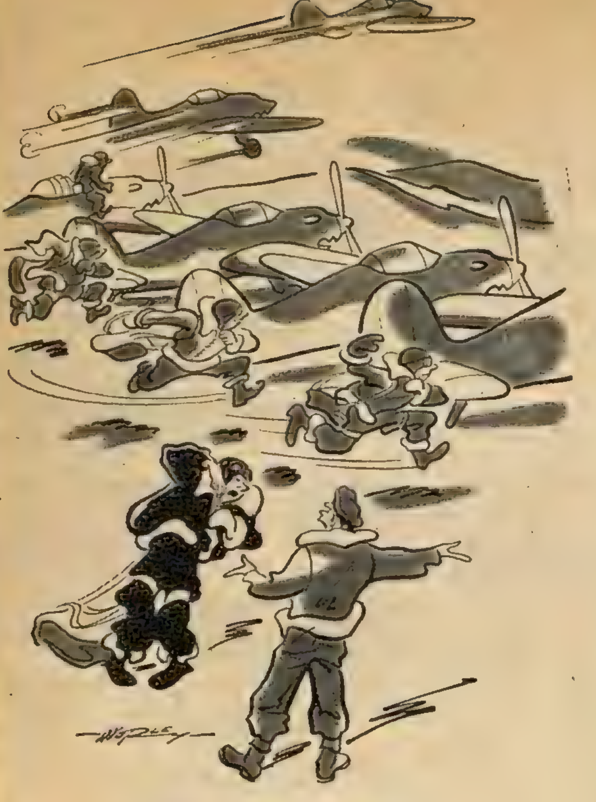

"My zipper's stuck!"

(*Continued from page 69*)

picked himself up from the floor, dusted off his clean new uniform, and said, "Have a drink." The bartender pushed two more *fines* across the bar and they drank in silence. "So you're a member of the Lafayette Escadrille?" *Socko.* The *vieux* picked himself up, brushed himself off. "Have a drink."

Tom joined in the laughter and remembered that Yvonne had seen nothing humorous in the story when he told it to her. "That Calvados is O. K," Harry Nickerson murmured.

"Once—I guess it was the fall of '18," Tom began—"coupla months before the armistice, anyway. I was in this little *brasserie* with a girl—" With Yvonne, and her married sister. His voice faded as he remembered Annette. She had been an untrusting female, if there ever was one.

Frank was singing, in a low, mellow voice: " 'Oh, the general won the Croix de Guerre, parlay-voo. The general won—' "

He wouldn't have made any passes at Yvonne without that implacable chaperonage. Or would he have? The French certainly took good care of their *jeunes filles;* you had to hand them that. He wondered about this Louise. Tommy had written of her exactly as he would write of an American girl, but they were quite different. He hadn't given them any picture of her background. Those things mattered in France. A good respectable girl ought to have a *dot.* . . .

Good Lord, thought Tom Standish disgustedly, I sound like Yvonne! He poured himself a drink from the bottle.

Ollie Webster came through the door. He grinned at Tom.

"Standish is having a night off," said Frank. "The missus down to the USO, Tom?"

TOM did not bother to answer. His thoughts were moving too fast for him to bother with speech.

Everyone knew how Yvonne felt about liquor. Everyone—well, the men here at Pete's bar, anyway—knew how infrequent his visits to the saloon had become. They probably put two and two together and came out with fifteen: Tom Standish is scared of that French wife of his.

"Got 'nother bottle of that Calvados?" he asked Pete.

Frank was singing again: " 'The engineers, who do not stop for trifles. . . .' " A couple of boys in uniform came in and moved to the bar. They made Tom think

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of Tommy with a wave of deep sadness. He touched a ribbon on one boy's chest.

"What's that one, soldier?"

The boy said, "Italian theater, sir."

"In the A. E. F. we didn't get ribbons just for being some place," said Frank.

Tom scowled at him. "Have a drink," he invited the soldier.

The boy turned his head politely. "Thanks very much, sir. We're going back to the dance in a minute."

Jim and Ollie had joined Frank in close harmony: "'The rose of Picardy.'" . . . The young soldiers set down their beer glasses.

"Good night," Tom told them.

"Good night, sir."

They went out, and Tom felt depressed and obscurely angry. These kids today weren't like the old A. E. F. They looked and talked like prep-school lads, with their fresh complexions, sirring a man all over the place. Frank had started, "'Joan of Arc, we are call-ll-ing you,'" and Tom looked critically at his three friends. Had they been as young as these new soldiers, back in '17?

Suddenly he wanted to get away. He jerked his head toward Pete. "My party."

Jim Gaffney stopped in the middle of a chord. "That first Calvados is on me."

"Nonsense," said Tom. "I don't get around often."

He had to make out a check, because he did not have enough cash in his pockets. He frowned, because Yvonne would see the canceled check on the first of the month. He earned the money, didn't he? The hell with it.

Two girls were walking ahead of him as he turned up Elm Street. They stopped at Dr. Blake's gate, and he saw that they were Nancy Blake and Marge Ives. Long dresses showed beneath their dark coats; they had been to the USO, he realized. He lengthened his stride, caught up with Marge.

"Why, Mr. Standish!" she cried, "You frightened me!"

"Look, honey, I want to talk to you," he told her earnestly. "Something that could mean a lot to you as well as me."

She moved a little away from him. "Why don't you stop in at the house tomorrow?" she asked.

"No, now," he insisted. "It's about Tommy, Marge, and only you could help me."

She averted her face from his bent head, from his breath. "Let's discuss it tomorrow, Mr. Standish. It's very late." Her voice was prim.

"Oh, pooh!" he said. "I want to talk to you now."

"Mr. Standish, I think you're drunk," said Marge. They had reached her house and the fact seemed to give her courage. "You go on home or I'll call my father!"

Tom said, "Oh, pooh!" again, blowing the syllable straight into her smug little face. He proceeded angrily to his own house, marched up the brick walk.

YVONNE had left one light burning in the living room, and he moved about, snapping switches until every lamp on the lower floor of the house blazed. He paid for it, didn't he? He threw his hat and overcoat in a corner, took a cigarette from the crystal box, and walked moodily to the cold fireplace.

These young things, he thought, these baby-faced boys in uniform, saying, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," as if they were in Sunday school! These smug, dish-faced little girls like Marge Ives . . . They didn't know what anything was about. That was the trouble with Tommy, too. He just plain didn't know the score. No wonder he was going off half-cocked over some pretty mademoiselle.

Well, he wasn't going to stand for it! He was the boy's father, wasn't he? He'd write and tell him where to get off.

He sat down at his desk and took out a sheet of writing paper. "Dear Tommy," he wrote. "I will not pretend that your last letter pleased me. This idea of marrying a French girl—" His pen stopped. Tommy was crazy about Yvonne; he had to be careful how he phrased things.

He crossed out "This idea," and wrote: "I had always hoped that you would marry an American girl. Don't think that I am criticizing your mother when I say—"

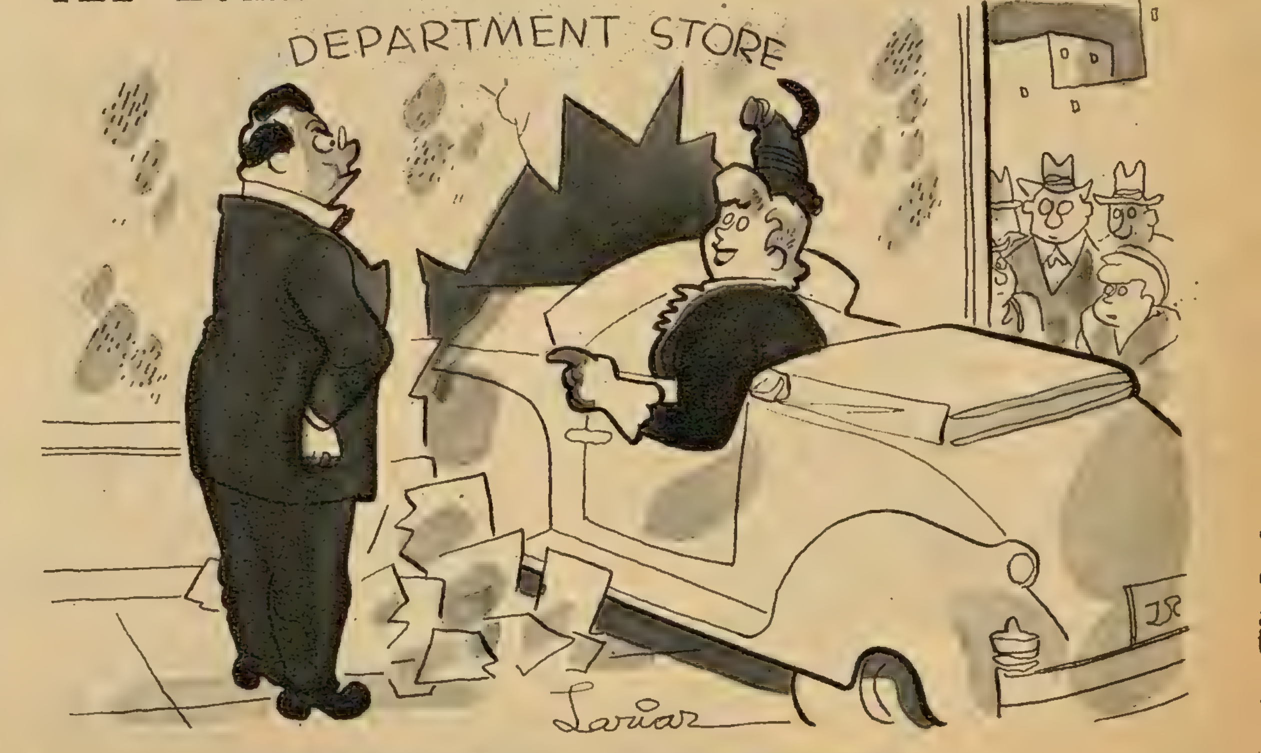
When he said what? What could he possibly say which the boy would not construe as criticism of Yvonne?

Phrases flashed through his mind: "Your mother and I have been very happy." That was true enough. He had been happy with Yvonne, happier than most married men he knew. She was a touch on the bossy side about some things, but what wife wasn't? At least she never said, "You're drunk!" in a prissy voice like Marge Ives.

Which was beside the point. His brain was a little fuzzy from the Calvados. Take it from the racial point of view. The Latin and the Anglo-Saxon are very different. Even if he did usually come around to Yvonne's way of thinking, they certainly

(*Continued on page 74*)

THE HOME FRONT



"It's all right! I've got a charge account here!"

GOOD BUSINESS

By Edgar A. Guest*

IF I POSSESSED a shop or store, I'd drive the grouches off my floor!

I'd never let some gloomy guy Offend the folks who come to buy;

I'd never keep a boy or clerk · · · With mental toothache at his work,

Nor let a man who draws my pay Drive customers of mine away.

I'd treat the man who takes my time · · · And spends a nickel or a dime

With courtesy, and make him feel That I was pleased to close the deal,

Because tomorrow, who can tell? He may want stuff I have to sell,

And in that case, then glad he'll be To spend his dollars all with me.

The reason people pass one door · · · To patronize another store,

Is not because the busier place · · · Has better silks, or gloves, or lace

Or special prices, but it lies · · · In pleasant words and smiling eyes;

The only difference, I believe, *Is in the treatment folks receive!*

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(*Continued from page 72*)

took different roads to reach the same place. For twenty-five years, now, he had been aware of their basic differences. He chuckled. In a way, it had added spice to their lives. Yvonne neither bickered nor whined; that Gallic humor of hers was too active. It could be devastating, annihilating; it could make him angry enough to want to choke her, but it was never boring.

He stared at the notepaper. No, he had not hit it yet, the thing he wanted to tell Tommy.

He remembered something from his son's letter, and drew it from the envelope. This was it! "She's so much older and wiser and smarter than I am in every department." They were smart, these Frenchwomen, and wise. Even at nineteen they knew more than American girls. His eyes went on to the next line of Tommy's letter:

"She's pretty, too—a towhead, with eyes like moonstones and lashes that she'd trip over if they didn't curl up."

TOM said, "Hmph!" to himself and the lonely room. Those blonde French girls were something.

Tommy's letter to his mother was in the same envelope, and Tom unfolded it: *"Chère Maman."* Usually Yvonne translated [illegible] for him. Sometimes she would wrinkle her forehead and laugh and say, "It is hard to put it in English, what he says now, Tom. He means—let me think—" This afternoon he had blown up before she had had a chance to translate, had barged out of the house. *"Chère Maman: Cà y est."*

Tom frowned. It is here. Here it is. Well, never mind. He'd never been able to figure out that innocent-looking little "y." *"C'est vraiment—"* He crossed the room and got the French-English dictionary from the bookcase. *"Je me sens si près d'elle."* He could get that: the boy felt so close to her. *"Ce n'est pas uniquement mon sang français qui nous unit—c'est la guerre même."* Not just his French blood—funny that the frogs didn't even capitalize the name of their own language—but the same war. *"Nous luttons pour les mêmes buts, pour les mêmes idées."*

Buts. He looked that up in the dictionary. *But*—mark; object; end; aim; purpose. Well, that was true. This Louise must have guts if she'd been working with the underground since she was sixteen. If the Germans had caught her . . .

"Quelques fois, maman, je me sens cent per cent "Yanqui"—comme tu le dis—mais j'aime comme un français!"

At least he spelled Yankee with a capital letter, Tom reflected. So sometimes Tommy felt a hundred-per-cent American, but he loved like a Frenchman! He grinned. Where did the French get off, anyway, with this corner on expert loving? What made them think they were so much better at it than the good old Anglo-Saxon?

He'd been married to Yvonne for twenty-five years and she hadn't registered any complaints.

"Je suis si heureux auprès d'elle, maman—comme mon père est avec toi."

"H'm!" said Tom. So the boy had noticed that he and Yvonne were happy, had he?

"Je ne peux pas imaginer ce bonheur avec une jeune fille américaine."

He didn't capitalize American. It was a crazy language, but he was sailing along all right.

"Hier soir—yesterday evening—I dined with her family at their apartment. Food, as you know, is scarce. *Les doryphores"*—that one stopped him. He opened the dictionary. The potato bugs? What was the boy talking about? The potato bugs have cleaned the place out. It must be some new name for the Boches. Not bad, either. *"Quand Louise ouvrait la porte*—when Louise opened the door and I smelled a *gigot*, I had such a nostalgia for you and dad that I forgot to kiss her while I had the chance, because I was back at 27 Elm Street. . . ."

The odor of the *gigot* which he and Yvonne had had for dinner lingered faintly in the house, the delicious combination of roasting meat and wine.

What a fool, what a complete nitwit he had been! He opened his eyes slowly and looked at the letter he had begun to his son: "I will not pretend that your last letter pleased me." He crumpled the paper into a ball, tossed it in the wastebasket. Tommy was never going to miss the smells of a New England kitchen; he was never going to be baffled by inflections in his wife's voice. He had always thought of his son as an American, but Thomas Standish, Jr., was half French.

"Dumbbell," he muttered aloud.

The mantel clock struck one, and he got to his feet. In more ways than one he had been a fool. He could afford tonight's party, but it would have been better if he had donated the same amount to the USO. Just for that, he would duplicate the check and mail it to them in the morning; he'd go without something. His head was beginning to ache. He'd have a hangover tomorrow, and he deserved it.

He went out to the kitchen and drank a glass of cold milk, then turned the lights off. He tiptoed up the dark stairs and opened the door of their bedroom softly. The bed was faintly visible in the starlight, with Yvonne's dark head quiet upon her pillow. He bumped into the bureau and skinned his knee. Automatically he swore, and Yvonne giggled.

He snapped on the light switch. She was lying on her back, her dark hair loose about her oval face, her eyes bright, watching him through her lashes.

"You awake?" he asked, bending over her.

SHE laughed at him and seized her nose between thumb and forefiinger. "You had better open the other window also."

He drew himself up, trying to look dignified before her laughter, dignified with the coat of his pajamas buttoned wrong and only half tucked in his trousers.

"You think I'm drunk?" he demanded.

She was forty-three years old, but she did not look it, lying so relaxed. "I theenk you are steenko," she answered softly.

He grinned, a little self-consciously. "Maybe you're right," he said. "I'm an awful fool, Yvonne."

"Only sometimes," she corrected him. "Perhaps tonight you did the best thing." The mockery had left her eyes; her voice was gentle, warming. "You really would like it better if Tommy married Marge?"

"Lord, no!" said Tom explosively. "That dish-faced little sap!"

"Hein?" said Yvonne, opening her eyes wide.

"I'll tell you tomorrow," he said. He went over to the other window and raised it. He breathed deeply. Everything was all right. Even the drinks at Pete's. It was not as though he made a fool of himself often, or intended to do it soon again. It had been sort of nice, at that, drinking with the gang. He exhaled the clean air. "'Oh, mademoiselle from Armentières, parlez-vous?'" he intoned.

Yvonne's bright eyes flashed. "Put out the lights, Tom," she said indulgently. "You waste the electricity."

THE END

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MODEL MURDER

Continued from Page 19

There was some sort of macabre and gruesome mistake here. The woman must have thought she was in someone else's apartment. She'd been followed there and murdered. Anne and Bill were holding the bag. Of course they would explain. They were in no danger themselves.

Vaguely Anne heard comings and goings in the living room. She lit a cigarette and stretched out on the bed. The cigarette tasted flat and stale. Someone finally knocked at the bedroom door.

A man came in on her invitation. He was a man of medium height and about forty years old, she judged. His face was deeply lined for his age. He had close-cropped red hair and his gray eyes were mild. He carried a battered brown hat in his hands. Capable-looking fingers turned the hat slowly round and round.

"Mrs. Potter, I'm Inspector Bradley of the Homicide Division."

"How do you do," Anne said.

The hat was suddenly still. The gray eyes were still, too, fixed questioningly on her. Their mildness, she realized now, was only an illusion. Those eyes saw through you.

"It's all some kind of ghastly mistake. The woman got into the wrong apartment somehow," Anne said, when she was certain Bradley wasn't going to say anything.

"You had a good look at her?"

Anne shuddered. "Yes."

"And you don't know her?"

"Positively not."

"And you don't think she's a friend of your husband's?"

"I *know* she isn't."

Bradley's right hand moved to the pocket of his trench coat and reappeared holding a small piece of white paper, torn in an irregular shape. He came over to her and held the piece of paper so that she could see it. It was a piece of a torn restaurant menu. On the back was written in pencil: "Bill Potter, 139 East 37, Murray Hill 5-1099." Bill's name, this address, this phone number! Then Anne saw the doodling. It was a habit of Bill's to draw little caricatures of people wherever he happened to be. There were three tiny drawings, unmistakably his.

"We found this in the woman's handbag," Bradley said. "Incidentally, her name seems to be Rose Gilman. You're sure you never heard your husband speak of her?"

Anne looked up at him and realized that her mouth was opening and closing like a gasping fish. Then the room began to revolve, first slowly, then faster and faster. She heard the inspector's voice raised urgently:

"Mahoney!"

There were running footsteps in the corridor outside the bedroom. Then merciful total blackout.

BILL POTTER sat on the stool in the kitchenette, his face buried in his hands. Bradley leaned against the stove, puffing on a short-stemmed black pipe, his mild gray eyes studying Bill. A nice-looking guy, Bradley thought; a little weak, but nice looking. He had straw-colored hair that seemed to be uncontrollable. He had interesting, expressive hands—artist's hands.

"You *did* know Rose Gilman," Bradley said.

"Yes—yes, of course I knew her."

Police photographers had finished with Rose Gilman. Two white-coated men were in there with a sort of basket. Bill Potter's hands kept his eyes covered as they walked past the kitchen door.

"Your wife didn't know of the friendship?"

"No. You see— Oh, I know how it's going to sound!"

"Try me," Bradley said.

"Rose is a photographer's model," Bill said. "She poses for ads, magazine covers, that sort of thing. I ran across her in connection with my work."

"And fell for her?"

"No—*no!* She was damned attractive, inspector. I—well, I invited her to lunch a couple of times," Bill said. His voice was bitter, self-accusing. "We got in the habit of seeing each other three or four times a week—for a drink or lunch."

"And your wife didn't know this?"

"No. It was just a flirtation. If it had been important, I'd have told her." Bill looked up. His eyes were red-rimmed. "I swear that's the truth. There was never anything between us. Damn it, I was flattered, I suppose. And Rose had problems. I guess I felt like a big shot, telling her what to do!" The bitterness deepened.

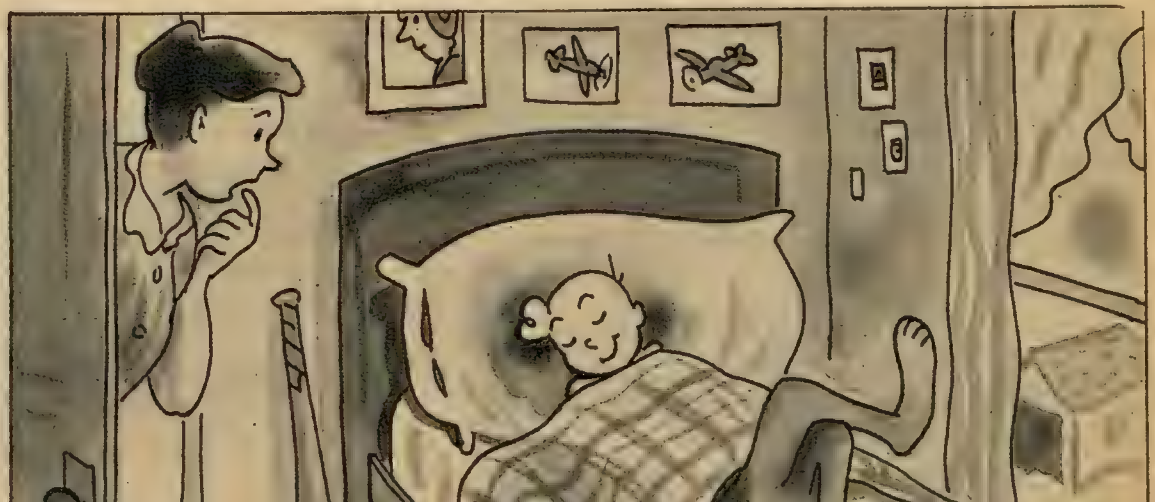
"What kind of problems?" Bradley asked him.

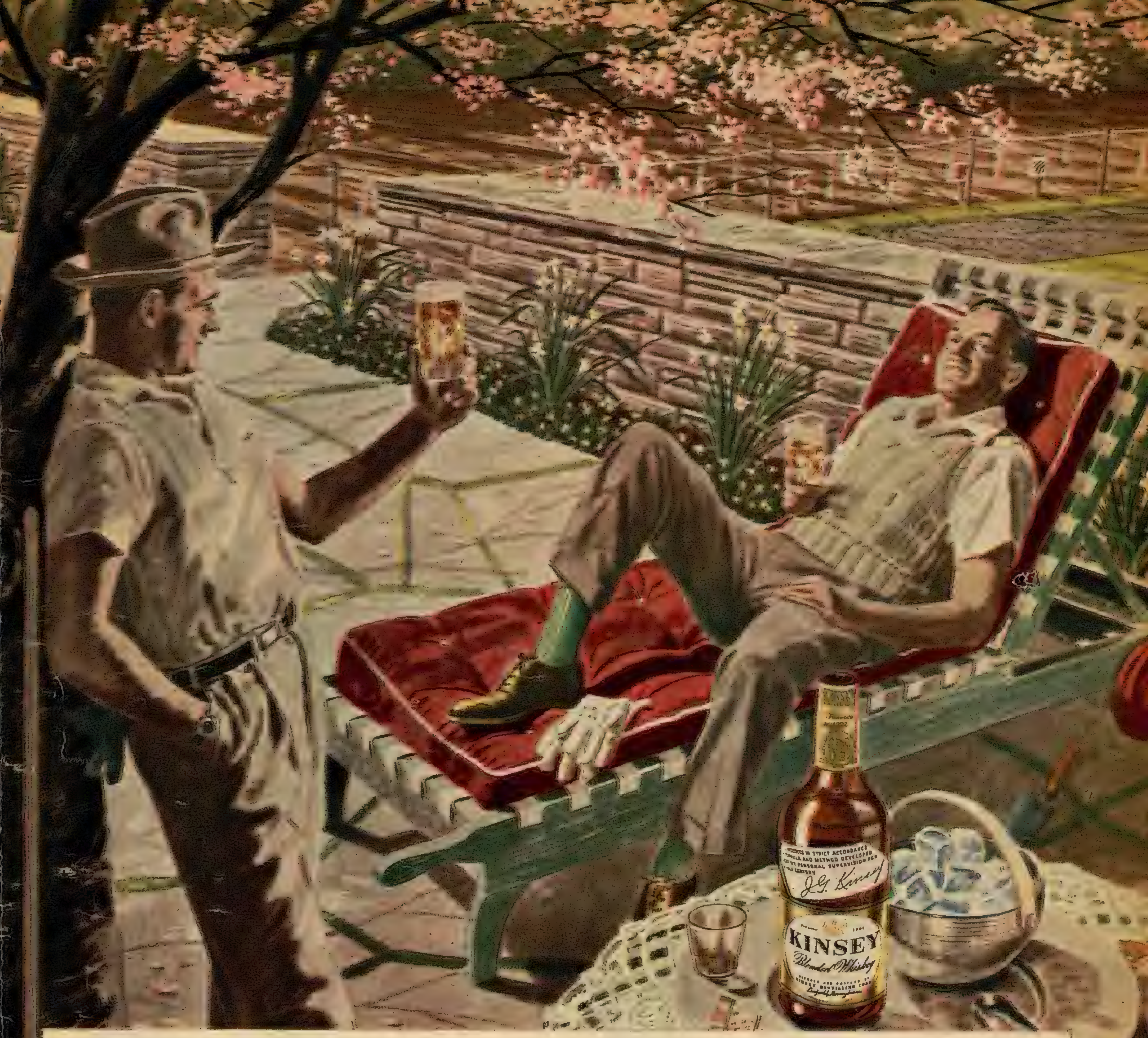
"She was separated from a no-good husband who wouldn't lift a finger to support her and wouldn't divorce her."

"What's the husband's name?"

(*Continued on page 78*)

HARDTACK





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(*Continued from page 76*)

"Howard Gilman. He's in advertising—an account executive."

"You know him?"

"I never laid eyes on him."

"Rose Gilman wanted advice on how to deal with her husband?"

"Yes."

"What did you advise her to do?"

"To talk it out with him—to reason it out."

"Did she?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen her for several days. I—"

"When was your last date with her?"

"Friday."

"You didn't have a date with her today?"

"No."

"You didn't ask her to come here?"

"Good Lord, no! Do you think I'd have brought her here? I mean—"

"Yet you wrote out your address and phone number for her." Bradley took the piece of torn menu from his pocket and showed it to Bill. Bill groaned.

"She acted as though she was nervous about Gilman. I told her if she got in trouble to phone me. I'd have explained to Anne, if that had happened."

Bradley tamped down the tobacco in his pipe and relit it. "Now about this afternoon," he said.

"I worked till about four," Bill said. "I was doing a cover job. There was a deadline on it for today, but this morning the art editor phoned me and said I could have extra time on it. So about four I knocked off and left my studio." He twisted around on the stool as if he were in pain. "Look. I know this is going to sound bad."

"It sounds all right so far," Bradley said. "What happened after four?"

Bill looked straight at Bradley. "I went for a walk," he said.

"Where did you walk?" Bradley asked, no change of expression in his eyes.

"Down by the East River."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"How long did you walk?"

"Till I came home."

Bradley's eyebrows rose. "You walked, alone, by the river from four until a quarter past six?"

"Yes. But that isn't unusual!" Bill's voice was urgent. "I often take long walks alone there. It's a good place for thinking. Plenty of people can tell you it's a regular habit of mine."

"Why are you so much on the defensive, Mr. Potter?" Bradley asked quietly.

"Because I know what you're thinking," Bill said. "You're thinking I invited Rose here, that we had a quarrel, and that I killed her."

"Isn't that what happened?"

Bill was on his feet. "You've got to believe me!" he cried. "I haven't seen Rose since last Friday. I didn't ask her here. Why should I want her dead? *You've got to believe me!*"

"I believe you, Bill." It was Anne, standing in the doorway.

Bill went to her, took her in his arms. "Darling," he murmured. "Darling! I've been such a fool. But I swear—"

"Hush!" She ran her fingers through his unruly straw-colored hair. "It's going to be all right," she said.

BUT it wasn't all right. Bradley left shortly after that. Bill and Anne had supper in the kitchenette, but they couldn't talk because Bradley had left a detective sergeant behind, parked in the living room.

Bradley had said he would be back. He'd taken the knife and the pieces of the broken whisky bottle with him. One of the detectives had fingerprinted Bill and Anne. They hoped to find prints on the knife and bottle. Bill and Anne felt that would clear them. They hadn't either of them killed Rose Gilman.

Bradley came back a little after nine. His face was grave.

"I've seen Howard Gilman," he said. "He has an ironclad alibi. It'll stand up."

"You thought he might have done it?" Anne asked.

"I wasn't overlooking any bets," Bradley said. "We've gone over the knife and the fragments of the bottle for prints," he said. "Nothing clear enough on the knife to be of any use. But there are some nice clear prints on the bottle."

Bill and Anne stared at him.

"Yours, Mr. Potter," Bradley said.

"But, man, I tell you—"

"Of course Bill's prints were on it," Anne said sharply. "He made old-fashioneds for us last night before supper. His prints would *have* to be on it."

"That's reasonable," Bradley said. "The switchboard operator in Rose Gilman's apartment house says Miss Gilman called this number several times in the early part of the afternoon. She didn't get any answer."

"Naturally," Anne said. "We were both out."

"So she came here to find you," Bradley said. "What really is the story of your relationship with Rose Gilman, Mr. Potter? Was it just that she hoped to break up your marriage, or was there something more serious?"

"But I keep telling you—"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Potter, but I'm going to have to arrest you on suspicion of murder."

IT was a bad time for Anne Potter. She spent that night alone in the apartment—alone in the apartment where Rose Gilman had been murdered. There were

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things she had to straighten out in her mind.

She didn't believe in Bill's guilt. That wasn't one of her problems. That is to say, she didn't believe that Bill had murdered Rose Gilman. But that Bill had known Rose, had seen her often, and had felt guilty about it—this was something she had to see, to understand.

She lay there in the dark, staring up at the ceiling. Something must have been missing in their relationship for Bill to behave as he had. Was it just vanity that had taken Bill to Rose Gilman? Was it simply that it had been exciting to discover that he was attractive to a woman like Rose? Or had she, Anne, failed him in some way—neglected to give him something he needed?

This was a problem that had to be worked out. But it had to be worked out in the future when Bill was free and clear and they could talk it out thoroughly. Getting Bill free and clear was the current problem. The police, she felt certain, would try to make a case against him and it might stand up. The circumstantial evidence was strong. Neither Bradley nor the district attorney could be expected to look elsewhere when they had a case ready made. They couldn't know that Bill might be foolish, that he might easily have his head turned, but that he couldn't by any stretch of the imagination kill someone. She had to prove this. There was no one else interested in proving it.

Anne shut everything out of her mind but this problem. She couldn't approach it from the point of view of a detective. Clues and fingerprints were totally outside her field of knowledge. But people! There must be people who knew Rose Gilman—who might give her some sort of lead to someone else who might have wanted Rose to die. For one thing was clear to Anne: She did not know how to go about proving Bill's innocence, but if she could find anything which might point to someone else, Bradley would have to listen, would have to investigate.

FINALLY Anne slept, because she knew what she was going to do. Howard Gilman, Rose's husband, must logically be her beginning point.

Howard Gilman was not at his office when she called there shortly after nine the next morning. She was told he wasn't expected to be in at all. Anne looked him up in the telephone directory and found his home address—an apartment in the East Thirties. She went there.

It was a brownstone walk-up, and she found Gilman's name on the brass bell plate inside the foyer and rang his button. After some delay the door mechanism clicked and Anne went in. Before she'd reached the first landing a woman's voice called down the stairwell from the third floor:

"What do you want?"

"I want to see Mr. Gilman," Anne said, and kept climbing.

"What do you want to see him about?"

"It's a personal matter."

"He isn't in!" The woman's voice took on a shrill quality.

Anne kept on, and she saw the woman now standing at the head of the stairs. She was really just a girl, not more than twenty-two or -three. She had bright hennaed hair and a scarlet mouth. She wore a green taffeta house coat, cut very low in front, with a full trailing skirt.

Anne reached the landing beside the girl. "It's very important that I see Mr. Gilman," she said. "My name is Anne Potter—Mrs. William Potter."

A man had appeared in the doorway behind the girl. He was dark, with a collar-ad kind of face. He wore a red silk dressing

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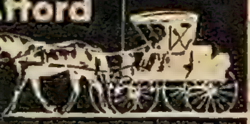

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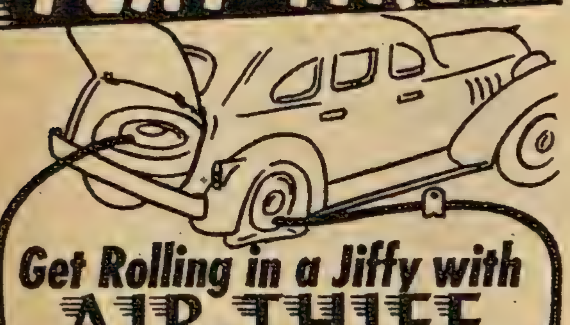

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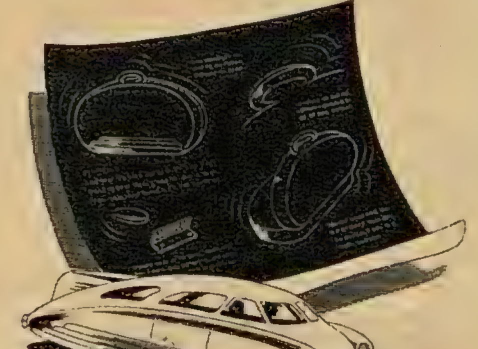

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gown over pajamas. "I'll see you, Mrs. Potter," he said.

The girl spun around. "Howie! For heaven's sake!"

"Be quiet, Fay. Come in, Mrs. Potter. I'm afraid you find us in a slightly informal mood. This is Miss Fay Lewis."

"How do you do," Anne said.

Gilman and Fay Lewis had been having breakfast in a little dining alcove opposite the front door.

Fay Lewis stood with her back to the door. Anne saw that the girl was badly frightened.

"Of course I can guess why you're here, Mrs. Potter," Gilman said. His manner was a study in suavity. "You probably know the police have already talked to me. I've told them all I can."

"You know that my husband's been arrested?"

"Yes, I knew that. I'm sorry. I hope, for your sake, they find they've made a mistake."

"Howie, you mustn't talk to her!"

He looked at the girl coldly, and then turned back to Anne.

"I'm afraid I don't understand what you think I can do for you."

"Bill is innocent," Anne said. "There's circumstantial evidence and the police apparently are willing to be satisfied with it. I've got to find out about your wife, Mr. Gilman. I've got to find out who might have had it in for her. I came to you because I know the police have cleared you, that you have no reason to be afraid of talking to me."

"You mustn't talk to her, Howie!"

"Will you please be quiet, Fay. I'm afraid I can't help you, Mrs. Potter. Rose and I haven't been together for eighteen months. I don't know who her friends were or who might want to kill her. Rose liked to play with fire. It seems she got burned. I—"

"For the Lord's sake, stop it, Howie!" Fay Lewis came across the room and confronted Anne. "He doesn't know anything, Mrs. Potter. Let him alone! If you want to find out about Rose, go somewhere else. Go see Jimmy Ferris—go any place, but leave us alone."

"Fay, shut up!" Gilman said.

"Who's Jimmy Ferris?" Anne asked.

"He was her boss, a professional photographer. If anyone knows about Rose, he does. Howard doesn't know anything, I tell you. You certainly had no right to drag him into it."

Gilman looked at Anne and shrugged. "Our ménage here is somewhat unconventional, Mrs. Potter," he said with a twisted smile. "I'm afraid Fay's concern is more for herself than for me. However, her advice is good. Go see Ferris. His studio's on West Forty-sixth Street. He may be able to help you."

IT was an office building. James Ferris' name was on the directory in the lobby. She went up in the elevator to the sixteenth floor, where she found his name on the frosted-glass door of an office. She went in.

She found herself in a small reception room. There were a desk with a shaded lamp, a telephone engagement pad, and a typewriter with a black cover pulled over it. There were a couch and two leather chairs. The walls were covered with photographs of nude and semi-nude ladies in exotic poses. Evidently the photographic studio and possibly a darkroom lay behind a closed door to the left. There was no receptionist.

Anne was debating whether to walk into the rear portion of the office when the door opened and a man appeared.

Anne was instantly aware of the strong scent of pomade. It was on the man's hair, which was black and shone like a polished pot. His eyes were black and round like shoe buttons. His mouth was a straight bluish slit in his face. He had on a blue pin-stripe suit with heavily padded shoulders and a very tight waist. He was instantly Anne's idea of the movies' idea of a gangster.

"Mr. Ferris?" Anne asked.

"No."

"May I see him?"

"What about?"

"It's personal."

"Oh." The smile was unpleasant. "I'm Manny Zak," the man said, as if it should mean something. It didn't to Anne.

"It's nice to know you, Mr. Zak," Anne said, "but I'm anxious to see Mr. Ferris."

"Jimmy's no use to anyone right now," Mr. Zak said. The shoe-button eyes went slowly over Anne's figure from head to toe, pausing embarrassingly here and there. "Better come back tomorrow," he said.

"Tomorrow's too late," Anne said.

Mr. Zak shrugged. "I don't know what you're going to do, then. He's stinko drunk."

Anne hesitated, and in that moment the door opened again. A man lurched out. He was a tiny man, not over five feet two. He was in his shirt sleeves. His tie was loosened at his neck and pulled around to one side. He hung onto the door jamb.

"What's keeping you?" he said to Zak.

"You got a caller," Zak said.

FERRIS squinted as if there were a fog between him and Anne. Mr. Zak sat on the desk, swinging one leg.

"What do you want?" Ferris said. "There's nothing cooking here today."

"I wanted to talk to you, Mr. Ferris," Anne said. "My name's Anne Potter. I—"

"Potter!" Ferris looked as though she'd hit him between the eyes. Mr. Zak stopped swinging his leg.

"Please, Mr. Ferris, it's very urgent for me to—"

"Get out!" Ferris was suddenly shaking all over as if he had a chill.

"Take it easy, Jimmy," Mr. Zak said.

"Potter!" Ferris whispered. "He murdered her! That's who it was—Potter! I read it in the paper. Potter murdered her. Remember, I told you, Manny?"

Anne glanced at Mr. Zak. Mr. Zak seemed not to have heard. His shiny black eyes were lowered to the pad beside the telephone. Then, very slowly, like a man in a dream, he reached out, tore the top page off the pad, rolled it into a tiny round ball, and put it in his pocket. At last he looked up. The light struck his eyes. They reflected it as polished black marble might have reflected it.

"Yes, I remember," he said. He swung down off the desk and stood facing Anne. There was something tense about him, something that suggested a tightly coiled spring. Ferris was breathing hard.

Looking at both these men, Anne was suddenly frightened; more frightened than when she'd found Rose Gilman's mutilated body in her living room. She wanted to turn and run, but she didn't.

"I know you're upset, Mr. Ferris," she said. "I know Rose Gilman was one of your models. I know she—"

"If I were you, sister, I'd scram," Mr. Zak said softly.

"But you see, I must talk to Mr. Ferris. It's a matter of—"

"You don't act bright, sister," Mr. Zak said. "I'm warning you, you better get out of here before it's too late." He turned and took Ferris by the arm. "Come on back inside, Jimmy," he said.

Ferris nodded, mumbling to himself. He disappeared through the door. Mr. Zak turned once more to Anne.

"If I were you, Mrs. Potter," he said, "I'd go away somewhere without leaving any forwarding address."

The conclusion of this story will appear next week.

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE

George Brent finds his ex-wife (Joan Fontaine) in a line-up of chorus girls.

THE AFFAIRS OF SUSAN

(Paramount) Joan Fontaine, George Brent, Dennis O'Keefe, Don DeFore

THE AFFAIRS OF SUSAN is the lightest of whipped-cream comedies and gives Joan Fontaine an idyllic feminine set-up. This includes a rich and faithful husband, a stage career, three amorous boy friends, and virtue intact. The whole thing gets formally under way with the appearance of a rather unprepossessing male quartet; and as George Brent, Dennis O'Keefe, Walter Abel, and Don DeFore leeringly insinuate that if you knew Susie like *they* know Susie, the orchestra swoops down on the well worn theme and turns it into a symphony complete with four movements.

Each episode is equipped with a man, responsible for a different phase in Susan's life. George Brent as a theatrical producer discovers her blooming unseen in Rhode Island, marries her, and turns her into an actress. Don DeFore as a hulking young lumberman comes along after she's turned sophisticated to spite her husband. The influence of literary Dennis O'Keefe reduces her for a time to horn-rimmed, flat-heeled intellectualism; but mild business man Walter Abel threatens to carry her off in the end. As each new male appears, the others remain to clutter up the background, and the complications which arise are laced with glib repartee and fraught with excitement about such things as forget-me-nots and scrambled eggs.

Joan Fontaine's somewhat calculated characterization is set off by some fascinating clothes, clever story touches, and good performances by George Brent and Walter Abel. And since Susie stands for the movie-fed daydreams of innumerable feminine lives, it does no harm to note that all her fulfillments look rather empty in the end.

Joan Fontaine and the other men in her life—Walter Abel, Dennis O'Keefe, Don DeFore.

MOVIES BY EVE STANLEY

Betty Grable and William Gaxton in an onstage finale to their offstage feud.

BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE

(Twentieth Century-Fox) Betty Grable, Dick Haymes, Phil Silvers, William Gaxton

THIS splendiferous musical, the richest Technicolor confection to spill from the Twentieth Century-Fox cornucopia, is based on the name and fame of Billy Rose's New York restaurant. A set which exactly duplicates the plush glories of that renowned spot has been constructed purely to set off the toothsome assets of Betty Grable, triumphantly emerged from motherhood. The added presence of soothing-voiced Dick Haymes, the ubiquitous Phil Silvers, and Broadway's William Gaxton makes for considerable human interest, and Beatrice Kay lends her Gay Nineties vocal technique to a full-fledged acting part. But it's the eye-and-ear-filling production itself, chockful of amazing costumes and remarkably decorative femininity, which really takes the cake. It's a confection cunningly compounded of all that it takes to feed the glamor-starved, and its smoothness and consistency leave no ill effects.

The story itself is comfortably routine stuff, with enough coherence to carry through nearly two hours of gorgeousness. Dick Haymes is a young singing medico tempted by show business and Betty, and William Gaxton is his dismayed dad. There are some good singable tunes along the way, and Carmen Cavallaro tosses off a few pianistic acrobatics for good measure.

Betty's poster prettiness is set off by unusually effective color photography, which also makes the most of such dazzling spectacles as a parade of mouth-watering beauties decked out in headgear composed entirely of Lucullan desserts.

Beatrice Kay and William Gaxton trip the light fantastic with a trick twist.

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And Laddie gets that look in his eye for sultry Gail Russell . . . a girl who's got stars in *her* eyes over Alan!

From then on it's guns, girls and those galloping gee-gees, with William Demarest (Papa Kockenlocker of "Morgan's Creek") getting a new "Conquering Hero" to Hail!

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THEY KEPT THE ARMY ROLLING

Continued from Page 31

possible only because the American railway corporations, individually and collectively, have sacrificed trained manpower . . . with no expectation of reward other than the satisfaction of doing their bit to support the American soldier driving forward to victory."

After training in the States, most of the railway units went to England. There they assembled the prefabricated rolling stock sent over from the United States, serviced locomotives, helped the British run their congested rail yards. The first contingent of the Second MRS came to France on June 17. Eventually more than 20,000 Army railroaders arrived on the Continent.

The men lived, as well as worked, on the rails. On a run the crew's home usually was a caboose, or "crummy." These have bunks and a stove. On some trains the crew had to do its housekeeping in the locomotive cab. The boys fried eggs on the coal shovel, steaming it over the injector, drank water from the engine tank after purifying it with pills, even took baths in the tank.

Headquarters of a Railway Operating Battalion is usually on wheels. This saves a good deal of time setting up shop when the outfit moves to a new location. A headquarters train includes repair shops and offices as well as living quarters for officers and men, mess, shower, and latrine cars. The 729th Railway Operating Battalion, when it was stationed on the Normandy peninsula, had a mobile chapel which ran from Cherbourg to Lisieux, stopping to hold services for each of the outfit's seventeen detachments.

FROM the start of operations in France, the G. I.s were aided by French and Belgian railroad workers. Many such workers were back on the job as soon as the Germans departed; others had taken to the woods—sometimes after conking the German railroad guards over the head—and had to be sought out. Our men found whole shop crews in shelters near bombed roundhouses. Official policy was to reinstate native employees in their old jobs. G. I. engineers frequently rode the same cab with Frenchmen. At Rennes, the day the First Army railroad men arrived, 1,000 French workers were hired to clear away wreckage and repair tracks. As railway conditions returned to normal, many rear echelon lines were returned to French operation.

The G. I.s, however, did all the "combat railroading." Many train crews were on the run for as long as seventy-two hours at a time. One block controller remained at his telephone for ninety-six hours without relief.

After herculean efforts, the railways were running on clockwork schedules. Daily ration trains operated to the Third Army front, taking the place of trucks. In January the Army announced five new daily passenger runs, linking Paris with Dijon, Brussels, Rennes, Le Havre, and Nancy. A daily top-speed priority-freight haul—the Toot Sweet Express—began the 500-mile run from Cherbourg to Belgium. The last three months of 1944 saw 3,800,000 tons of freight carried by 8,939 trains of the Second Military Railway Service alone.

The Army railroaders are proud of that record. For they know that their efforts have contributed in no small part to the smashing Allied advance which outblitzed the blitzkrieg itself.

THE END

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Use a Durham Duplex Safety Razor and Strop

THE SOCK-AND-BUSTIN' BOY

Continued from Page 21

demanded a raise. The bosses shrugged their well-padded shoulders.

"He's Irish," said one of them in Yiddish. "What can we do?"

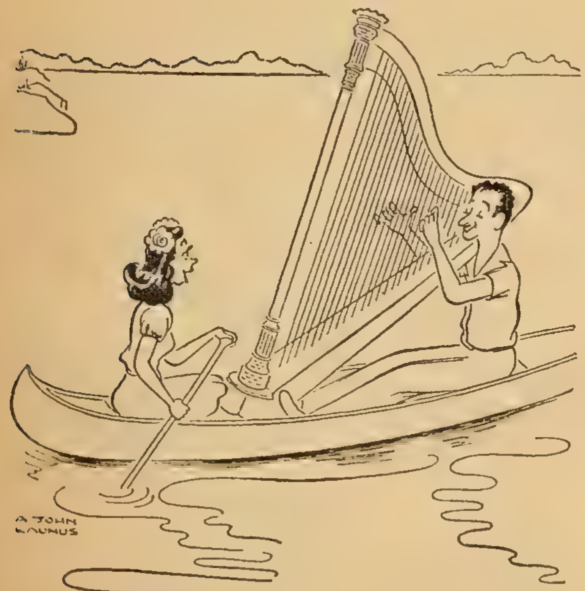
"Stubborn as a mule," said the other in Yiddish. "We might as well give in. He's really worth more dough."

"Thanks, gentlemen," Jimmy broke in, also in Yiddish—which he had picked up at Stuyvesant High. "I thought you would see my side of the argument. Shall we draw up a new contract?"

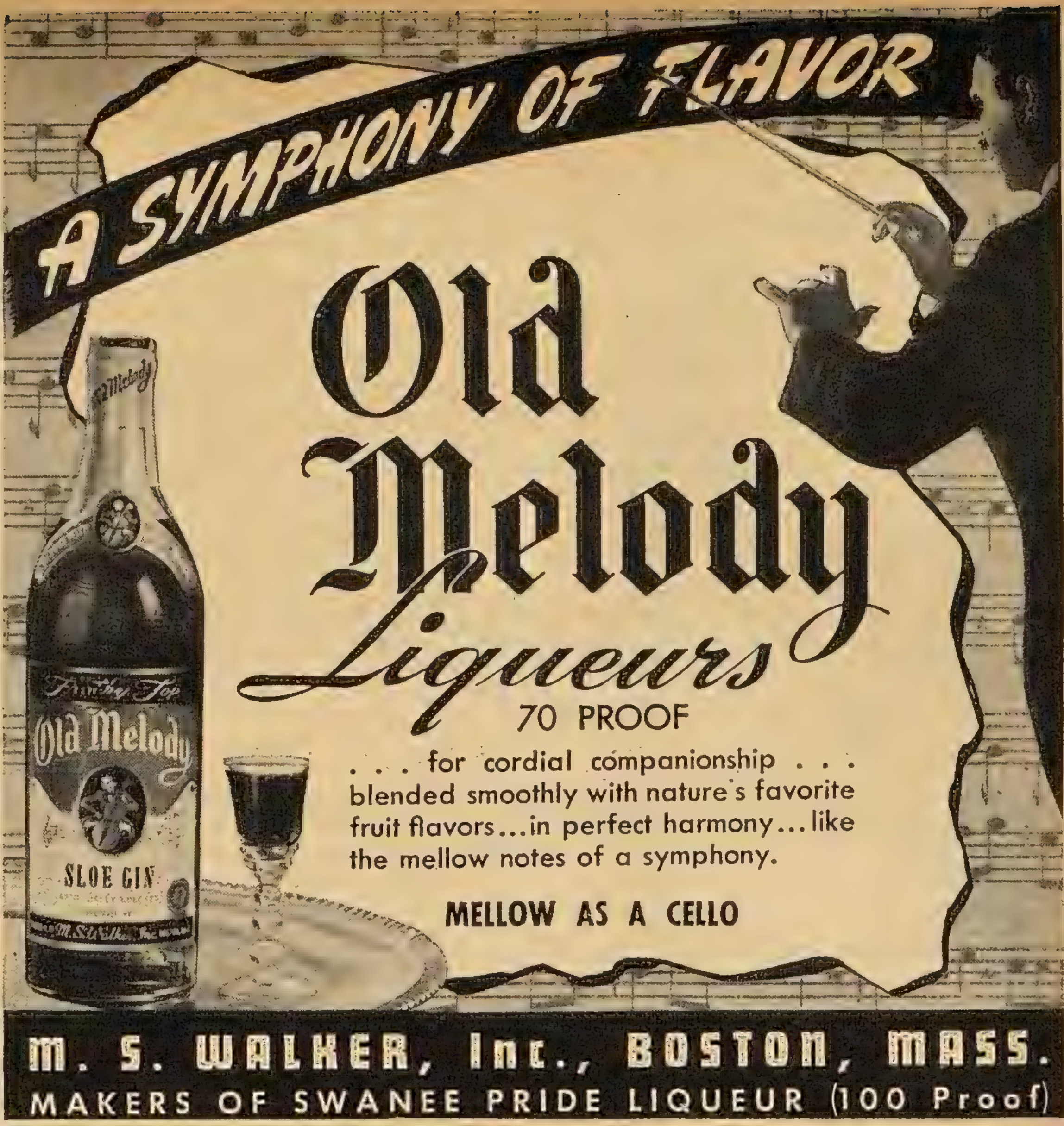
Jimmy continued to needle his bosses for twelve long years. Sometimes he demanded more money, sometimes fewer pictures; other times he demanded parts other than that of a dame-slugging heel. The producers discovered to their sorrow that Jimmy had no intention of being shoved around in Burbank, any more than he had been in Yorkville.

Why didn't they tear up his contract and tell him to go to hell? Well, for ten years he was the top money-maker at Warner Brothers. Jimmy never starred in a film which did not gross more than a million dollars, not even in those early pictures on the lot which were shot in eighteen days and cost under $200,000. Even Devil Dogs of the Air, The Irish in Us, The Frisco Kid, and The Oklahoma Kid cleaned up at the box office. Captains of the Clouds grossed $3,500,000. Angels with Dirty Faces, Strawberry Blonde, and City for Conquest grossed $2,500,000. Yankee Doodle Dandy (which won Cagney the Academy Award for his performance as George M. Cohan) has already grossed over $7,000,000 and is still going strong. Tell him to go to hell? Don't be silly.

Jimmy's fights—not the ones on the Warner stages, but the ones in the Warner "front offices"—have made him a sort of trail blazer for the actors in Hollywood. His lawsuit against Warner Brothers, following his famous black-listing by that studio, had much to do with the organization of the now powerful Screen Actors Guild, of which he has twice been elected president. He was the first actor to demand a percentage of the profits on his pictures. He has already collected $700,000 from Warner Brothers for Yankee Doodle Dandy —10 per cent of the gross. More and more



"Oh, Bertram, you're so romantic!"



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actors are now demanding, and getting, a cut-in on their picture profits.

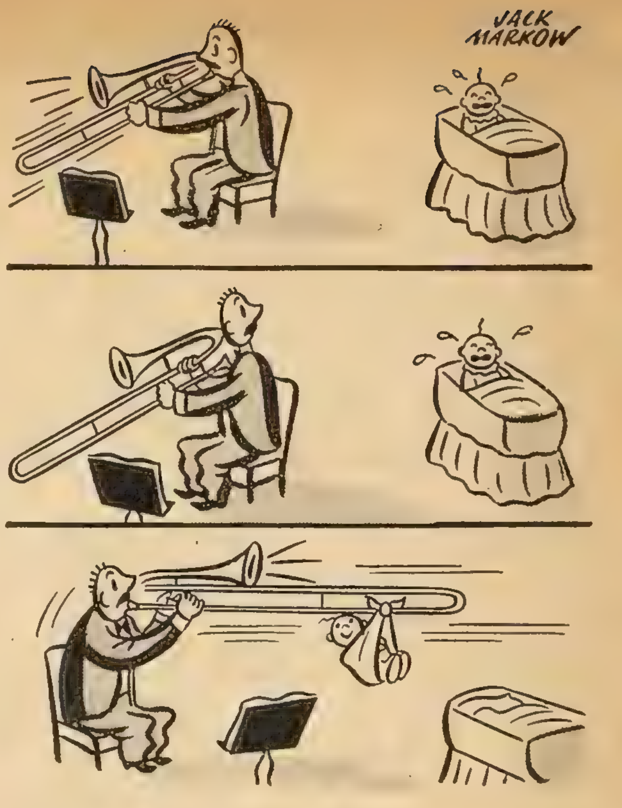
Jimmy is not the first actor to organize his own producing company. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin thought of that twenty-six years ago, causing a horrified producer to throw up his hands and utter the classical, "Good heavens, the lunatics have taken charge of the asylum!" But Jimmy is the first actor to start a new present-day movement in that direction. When he and Bill grossed $2,500,000 on Johnny Come Lately, the other actors with "big name value" sat up and took notice. Lately there has been a parade of actors organizing their own producing companies—Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray, Don Ameche, Brian Donlevy, Kay Francis, Constance Bennett. The old-line producers have no love for Mr. Cagney.

JIMMY and Billie Cagney are not representative of the Hollywood glamor folk who divorce each other, marry each other, and wine and dine each other with lots of art and banner lines. They just live like any other normal married couple in America who have made a success in business and want to enjoy the dividends of years of hard work. They have neither the time nor the inclination for Hollywood social life. They live in Coldwater Canyon in a six-room New England-style house which Jimmy built in 1939. They didn't call in one of Hollywood's flossy high-priced decorators. The summer before the house was finished, Jimmy and Billie drove leisurely through New England, picking up furniture, prints, lamps, and knickknacks for their new home. The hooked rugs in every room of the house except the kitchen, which never fail to send women guests into ecstatic drools of delight, were all made by Billie and her sister.

A few years ago Pat O'Brien, who has several adopted children of his own, talked the childless Cagneys into adopting a little girl and a little boy. Jimmy is mad about the children, spoils them when Billie isn't looking, and swipes their cookies when they aren't looking. Named James and Cathleen, he calls them Jimmy Candy and Casey.

Jimmy is a home-loving guy, and on nights when he doesn't have to attend committee meetings (he's quite an active citizen) and benefits he can always be found there. After Billie has taken the children off to bed, he settles down to a little serious reading. A ballet enthusiast, he reads every book and article he can find on the subject. Sometime during the evening, usually after his midnight snack of skimmed milk and cake, he practices on his guitar. "Jim has been trying for ten years to play the guitar," says brother Bill, "but he can't get beyond fifteen minutes before he's muscle-bound. Same thing on the piano. Muscle is his musical undoing."

Every Wednesday night Jimmy gets together with the boys—Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, Spencer Tracy, George Murphy, Ralph Bellamy, Frank Morgan, and Robert Montgomery. They call themselves the Irish Club and they have dinner in a private room at one of the restaurants and sit around and swap jokes.



Jimmy has been a frustrated farmer ever since he missed out on that agricultural course at Cornell. For the past few years he has had the biggest and probably the most successful Victory garden in Hollywood. He does all the plowing, planting, watering, and picking himself. He subscribes to all the farm journals and reads them carefully. He is an authority on the Four-H Clubs and the Future Farmers of America. He sits glued to the radio the nights they broadcast their farm awards for the most perfect tomato, the best cow, the biggest hog, and the juiciest apple.

BEFORE Pearl Harbor, Jimmy was a man of property. He made one of his boyhood dreams come true by buying an island in the Pacific, off Newport, some two hours' drive from Los Angeles. But in the spring of 1942 he turned the island over to the Coast Guard for the duration.

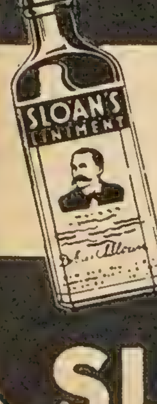
Another of his boyhood dreams was his farm at Martha's Vineyard, where he used to hide out from the Warner Brothers for months at a time. Last year Jimmy sold this farm. "It was three thousand miles away," he says, "and I couldn't conscientiously classify it as essential traveling."

Recently he bought the broken-down farmhouse, track, and stables next door to his place on Coldwater. He painted the stables himself, fixed up the tack room, and bought five horses, trotters, and a pony for the children. "Practical horses," says Jimmy; "you can use them for farm work."

He spends most of his free time, these days, working and loitering around the stables with Old Charlie, who came along with the stables. Charlie is seventy-eight, and knows everything there is to know about a horse. On rainy days Billie knows exactly where to find the male members of her household. Jimmy and Jimmy Candy will be sprawled on Old Charlie's bed talking horses, while Old Charlie makes an Irish stew on the stove in the corner.

"Jimmy's in the manure all the time," Billie complains. "When he comes in the house I have to say, 'Please, Jimmy, the smell.'" Jimmy doesn't put up a fight. "Charlie," he says, reluctantly scraping his shoes, "hasn't had the manure off his heels for seventy years."

THE END



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WE REMEMBER THIS

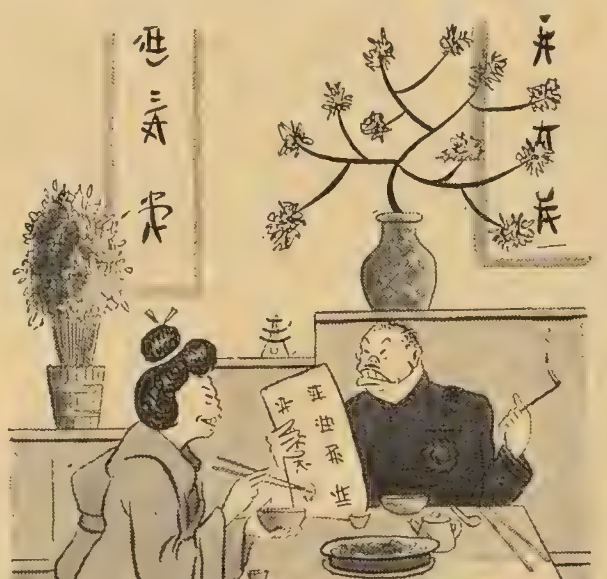
Continued from Page 27

The explanation was really very simple. An old-fashioned Army crap game was going on down below. Navy regulations forbid gambling aboard ship, but in most cases involving Army passengers, the regulation is winked at. The skipper and the exec merely were shooting a little proxy craps, using their high-powered binoculars to bring the dice right up to their eyes.

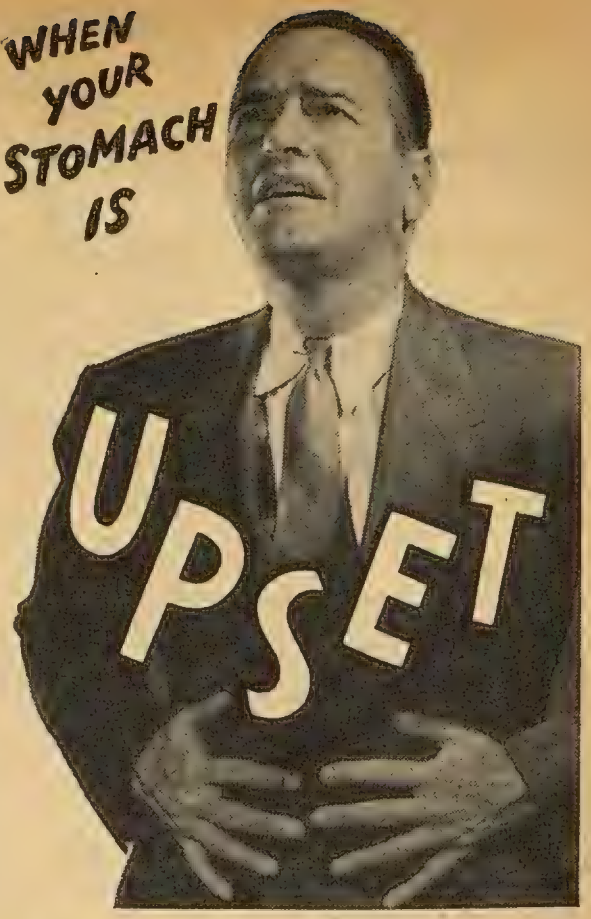
TO the inmates a Navy hospital is one of the funniest places in the world. This is because everybody has something fairly horrible the matter with him, and there is no inclination toward mutual sympathy. And nobody ever gets out of Navy hospitals except the doctors, who funnel through at a terrific clip. We used to average three doctors a week in my ward, and the nurse turnover was something fierce. But none of the patients ever left. We were a very gay bunch in Ward 40-A, out in Oakland, California. We had the sublime and the ridiculous of all war casualties. One was an aviator who'd fallen 2,000 feet from his plane into the drink. His chute had failed to open, but he'd succeeded in breaking only a hip. The other was a lieutenant who'd been laid up for almost a year with a leg broken in a volleyball game at Noumea. Nearly everybody had been around a year or so, and we bitterly resented any seriously sick newcomer who might bust up our playhouse.

Here's an example of what we thought was funny as hell: We were flinging a quiet party one night, behind nursie's back, and we ran out of beer. We had a car, a tavern was only a mile away, and everybody had unlimited liberty. Refueling seemed simple.

We took a quick poll of the party: Two Marine majors, shot up in New Britain, with both legs in casts. Robbie, a Navy ensign, also with a couple of bum gams from a torpedoed LST. Another ensign's arms were still *hors de combat* from an LCT explosion. A Marine flier was sound in limb, but both eyes were full of glass from a crash. Another guy had a hand blown off by a 20-mm.-gun explosion. My arms were encumbered by ten pounds of structural steel. We scoured the ward without finding anyone whole enough to drive a car a mile to the beer joint and



"Food in America critical. People now rationed to one meat ball."



When you eat in haste you often repent at leisure—with a sour, upset stomach—gas pains—or simple diarrhea.

Don't add to your upset by taking overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL, to help calm and quiet your upset stomach, and soothe irritated intestinal walls. *At all druggists.* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

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One pair TREDS, tube of cement, applicator and scraper . . . all complete with full directions on display card. Only 25c at your favorite Hardware, 5c and 10c or General Store. Due to war restrictions, your dealer may be temporarily out of TREDS, but keep asking for them; Thank you.

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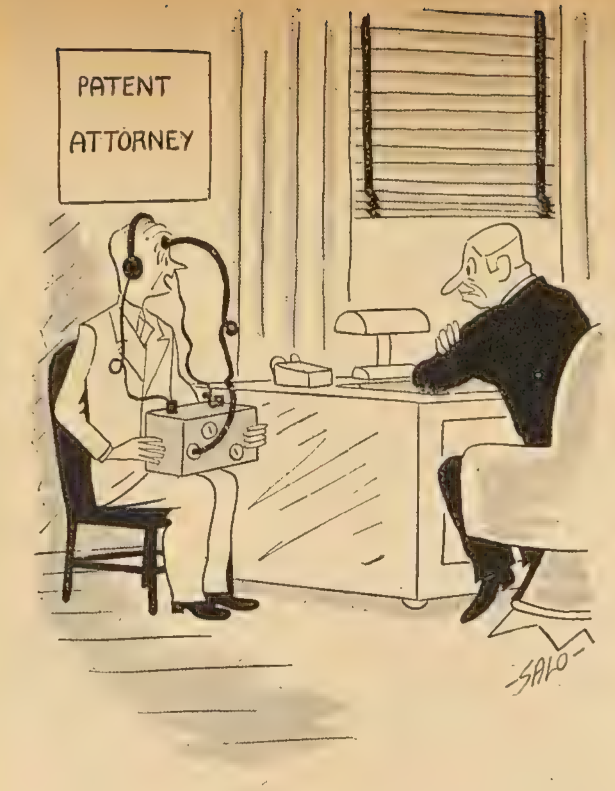

"It's a device for hearing yourself think."

back. This we thought was uproariously funny.

We finally solved the problem by routing out a Wave ensign, confined with bronchitis, and sending her off to forage for us. Never try to tell us the Waves haven't justified themselves in this war.

Just before I left Oakland—congratulated by my friends as the only Navy man ever to leave the joint alive—an order was issued which strictly forbade pharmacists' mates having races with their wheel-chaired and wheel-stretchered patients. Nothing can be more shocking than a squadron of wheel chairs tearing down the hill while their maimed occupants whoop and cheer their ricksha boys on. I understand these makeshift sweepstakes seriously endangered the life and limb of several visiting civilians.

There is one thing you can say about Navy hospitals. The only people who feel sorry for themselves are the doctors, and this is merely because most of the doctors wish they could go to sea. Everybody else, blind, one-legged, and shell-shocked, is mighty tickled to be back home at any cost.

To prove that this is the screwiest war of all time, let me cite a recent happening in Union Station, Washington, D. C. An Army captain and a Navy lieutenant appeared at the ticket gate with a little, pert, graying lady. The men both carried heavy bags, and they hurried to the train with the little woman trotting at their sides.

As they reached the train, the little lady tiptoed and kissed them each soundly. She said:

"Now, I want you boys to take good care of yourselves, and don't worry about me. I'll be all right. I'll be fine. You just take care of yourselves."

So Mrs. Elizabeth May Craig climbed on the train, to cover the war in Europe for a newspaper syndicate, while her son, the Army captain, went back to his desk in Tempo "B" and her son-in-law, the Navy lieutenant, went back to *his* desk in the Navy Department.

I WILL always remember a bizarre church service I attended one morning in Bari, Italy, which was a nice town until the Luftwaffe came over and blew a good half of it into the Adriatic. This particular church service was being held on the flying bridge of a Liberty ship on which I was gunnery officer.

My gun crew was feeling the need of a preacher, because the past couple of weeks

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had been very strenuous and the next few promised to be even more so. I rounded up an Army chaplain and we set up a portable organ just aft of the No. 6 Oerlikon cannon. We were lifting our voices in song when a couple of Jerry planes came over and the guns began to go off. The congregation evaporated in a headlong dive for the guns, and the organist did his best to crawl under the organ. The chaplain began to scrabble around for his iron hat. After a bit the planes went away, and the guns quit. Church opened for business again.

It made a strange picture: the cocked and loaded 20-mms. reared against the soft-blue Italian sky, and the sun glittering on the dust of the sky pilot's helmet as he prayed for a quick end of the war and the coming day when once again man could love his neighbor as himself. He had just reached the "love thy neighbor" part when the planes came back and church broke up again as the flock went about its gunnery chores.

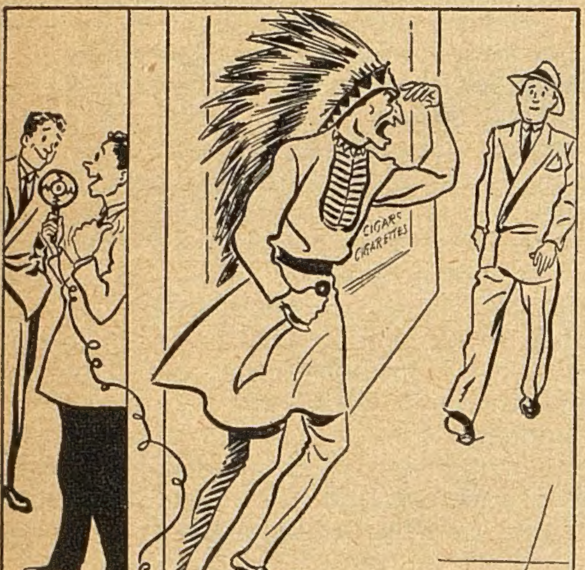
This continued for an hour or so. Every time the poor chaplain would get going good, the shore batteries would open up and then the ships' guns would chime in, the solid slap of the Bofors making queer harmony with the bump of the 20s and the nasty crack of the three-inchers. The chaplain, who had undergone similar difficulties in Africa and Sicily, decided we had had enough church for one day.

"Even in the old Wild West days," he said somewhat bitterly, "the congregation used to leave the guns at the door."

THERE are many other little memories: the ridiculous figure cut by a skinny Navy radioman, dressed in a big German coalscuttle helmet and nothing else, as he yelled *"Kamerad!"* at the searchlit skies during an air alert; a tough Scots paratrooper, still bloody from the business at Termoli, weeping freely as he sang Annie Laurie in a rowdy Italian bistro; the way some of the captive supermen of the Afrika Korps kicked and screamed when forced aboard our troopships, because they had been told that German subs sank everything that put to sea; the way prices skyrocketed when the Yanks took over a town. . . .

These are the kinds of thing you will be hearing when your fighting man comes home—not the violent tales of killing and blood and muck. These are the things he will remember from the war.

THE END



"Watch me tell this guy, 'No cigarettes.'"

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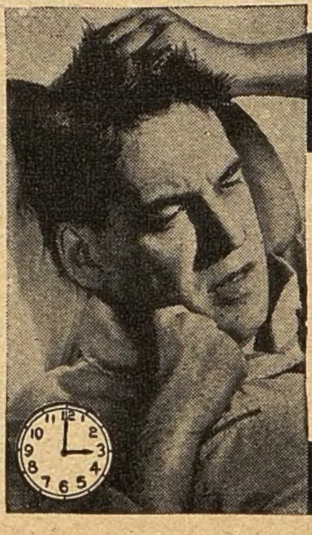

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DR. MILES NERVINE

MAY 19, 1945

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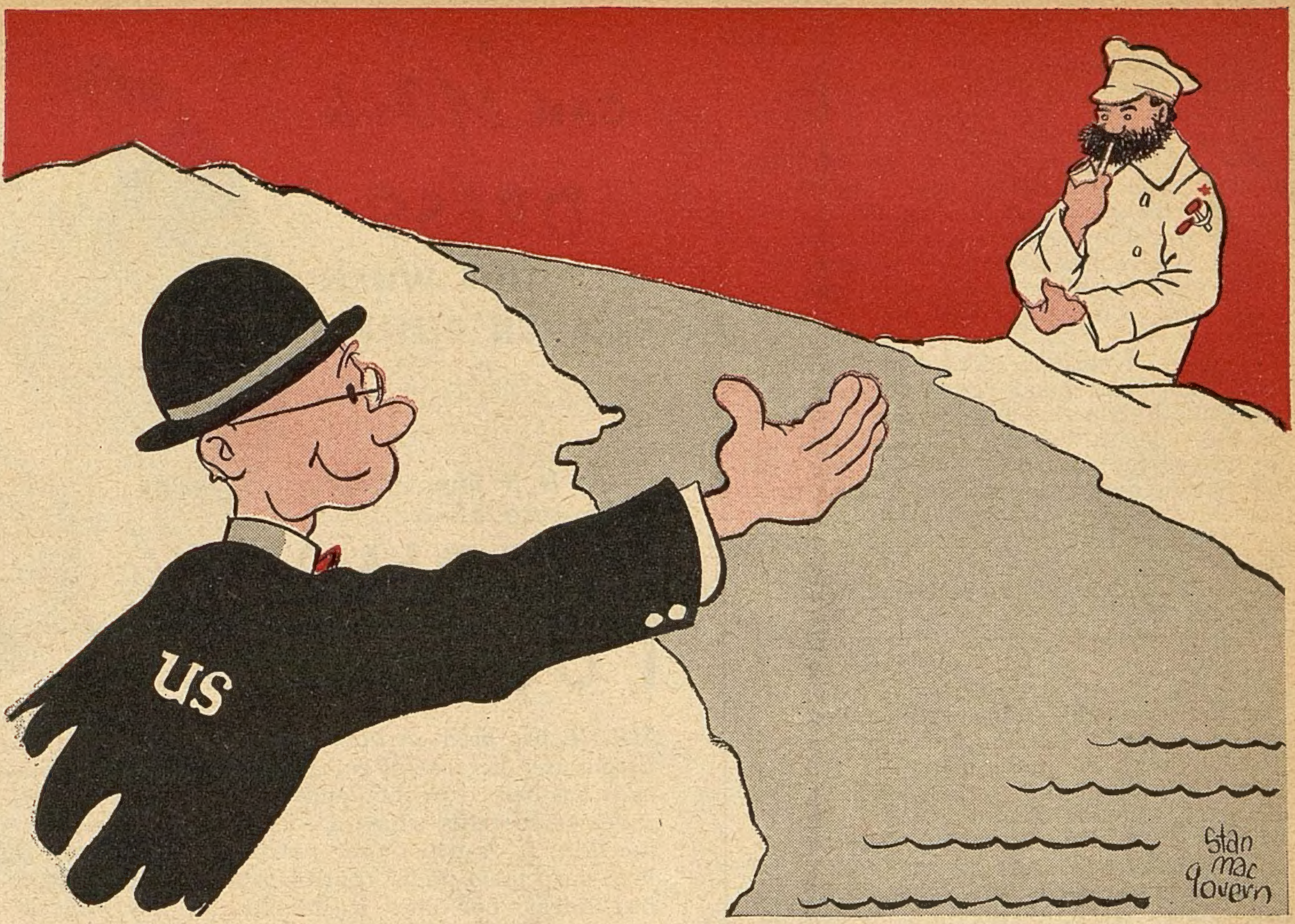


WE CAN BE FRIENDS ONLY WITH FRIENDS

UP until about a year ago the American people had reason to fear our country was fumbling the ball pretty badly in international affairs. Our foreign policy at the time was a complete enigma, but it was an enigma other nations could not ignore. American power was growing mightily. To the rest of the world, supremely conscious of the implications of power, America's ideas for the postwar world were of vital importance. But as far as anyone could tell, we had no ideas. Our allies could not be sure we would join with them in co-operative efforts to keep peace in the future.

Since then America has taken important steps to dissipate this uncertainty. In conferences at Moscow, Teheran, Yalta, Bretton Woods, and Dumbarton Oaks, American representatives were very much present. We took the lead in attempting to set up international agreements with other nations aimed at assuring orderly and peaceful procedure in the postwar era.

No one able to gauge the present temper of the American people can doubt their willingness to meet the rest of the world at least halfway, and their desire to carry out any agreements our representatives make. We are willing to go a long way to avoid the possibility of a third world war.

However, the cause of world peace and co-operation will receive a severe setback if other nations attempt to impose upon this present feeling of America. While we are willing to meet other nations halfway, we expect a like willingness on their part. We can be sure right here and now America will return to isolationism if the nations with whom we attempt co-operation become too coy, grasping, and opportunistic.

Everybody with any sense at all in this country is anxious to get along with Russia. That is our present mood, dictated by common sense. If we are to continue in it, however, Russia must also do her part to get along with us.

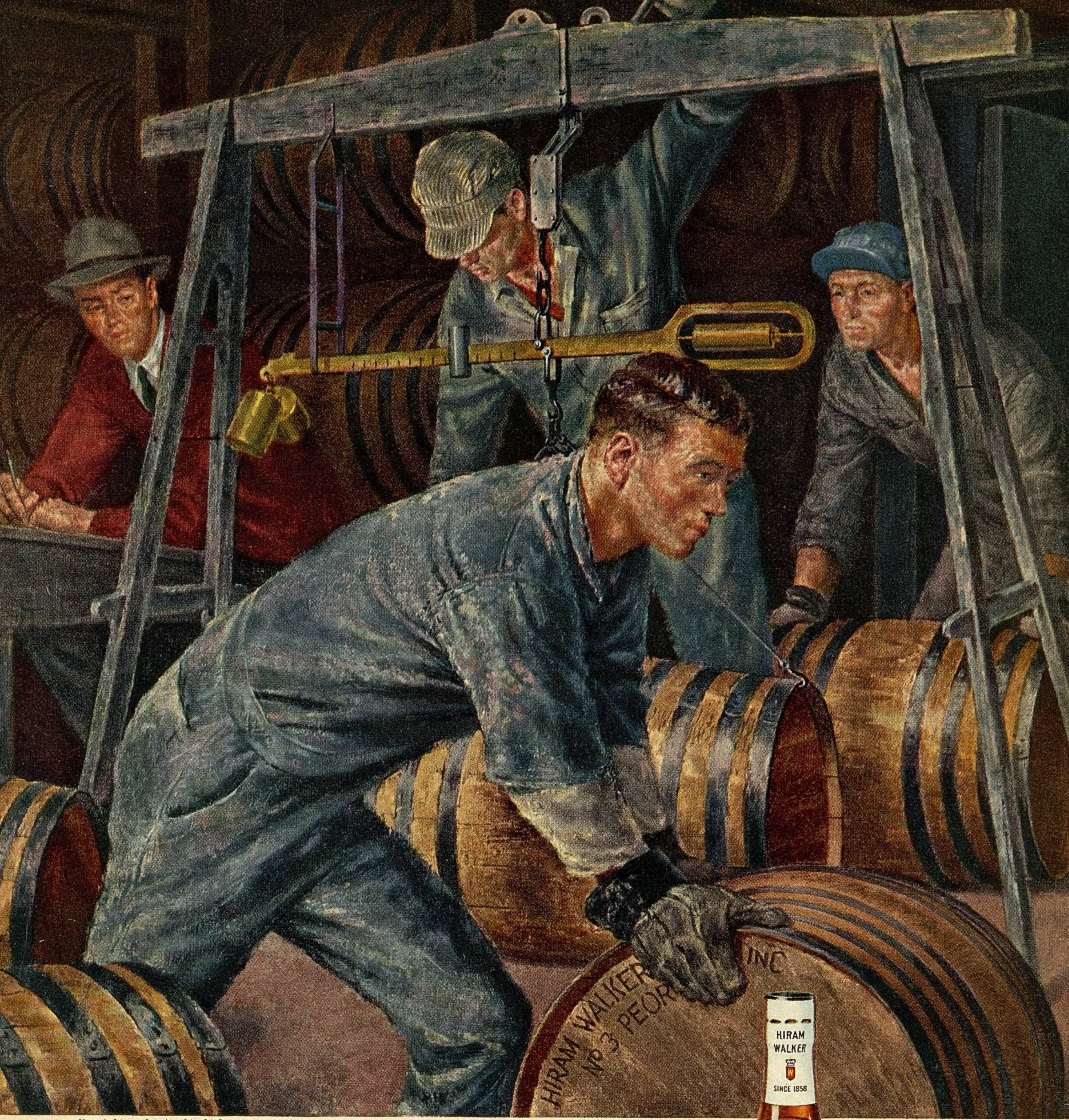
It is particularly disquieting to have Russia fail to implement agreements already made. For example, at Yalta it was agreed that Poland was to have a new interim government which represented the various political viewpoints. Several months went by and no such government was formed. The country is entirely under Russian control, and it seems reasonable to suspect the Soviets discouraged the formation of a new government until they were sure it would be to their liking. Naturally, we are disturbed by these tactics.

While the American people are willing and anxious to co-operate, we intend to be nobody's Patsy. We have extended the hand of friendship across the oceans to all nations of the world which want peace and decency. We hope our hand will be grasped in honesty and friendship.

We will not leave it extended if it is to be enmeshed and mangled in ancient hates and the schemes of wily politicians.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL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